

THE SAME LORD:

(ROM. x. 12.)

An Account of the Mission Tour

OF THE

REV. GEORGE C. GRUBB, M.A.,

IN

Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand,

FROM APRIL 3rd, 1891, TO JULY 7th, 1892,

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF
"WHAT GOD HATH WROUGHT."

Compiled from Diaries kept by Members of the Mission Party.

By EDWARD C. MILLARD.

"Jesus Christ *the same* yesterday, TO-DAY, and for ever!"—HEB. xiii. 8.

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PREFACE.

DURING the tour recorded in "What God hath Wrought," and while Mr. Grubb was passing through Melbourne, an invitation to conduct missions throughout Victoria was handed to him, signed by the Bishop of Melbourne, Dean Macartney, and several clergy. This Mr. Grubb was at the time unable to accept, but promised to lay the matter in prayer before the Lord, that he might be guided as to so important a step. Early in 1891 the way was made plain for him to accept the invitation, and on April 3rd he left England for the Colonies, accompanied by Mrs. Millard and myself. The Lord showed us very clearly that we were to look to Him alone for both guidance and support.

More than the necessary passage money was given, unasked, by generous friends, including one amount of £105, which was handed to me through a railway carriage window as Mrs. Millard and I were travelling from the North to London only a few weeks before sailing. In this, as in many other

ways, we were made to know the goodness of the Lord, one instance of which we may mention here.

We were requiring sufficient means to enable us to print "What God hath Wrought," and feeling sure that it was in accordance with God's will for the book to be published, we asked that He would supply this need. A few days later a gentleman inquired from us whether we were in want of money, saying he wished to send a cheque for the Lord's work. Stating the case, he gladly paid a considerable sum toward the publication of the First Edition, and we were thus encouraged to feel that in this matter also we had the Master's approval.

The title of this present narrative was the outcome of some conversation with an undergraduate at Oxford, who said, "Since I have read 'What God hath Wrought' my whole life is changed. Before reading that book I was under the impression that in the nineteenth century everything was different; but I see that, although many things are changed, and, alas! our faith has changed and God's people have changed, yet *Christ has not changed*, for HE IS THE SAME. And whereas I formerly worked for the Church, I now work for Christ."

While giving all the praise to God for His having supplied our need, we do not overlook the fact that many through whom the means were sent contributed of their poverty; while others, in whose

houses we were so heartily welcomed, were frequently those to whom such hospitality must have been a sacrifice.

Many inquiries have been made for some details of Mr. Grubb's recent tour (as also for the previous one), and it has been made plain that for "the glory of the same Lord" (2 Cor. viii. 19) this bird's-eye view of the work should be brought before the public.

Yours in Christ Jesus our Lord,

EDWARD C. MILLARD.

NOTE FROM REV. G. C. GRUBB, M.A.

O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men : for from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's Name be praised.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me? I will offer to Him the sacrifice of thanksgiving.

This book is an unvarnished record of facts.

GEORGE C. GRUBB.

R.M.S. "TAGUS,"

OFF PERNAMBUCO, COAST OF BRAZIL,

May 8th, 1893.

*** Some of the illustrations of Sydney and Melbourne are taken from photographs in the Australian Handbook, with the kind permission of Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, of London and Melbourne, to whom, with others, as acknowledged elsewhere, my sincere thanks are tendered.*

CONTENTS.

Part I.

THE VOYAGE OUT—THE VICTORIAN MISSION AND THE GEELONG CONVENTION.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. OUTWARD BOUND	I
II. VOYAGE FROM COLOMBO AND ARRIVAL IN MEL- BOURNE	31
III. ST. SAVIOUR'S, COLLINGWOOD	49
IV. ST. HILARY'S, EAST KEW	59
V. CHRIST CHURCH, GEELONG	68
VI. CITY OF BALLARAT	73
VII. ST. JOHN'S, BAIRNSDALE	93
VIII. ST. LUKE'S, NORTH FITZROY	115
IX. ST. SILAS, SOUTH MELBOURNE	124
X. ST. MARY'S, CAULFIELD, AND ST. CLEMENT'S, ELSTERNWICK	137
XI. ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, MELBOURNE—ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, MELBOURNE—GEELONG CONVENTION.	152

Part II.

NEW SOUTH WALES AND SYDNEY CONVENTION.

CHAP.	PAGE
XII. ST. BARNABAS, SYDNEY	173
XIII. ST. ANDREW'S, SUMMER HILL	192
XIV. ST. PETER'S, WOOLLOOMOOLOO	212
XV. ST. JOHN'S, PARAMATTA	223
XVI. ST. PHILIP'S AND Y.M.C.A., SYDNEY	240
XVII. ST. THOMAS, BALMAIN—ST. ANDREW'S CATHE- DRAL AND TOWN HALL, SYDNEY—SYDNEY CONVENTION—THE CATHEDRAL, GOULBURN	249

Part III.

*TASMANIA, AND NEW ZEALAND, AND LAUN-
CESTON CONVENTION.*

XVIII. LAUNCESTON CONVENTION—ST. JOHN'S, LAUN- CESTON—ST. GEORGE'S, HOBART—ST. JOHN'S, GLENORCHY	267
XIX. ST. PAUL'S PRO-CATHEDRAL, DUNEDIN—GAR- RISON HALL, DUNEDIN	283
XX. ST. LUKE'S, OAMARU—ST. JOHN'S, CHRIST- CHURCH	295
XXI. THE OPERA HOUSE, WELLINGTON	304

CONTENTS.

xi

CHAP.	PAGE
XXII. THE CATHEDRAL, NELSON — ALL SAINTS', NELSON	312
XXIII. CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, BLENHEIM .	319
XXIV. WANGANUI—NAPIER—GISBORNE—AUCKLAND.	332
XXV. THE VOYAGE HOME	346

APPENDIX.

I. MISSIONARY TRAINING HOME	355
II. SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE CHURCH IN THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES	357
III. EXTRACTS FROM "CHURCH MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCER"	361
IV. EXTRACTS FROM VARIOUS LETTERS	363
V. FROM "THE MISSIONARY AT HOME AND ABROAD" .	366

"Now concerning spiritual *gifts*, brethren, I would not have you ignorant. Ye know that ye were Gentiles, carried away unto these dumb idols, even as ye were led. Wherefore I give you to understand, that no man speaking by the Spirit of God calleth Jesus accursed: and that no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost. Now there are diversities of gifts, but THE SAME SPIRIT. And there are differences of administrations, but THE SAME LORD. And there are diversities of operations, but it is THE SAME GOD which worketh all in all. But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by THE SAME SPIRIT; to another faith by THE SAME SPIRIT; to another the gifts of healing by THE SAME SPIRIT; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues: but all these worketh that one and THE SELFSAME SPIRIT, dividing to every man severally as He will."

(1 COR. xii. 1—11.)

PART I.

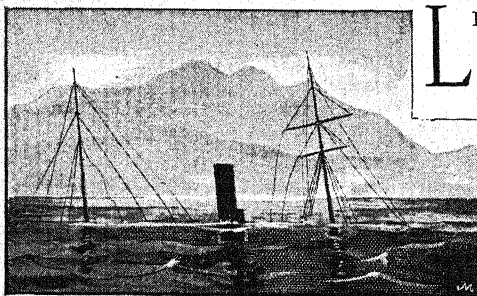
The Voyage Out. The Victorian Mission
and the Geelong Convention.



CHAPTER I.

OUTWARD BOUND.

APRIL 3RD TO MAY 11TH, 1891.



WRECK OF THE SS. "UTOPIA."

LIVERPOOL STREET Station, in the city of London, seems at any time to be one of the busiest spots in the world, but an unusual stir is always apparent on

the day when the special train leaves for Tilbury Docks to convey passengers to an outward-bound vessel, for so many people are strangely anxious to "see the last" of even their best friends. Were we able to read the thoughts of those who travel in these special trains, what a mixed catalogue of suppressed feelings could be narrated! Here is a father who has a ne'er-do-well son, and is well-meaningly shipping him to the colonies, "to give the boy another start." Hope fills the father's

breast ; but the mother has seen this done before, and knows too well that change of place does not change the heart, and that in many cases it is like the old proverb, "Out of the frying-pan into the fire." Here are others returning after a trip to the "Home Country," and many are going out hoping "to better themselves," and are cheering (or trying to cheer) their relatives and friends with promises to return before very long when they have "made their little pile." To watch the faces and attitudes is a study for any artist,—silence, sadness, tears, excited talking, bustle about luggage, blaming porters, and eager grasping at a chance of a corner seat, although the journey is for only half an hour.

In the midst of such a scene one day in the spring of 1891, I heard a cheery voice calling out to Mr. Grubb, "There you are, Mr. Grubb, praise the Lord! Are you going off again, sir?" "Yes," said Mr. Grubb; "and how are you getting on?" "All right," said the window-cleaner, as he gave the pane of the railway-carriage window an extra rub. "I'm a six-year-old 'un now, sir; it's just six years with me since I trusted the Lord. Good-bye, sir; you're just off now. The Lord be with you." *

"Take your seats, please!"—and as the train started, a happy-faced railway guard ran forward, and, seizing Mr. Grubb by the hand through the carriage window, cried out, "Good-bye, Mr. Grubb.

* He was one of those who had attended Mr. Grubb's mission in Stratford, and he had found Mr. Grubb out when he left England in 1889, as well as on this occasion.

The Lord go with you." "Amen!" we all chorus'd back, much to the astonishment of some of the bystanders; and Mr. Grubb, leaning out of the window, shouted back, "Keep looking up. Nèver look in!" We praised God for so good a start, for the hearty good wishes of these two men encouraged us greatly.

A journey of little over half an hour brought us to Tilbury Docks, where we got on board the tender which was to take us to the ship lying in mid-stream. This gave us time for a prayer-meeting with the friends who had come thus far with us. So we knelt down in the second saloon of this little craft, and were joined by another passenger, a lady who was willing to cast in her lot with us. Mr. Grubb prayed for blessing on the journey about to be taken, and for the comfort of the Holy Ghost to be given to the relatives and friends who remained at home.

We had scarcely got our luggage aboard the steamship ———, when the bell rang and the shout "All ashore!" reminded us that we must now say farewell. Though the "flesh was weak," our spirits rejoiced, and we sang a hymn together, praising God that THE SAME LORD who hitherto had led us was permitting us once more to go forth in His name.

Though the Channel was foggy, all went well. We had but few fellow-passengers; but before we had been long on board one first-class passenger made his way down to us in the second saloon,

and introduced himself as "a brother Christian,—Major ——" He greatly interested us with the account of his own conversion as follows. While stationed at Sheerness some fourteen years ago, being at this time utterly godless, he was in the room of a young Christian officer one night, and noticed that he looked a bit down. So he said to him, "You seem rather low in yourself." "Why not?" was the answer; "when H—— goes I shall be alone in the regiment; and I fear that I shall not be able to stand your taunts and jeers, and I may fall." "Oh no," said the major, "we'll let you alone then, as there'll be only one of you." "Why don't you become a Christian, and join me?" said the other. "I'll never be a Christian," was the determined answer; and as he said those words an inward voice came to him, "You *must* serve God!" "I staggered out of the room as if I were ill," said he, "and leant against the chest of drawers in my room. 'O God,' said I, 'if I must serve You, You must do it all Yourself, and do it now. If I wait another minute, I shall be as I was before.' I yielded to God, then undressed and went to bed. I awoke early the next morning, when everything seemed changed to me,—the sun was shining, and the birds singing. I went straight to my friend's room, and awoke him, exclaiming, 'I'm a Christian too.' 'No, you're not,' was the incredulous reply; 'you said last night you would never be one.' 'Did you not see me stagger out of your room?' 'Yes, I could not tell what was the matter with you.' Then

I told him all that had passed. And he said, 'Let us read together,' and we read John iii. When we came to 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but *canst not tell* whence it cometh, and whither it goeth : so is every one that is born of the Spirit,' I said, 'That's the way it was with me last night. I can't explain it,—“thou canst not tell,”—but it is a reality, and I am a Christian now.'”

He told us many things about the wonderful way in which the Lord stood by him, and how he had been used of God in leading others to turn to Him. He also has written one or two tracts, one of which at least is worth spreading far and wide.*

The pilot took our first letters off Portsmouth, and we just finished checking the last proofs of “WHAT GOD HATH WROUGHT”† before the mail-bag had to be closed. And we praised God that He had enabled us to get those pages of testimony ready before leaving home for another tour.

Our friend the major was not long in introducing some of the passengers to Mr. Grubb, including a clergyman who has a Government chaplaincy appointment in India, and before we entered the Bay of Biscay we had had several opportunities of speaking personally to one and another about the Saviour. The first officer, who sat opposite us at meals, had a saved-looking face, which turned out to be a true

* Title, “The Last Three Pages of an Officer's Diary!” British Gospel Book Association, Liverpool.

† “What God hath Wrought.” An Account of the Mission Tour of Rev. G. C. Grubb, M.A. Price 4s. London : E. Marlborough & Co.

index to his heart, and we had the great privilege of getting to know him well. When he had time to spare he would either come down and see us or invite us for reading and prayer in his cabin.

Owing to the weather on the first Sunday being so very rough, the captain gave orders that no service be held.

Once out of the Bay we found our sea legs, and met daily in one of the cabins for prayer at one o'clock. But somehow or other we did not feel led to suggest meetings or Bible-readings; and at first we were tempted to wonder if Satan was hindering us in some way, as every suggestion as to public service except on Sundays fell through.

The seven quartermasters (the crew being Lascars) received us as we went into their "den," and said "when they had cleaned up they would be glad for us to come and have a sing," which we did, the first thing that caught our eye being a text over one of their bunks,— "I have loved thee with an everlasting love" (Jer. xxxi. 3).

There were two Indian ayahs on board, returning from England, with whom Mrs. Millard had some conversation, as they spoke English. But, as is too often the case, though they had been employed for some long time by "Christian" ladies in India, they seemed utterly in the dark about the "Christian's" Saviour!

The time passed very quickly, and on the fifth day after our departure we awoke in Gibraltar Harbour. The time of sailing again, however, was posted

up as 9.30 a.m., so we went ashore about seven o'clock and hurriedly made our way to the Soldiers' Institute, where we were heartily welcomed by (the late) Mr. Marshall. They were just going to have family prayers, so we joined with him, his wife, children, and two soldiers. Mr. Grubb was asked to say a word of encouragement to us, and he opened at Hebrews xi., and exhorted us to be strong in faith, and to remember that "faith exists on impossibilities"—*i.e.*, feeds and thrives upon what is impossible with us but possible with God.

The ladies from the Soldiers' Mission Home then called, having heard of our arrival, and they were very disappointed to learn that we had to leave almost at once. They told us that some of the soldiers had been praying that Mr. Grubb's arrival might be in the evening, that being the only time they could get "off duty." But we had to hurry away to our steamer, and at 9.30 the anchor was weighed, and we again started. We said, "Ah, Lord, how about the soldiers' prayers?" and I must confess that I was thinking, "It's impossible now," for we were nearly out of harbour, when suddenly the engines stopped, and there seemed a great commotion among the officers and quartermasters.

A diver was then sent for, who went down, and after a thorough investigation reported that some sixty feet of chain and rope had got coiled round the propeller. An anchor chain lying at the bottom of the harbour, attached by a rope to a small buoy, had been drawn in by the turning of the screw,

All day we remained wondering how long we should be detained, and feeling confident that the Lord was going to answer the soldiers' prayers. But our faith was fearfully tried when the notice was put up, "This vessel will leave at 5 p.m."; but we could not help shouting hallelujah, for at 5 p.m. another notice was posted up, "This vessel will *not* leave to-day." "Glory be to God! We'll be at the soldiers' meeting yet." One of the officers in conversation with Mr. Grubb said he could not quite make out how the propeller had got entangled in that manner, when Mr. Grubb said, "I think perhaps I can throw a little light on the subject," and went on to tell him how the soldiers had been praying that we might be present at their evening meeting. Just then Captain Armstrong and a soldier came along the quay and shouted to us, "Oh, we *are* glad. Prayer is answered, and the Lord has brought you back to us for to-night." It was impossible not to laugh at the dismayed, bewildered, and astonished faces of the crew and passengers who happened to be standing by. Although we made for going ashore at once, we had to wait till 7.15 p.m. before the authorities would allow any one to land, owing to the usual Government "red tape"; but before half-past seven we three were led triumphantly up the hill, the party headed by Captain Armstrong. On our arrival at the mission-room, the soldiers gathered in, and we had a most wonderful meeting. First came a gospel address by Mr. Grubb, and then Mrs. Millard spoke to the men. I added a few

words of testimony to the keeping power of God ; and then followed a real warm prayer-meeting, nearly all taking part, and we prayed and praised and sang choruses till our hearts were overflowing with the joy of the Lord.

At 11 p.m. we returned to the ship escorted by Mr. Marshall and some soldiers, who said they would be our "body-guard." A bluejacket, who had got wind of the meeting, was also present, and it did one good to see his round and shining face at the top of his very short and sturdy little body.

The next morning, while the steamer still lay at her moorings, we were sitting in the saloon reading our Bibles, when the bluejacket appeared and wished us good-morning. His round face was smiling all over, as he came up behind Mr. Grubb, and said, "Praise the Lord !" Mr. Grubb remarked that he had "found us out," and he said, "Yes ; and as I was coming along I saw a man I thought was you, sir, up on deck ; but as I came nearer I knew it wasn't you, sir, because the clergyman was smokin', sir !" We had a time over our Bibles together, and the bluejacket told us the sad story of the wreck of the *Utopia*, which happened only a month before, when five hundred out of eight hundred Italian emigrants were drowned in sight of shore. He told us that he and four other man-o'-war's men sewed up no less than three hundred and seventeen bodies, and sank them at sea, during the nine days following the disaster. While we were listening to him in came a soldier, so we resorted

to Mr. Grubb's cabin for prayer ; and the ladies who came to see Mrs. Millard also had a time together.

During our tea the diver had succeeded in completing his task, and it was passed round that we were off ; but just then the bluejacket made his appearance again, saying, with his face as round as it was long, " All the mission men have come down to see you off." So we left our tea, and ran up on deck. A goodly company of happy souls was gathered on the quay to say farewell, and as the vessel slowly passed the end of the jetty the soldiers gave us their "parting shots," such as "Lean hard!" "Keep close!" "Learn more!" "Good-bye, but not for long!" "Mizpah!" "Deut. xxxiii. 27!" "Keep believing and receiving!" When we were almost out of hearing, one, whose lungs were specially strong, shouted, "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live" (John xi. 25). Of course we had shouted back to them a string of promises ; but what struck us so much was seeing so many "out-and-out" men together ; for it is a bold thing for soldiers to stand on the quay, Bible in hand, to bid farewell to other Christians with such "a loud voice," and with a crowd of rank and file laughing at them. But these men were quite indifferent to the taunts of others, and we were glad for their sakes that our late fellow-passenger, the converted major, was taking up his quarters there, and would probably be much help to them.

The Lord worked in many hearts during the

following week. An old quartermaster said sadly to Mrs. Millard one day as she was having a talk with him, "I only wish it were possible for me *to know* that I *am saved*." Two Persians also, who had been spending a few months in England, and who said they were Mohammedans, had been watching us, and the Lord opened the way for us to get to know them well, and at the evening service in the second saloon on the following Sunday they both came and sat next to us, and joined in the singing. After the service was over we asked them if they had English Bibles, and they said no. We gave them one each, which they accepted gladly; and a few days later one of them came to Mrs. Millard, and said he would feel obliged if she would find him the Beatitudes, as he had heard something about them. She turned to Matthew v., and then the other man said, "When I have read all my own books I will read yours." The one got so interested, however, that it aroused his friend's curiosity, and, putting aside what he called his "Mohammedan Bible," he took up the Bible, and followed while his friend read aloud, and pronounced what he had read as "very good." We were much distressed at some conversation we overheard the next day. A passenger, professedly a Christian, was talking to these two men, and when they had brought up their difficulties he said, "It does not matter what religion you belong to as long as you are good men!!" When we were not far from Malta one of them came up to me on deck, and said, "I have

been reading some of Genesis and some of Matthew ; and my friend is very dissatisfied with our religion since he has been reading the Bible, and he says he thinks he will believe in Christ. But we Mohammedans have many difficulties that stand in the way. It is quite easy for English people to become Christians, but for us it means that if we believe in Christ our wives and families will have nothing to do with us." We turned together to Acts xvi. 31, where the Lord promises that if we are willing to trust Him fully we can be saved and our families too : "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, *and thy house.*"

He continued, saying, "I also have been very dissatisfied for a long time, but I cannot be sure that to believe in Christ is the true religion, because, since I have been to England, and seen the lives of the majority of Christians who read the Bible and worship every Sunday, I cannot see the power manifested in them that the Bible speaks about." This is only too true. "Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light" (Rom. xiii. 12).

Early in the morning of the day we reached Malta, very shortly after the anchor was let go, the steward came to our cabin and said, "A sailor-man wants to see Mrs. Millard." We were soon dressed, and in the saloon we met a quartermaster from another ship. Mrs. Millard recognised him at once as being one of the sailors who had received blessing on board the vessel in which she had

returned from China with Mrs. Ahok. The ship he was aboard being just now in Malta, he had received a letter from his wife telling him to look out for our steamer there. He was greatly encouraged by his visit, and at parting we gave him two texts for his cabin: "Arise, and be doing, and the Lord be with thee" (1 Chron. xxii. 16), and "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest" (Exod. xxxiii. 14). The Lord has been keeping him steadfast, and among his mates he goes by the name of Saint A——. We gave him also a letter to our sailor friend in Gibraltar, that they might cheer one another, Gibraltar being the next port at which his vessel would call.

The scene from the ship in Malta Harbour was strikingly picturesque. We seemed to be anchored in a calm blue lake, with the hot sun shining on whitish yellow buildings (houses and forts), and barren rock round the bay—all forming a great contrast to the foliage of tropical places. The water seemed alive with small rowing-boats, all painted with the brightest colours. Mr. Grubb and I entered one of these alongside the ship and were pulled ashore, where we were surrounded by suspicious-looking and aggressive "guides," who promised us great attention. We discarded their solicitations, however, and asked the Lord to lead us to some Christians. We walked through several streets, and were saddened to see the place "wholly given to idolatry," for there are multitudes of images of the Virgin Mary (one or two at almost every corner),

priests thronged the streets, and one could see at a glance that Romanism thrives and ripens here. There are 10,000 priests and 5000 nuns in Malta, and a convent about every quarter of a mile! Seeing a sergeant of the "West Kent," we asked him the way to the "Soldiers' Rest." He escorted us there gladly, and we found ourselves in a large building, and the lady superintendent was sitting in the coffee-room. She did not give us a very encouraging account of the work, and said that very few cared for "out-and-out" gospel work there. She told us that many are willing to come and sing songs, and get up entertainments, but souls are not saved in that way.

We had prayer with the old "soldier's friend," and then, being directed to the house of two Christian officers, we were shown upstairs, and Mr. Grubb said, "We have called upon you because we hear from the soldiers in Gibraltar that you are standing up for the Lord in this place." One of them came forward at once, and said, "I am delighted to see you, because I remember meeting you three years ago at Mildmay." They told us that the Jesuits have wormed themselves into everything, that Malta is completely in their power, and that it is now considered unlawful to give away a Testament. If any one does so, he is at once brought before the authorities for such a crime; and this under a British Government! Miss Waldegrave, Lord Radstock's daughter, gave away a few Testaments when she was here not

long since, and was ordered off the island in twenty-four hours! "The glory is departed: for the ark of God has been taken by the Philistines."

The ladies in the second saloon seemed impressed by the Sunday service, and the Lord brought one (the lady who had knelt with us on the tender, see p. 3) to a real concern about her soul. She came to Mrs. Millard, and said, "The Spirit of God has been convicting me of sin. Oh! if I could only have the peace that I've been seeing in you ever since we started!" and a long conversation followed. The next day we noticed that the novels she had been reading were gone, and that she had borrowed Mrs. Millard's Bible. By way of showing a little "practical Christianity," Mr. Grubb offered to nurse her baby while she read, which she actually allowed, but did not look very comfortable when she saw the tremendous height to which he lifted it up. The child seemed quite content, however; and this one-year-old baby was always quiet while Mr. Grubb was thumping it, as he marched up and down deck. Mrs. Millard had further conversation with her, and before the week was ended she went to her cabin and definitely trusted the Saviour to take her and save her there and then. Praise God for a soul born again!

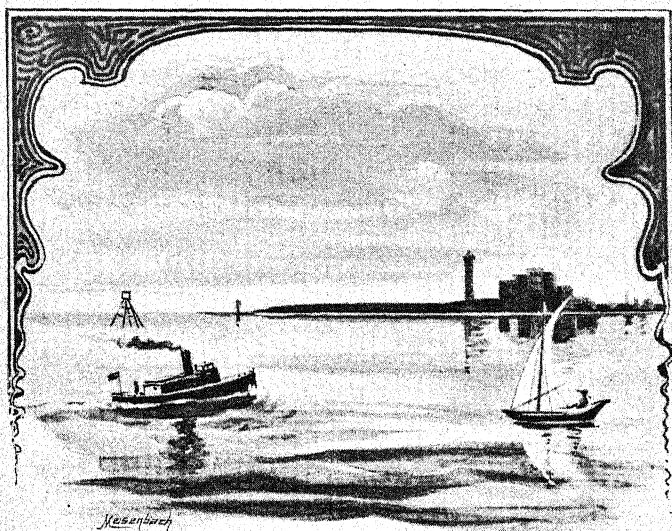
One night, at the invitation of the quartermasters, we sat and had a "free and easy" in their "den." Presently a head was put inside the door, and we saw the little Scotch carpenter, who looked so happy that I said to the others, "That man looks as if he

were trusting the Lord." "I *am* trusting the Lord," said he, and we had a glorious time in that stuffy little "den." The carpenter said it was difficult not to get cold as a Christian aboard ship with no Christian companion to cheer one. Of course we admitted that two are better than one, but reminded him that it is "the presence of the Lord," and not the presence of other Christians, that prevents a man from growing cold, and he seemed greatly struck with the Maori version of Matthew xxviii. 20: "Lo, *I am your Companion* every day, even unto the end." He went away repeating it.

At the next service aboard "the carpenter" brought "the joiner," and he seemed much moved as Mr. Grubb spoke upon the "Love of God." When the service was over I went on deck and saw these two men standing by the hatch, and the carpenter turned to me and said, "The joiner wants to know about the second birth." The Lord gave us a wonderful time with him, and the carpenter urged the points as we sought to explain about receiving the Saviour by His Spirit (John i. 12). At the same time he added, "And be an out-and-out 'un, because it's better to be out-and-out than half-and-half. I always find when I wholly follow the Lord that I am really happier in spite of my trials. But if I get faint-hearted I get nothing, because I'm too much experienced to go in for the devil's blessings (if you may call what he gives a blessing), and not out-and-out enough to get what Christ promises, so I get nothing when

I'm half-and-half." The Spirit of God worked mightily with the young joiner, and as he hung down his head the tears fell fast on his shirt front, and before many minutes more he too trusted the Lord. Praise the Lord!

We afterwards heard the carpenter urging the



APPROACHING PORT SAID.

newly saved joiner to make everything a matter of prayer, advising him also to be a non-smoker (he was a teetotaler before), adding, "You can be a better Christian if you don't smoke. Drinking and smoking are just the devil's tools to help ruin us."

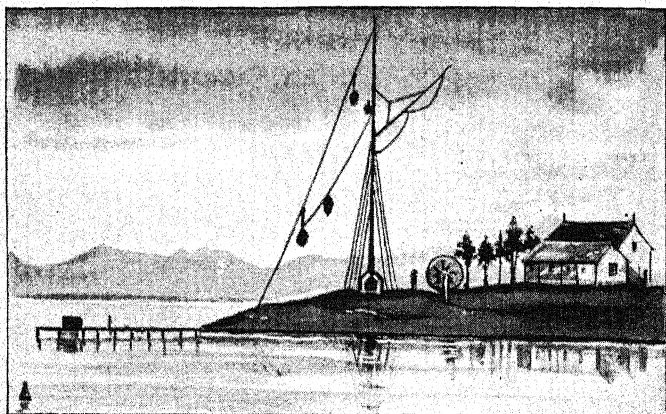
At Port Said we bought the four Gospels in Persian for our two Mohammedan friends, which they appreciated very much, and continued reading with

still greater interest. The weather in the Red Sea was very trying to those who suffer from the heat, but we soon reached Aden, where we went ashore, and found the work there very much handicapped by reason of there being so few workers. At the Sailors' and Soldiers' Institute some one hundred and fifty will meet sometimes for games, billiards, etc., but we were not able to get any really satisfactory information from the Arab in charge.

After leaving Aden we steamed away to Colombo, and the evening, during this period, that remains uppermost in our minds, was one when we stood looking over the side of the ship at the calm sea and bright moonlight shining down upon it. The silence was one that could be felt. All except those on duty had turned in, and as we waited in the "cool of the day," as it were, the Lord spoke to us. It was a "glory" time. He reminded us of the need of fellow-workers for the Colonial Mission, and brought plainly to our minds the names of four men in Ceylon, W. K. Campbell (who had been with us in the previous tour), G. E. Jackson and F. S. Horan, tea planters, and our old friend "Black David." We committed ourselves and all the future to the guidance of His unerring hand, and believed that He would prepare the way that His will might be done. At the sound of six bells (11 p.m.) we quietly went to our cabins, with our hearts unusually solemnised by the consciousness of His blessed presence and communion with us.

The rest of the voyage was apparently uneventful,

yet we could "see the grace of God" (Acts xi. 23) working in many. Personal conversation between ourselves and officers, quartermasters and passengers, was almost an hourly occurrence; but still we were not led to have any special services. And at the end of this part of our journey we were able to see some reason for this, for we heard that on a previous voyage this captain had much trouble from



THE LAST NEW SIGNAL STATION IN THE SUEZ CANAL.

complaints by the passengers that a certain few monopolised the saloon contrary to the wish of the majority, and that there was a general objection to such a state of things. But, to our astonishment, on the last afternoon the first officer came as deputation from the passengers, asking Mr. Grubb to hold a farewell service that night. At the appointed time nearly every one came, and after a most impressive address and time of prayer, the chief officer stood up and said that he had been requested (and it gave

him great pleasure to do so) to read an address to the Rev. G. C. Grubb and his co-workers.

"P. & O. SS. —

"COLOMBO, *April* 1891.

"DEAR SIR,—

Before bidding you adieu, after our pleasant voyage together, we, the undersigned passengers, and others belonging to the ship, wish to express to you our deep thankfulness (for which we also thank God) for your faithful ministry among us during our late voyage from England. Your anxiety for our spiritual welfare and souls' safety has been manifest to all of us. To some you have been the means of awakening us out of sleep to newness of life, showing us plainly the way of salvation by trust in our Saviour, and looking expectantly to *Him* for the fulfilment of *His* promises; others of us who had already begun the walk of faith, though without zeal in the Master's service, you have greatly helped by your example and explanations of the Word, and we trust you have stirred us up to renewed service and desire to live *only* for the Saviour who has done so much for us. And if, among us, there are any who are still undecided about following Christ, or uncertain about our spiritual life, we can also heartily join in our thanks to you for your anxiety on our behalf, and your help, prayers and efforts to lead us to the Saviour. We all now join in praying that God's blessing may rest upon you, and wish for you, that as you journey round the world, reminding those who seem to have forgotten about the good news of salvation for them, you may have the great joy of winning many, many souls for Christ in every place. In our thanks for spiritual help and sympathy, and our good wishes for the future, we equally include your co-workers, and fellow-travellers and companions, Mr. and Mrs. Millard; and we pray and trust that they also may be greatly blessed, and filled with joy in the Master's service, through being used by Him in turning many to righteousness.

"In all sincerity

"We remain,

"Ever your grateful friends"

(Then follow fifteen signatures).

Mr. Grubb replied by saying, that although we fully appreciated their mark of gratitude, he hoped they would give God all the praise.

Then followed a most touching scene as one after another came up to us, and nearly every one broke down as they each thanked us for blessing received, "chiefly through seeing in our lives that we really had something different from what they knew." One lady said, what had convinced her of this was seeing the love we had for our Bibles, and that we never seemed to tire of them or to want novels. Then the lady who had been converted came out grandly and went to Mrs. Millard's cabin, to pray about special things; and although she had never been accustomed to pray aloud, she broke out three times over with requests to her newly-found Saviour and Friend.

We have learned more deeply than ever through this voyage that "witnessing" is not by any means confined to "having meetings"; but that witnessing should also be effected without conventional methods—moment by moment, by life and lip—just as the Holy Ghost moves the yielded soul.

It is a difficult lesson for some of us to learn, that God wants to work in His own way, and that His way is very often not alike twice running. We also realise more fully that He is much more anxious about the souls of the unsaved than we are, and that *He will work if we will let Him*, using us as He chooses, or not at all. Without doubt, lip and life are the two horses that draw the "chariot of testimony."

Before we had time to get our luggage ready to go ashore at Colombo old friends came off to meet us, and we had a "Hallelujah" shout of welcome, while letters from some of the tea-planters were also handed to us.

We soon found ourselves once more in the "Hermitage," and had scarcely been there half an



THE HERMITAGE, SLAVE ISLAND.

From a Photograph by W. L. H. Skeen & Co., Colombo.

hour, when a gharry, driven by a turbaned Tamil, was driven up, with four of our Christian planter friends. While we rose to meet them they simply sprang upon us like tigers, and nearly brought us to the ground in their eagerness, while Mr. Grubb's long seventy-six-inch body disappeared from view altogether as their strong arms surrounded him, and the air rang with praise to God for letting us meet

again. That was something like a Christian greeting, "starch" being quite out of the question.

The next morning we felt that it was of the greatest importance that we should meet at once for special prayer about the Colonial tour and the addition of members to our party of three; but as Mrs. Millard had to go to Kandy to see her sister, she was unable to be with us, except in spirit. So about 9 a.m. Mr. Grubb and I went with Mr. Campbell and the other four ex-tea-planters* to the "Mission House" at Dalugama, a village five miles inland, which building had been placed at our friends' disposal by a generous Christian lawyer, and was used as their headquarters, while they worked among the natives.

After breakfast with one or two of the native Christians, we assembled in the upper room for a special time of waiting upon God, feeling that we dared not take one step forward till we knew His will.

Mr. Grubb gave us a keynote for our own hearts, "Beware of the leaven" (Matt. xvi. 6). Then we "fell to prayer," and lay on our faces before the Lord in holy silence. This most blessed time with God passed only too quickly till four o'clock struck, reminding us how late it was.

Our own souls were brought into the closest conscious knowledge of the presence of God, and only those who have enjoyed such seasons can

* Several tea-planters having given up their estates, had during the last few months been working among the natives.

possibly understand the perfect peace that possessed not the little upper room only, but the hearts of us all as well. The one great point had to be faced, Does the Lord want any of these dear fellows to go to Australia with us or not? The heathen must be reached, and it may be, if they go with us, that God will raise up men and women from Australia and New Zealand, through their testimony, to go forth to India, Ceylon, Africa, and China.

Tea was announced a few minutes later; all but Mr. Campbell and I had gone downstairs, when the Lord told Mr. Campbell that he was to go to Australia. So we two remained in prayer, and were led to put the Lord to the test, and we prayed, "O Lord, bring into this place those whom Thou hast chosen."

A few minutes later Jackson came in, and, seeing us still praying, knelt down, or, I should say, lay down, beside us on the floor in silence; five minutes more, and Horan appeared, and lay down in silence too. Then Mr. Grubb came up again, saying, "I could not sit at the table any longer, but felt I must come up!" He also joined us in our silence, and thus three of the men about whom God had spoken to us on board ship that 23rd of May had been definitely brought to us in a most clear manner; but how about Black David? We had not even asked him to join us in our day of prayer. So we wondered, and told the Lord that we had certainly thought He had told us to take David too: "O Lord, if he is to come Thou must make it plain.

Bring him here, Lord." Another half-hour passed, and suddenly he appeared; as Mr. Grubb said "with his black face shining with glory." Our joy and assurance knew no bounds; we hugged him and kissed him, and questioned him as to how he got there. We asked, "But, David, what made you come out here?" He said he was in Colombo, and the Lord told him to get into a bullock hackery and drive out to Dalugama.

So the Lord had proved once more that "He is faithful that promised." "Hallelujah!" and again "Praise the Lord!" We six then committed ourselves to the Lord, and asked Him to guide every step that we might do His will.

On our return to Colombo we had to wait for some time at the railway station, and Jackson was led into conversation with a Tamil, and he and David together had a splendid time with him about his soul.

At the "Hermitage" we met "Old Mayow," as we call him. He is the eldest of the converted planters, although at this time chiefly engaged in a contract for a portion of the Government Railway in the Island.

The engineering difficulties are very great, and several contractors had lost money in the work; and at one spot there was a mountain of difficulty facing "Old Mayow." For several days he had been attempting to blow up a certain huge rock by dynamite, but with no result; and he could not understand why he had not succeeded, for when he

undertook the contract he got the assurance from the Lord that it would be successful. One morning the thought struck him, "Although I have each morning asked the Lord to bless the blasting, I have never asked Him to move the rock *without dynamite*." So he prayed that God's name might be honoured; and he told us, "When I went to work, suddenly, as the men were picking it over at the top, a land-slip took place—rock, earth, stones, huge boulders, all came down *en masse*!" And he saw the coolies going down too, and he cried out, "O Lord, I forgot to pray for the poor coolies!" but while he looked down in the valley where they had been rolled over, he saw all five scrambling up over the loose earth, unhurt. Praise God! *He is THE SAME LORD* "yesterday, to-day, and for ever!" for Jesus said, "Verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove" (Matt. xvii. 20).*

Our stay in Ceylon being only for ten days or so, we could not accept one quarter of the invitations given us, but took a flying visit to Hatton, where some special services were held. On the way to Hatton we were joined at different stations by friends, who were also anxious to attend the meetings, and by the time we got there our party

* Some to whom we have told the story have said, "I don't believe it;" and others reading may be tempted to say the same thing. Should an "unbelieving believer" wish to ask Mr. Mayow, I give his address: "J. Wynell Mayow, Esq., G.P.O., Colombo, Ceylon."

formed quite a small congregation in itself. We had been learning choruses in the train, and David had his violin, so, as it may be imagined, there was "a joyful noise." The converted station-master gave us a hearty welcome, and it was very encouraging not only to see so many who had received blessing during the previous mission in 1889-90 (see "What God hath Wrought") having grown in grace, but to hear from them also that the Lord had been using them in the conversion of others. There were a few whose faces we missed, and report said that they were not as "out-and-out" as they might be; but "let us not judge one another any more," but "pray without ceasing" (Rom. xiv. 13; 1 Thess. v. 17).

We were all greatly strengthened by this short convention, and one point was clearly brought out—that "God's desire is that we should love His *will* rather than the work," and that to do *His will* is always to do *His work*; but doing what we think is "Christian work" is very often proved not to be His will for us. Let us find out His will, and then obey.

David told us, that having promised his wife to escort a young friend of hers to her home near Hatton, he was "very sore at heart" when he found that by doing this he would have to miss the first meeting. But as he was waiting at the railway station he saw a back number of *The Christian*, giving an account of Mr. Grubb's address at the Cork Convention on the three If's,—

"If Thou wilt" (Luke v. 12),

"If Thou canst" (Mark ix. 22),*

"If I may" (Matt. ix. 21);

and while reading this (said he) "I got great blessing." When he joined us later on he added, "I have just told the Lord I'm sorry I was 'sore at heart' because I could not go to the first meeting, for He sent me the same blessing as you." For, strange to say, Mr. Grubb had given us that very address at this first meeting.

On our way back to Colombo Mrs. Millard told us, that some days ago she had had it specially laid upon her heart to pray that Miss ——* (who she knew was in South India) might be brought to Colombo for the few meetings we were to have there; and when we arrived at the Junction, there she was also. She told us that she felt she *must* come, and although she had to "rough it" by crossing in a "coolie steamer," the Lord made the way plain. Praise the Lord again!

Meetings were arranged in the public hall for children in the afternoons, and general gatherings in the evenings. Mrs. Millard also conducted a meeting for the members of the Y.W.C.A., which was attended with much blessing. The Lord blessed us all mightily, the power of God laying hold of many hearts; and before we left Ceylon letters of praise to God were sent to us, including over thirty from children, who had either been converted or strengthened since the last Mission.

* See "What God hath Wrought," pp. 135-8.

The fact that the four new members of the Mission party had neither of them any money, made us ask the Lord what He would have us do for their outfit and tickets to Australia; and it was made plain to us that the sum of £105 given to us by a friend in England to spend "for the Lord's work," should be devoted to this object. It may be a help to some who are living by faith to know, that while in Ceylon the Lord told me to send £5 to a certain Christian man in England. I did so, taking it out of the amount referred to, leaving us £100. With this money the tickets were taken, and the agent of the P. & O. Co. kindly gave us liberal discount; and when the outfits were paid for there was just one rupee left, which was given to the man who took the luggage aboard the steamer. I afterwards heard from the man to whom I had sent the £5, that on the very morning of the arrival of my letter he had definitely prayed for £5, and that when the postman came he could not refrain from tears, and he and his wife and children knelt round the table to thank their heavenly Father. Praise the Lord!

Of course it was very trying for David's mother, Mrs. David, and their little son Paul, to spare him to go with us; but they rejoiced that he was being led of the Lord to a wider field to witness for his Master. Many Christians urged us not to take him; but the Lord had given the word, and we felt we must obey at all cost, and a gentleman and lady having volunteered to provide for the support of

David's family during his absence, the way for him to go was made absolutely clear.

A good many friends came to see us off, and when we got to the jetty we found that the Customs' lifeboat had been placed at our disposal. At 8 p.m., on the evening of May 11th, we went aboard the steamship — (*see* Frontispiece—"A Band of Seven"). As we were standing on the companion ladder a gentleman came up and said, "I am proud to-night to be able to say that I am a soldier of Christ's." Every one of his children also had been converted at the meetings. Praise the Lord for saved households!

The social atmosphere on board the vessel was a great contrast to that we had just left, and we felt at once that we had been plunged into the midst of those who were strangers not only to us, but still more so to God. Gathering at one end of the ship before the friends left us, we sang "Peace, perfect peace," and Mr. Grubb committed all to God in prayer.

Our friends said "farewell," the screw turned, and we were soon ploughing through the Indian Ocean to Australia.

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths" (Prov. iii. 6).

CHAPTER II.

VOYAGE FROM COLOMBO, AND ARRIVAL IN MELBOURNE.

MAY 11TH TO JUNE 5TH.

"GOOD-EVENING, Mr. Millard," said a familiar voice, and who should we see but the same steward we had on the previous journey from Colombo to Australia ; and said he with great delight, "I've got Mr. Grubb to look after again too." Not long after I found another steward whom I had seen before, and asked him, "Were you not at the sailors' mission in Shanghai in 1888?" "Yes, sir." "Did you not give your heart to the Lord then?" "Yes, sir," said he, looking rather sad as he jammed a pile of soiled table-cloths into the laundry sack. I got close to him and whispered, "And now are you a *backslider*?" "Yes, sir, and I've never been so miserable in my life as since I wandered away." He had too many duties to attend to to permit conversation then ; but in the course of a day or two we met again and had prayer in my cabin, and he definitely asked the Lord to restore him, and to heal his backsliding. Praise the Lord !

The next morning at breakfast he passed my seat, and I said to him, "How are you now?" and

brightening up, he said, "It's *very* well with me this morning, sir." Lord, keep him!

Sea-sickness had the effect of keeping David unnaturally quiet for the first few days, and one morning, when he had recovered a little, I said to



ADAM'S PEAK, CEYLON.

him, "Well, David, has the Lord been blessing you during this quiet time?" "Yes, oh, yes," he said, "God has been speaking very plainly. He said to me, 'David, you have no trust.' Before I came on this ship I thought I knew how to trust God; but now I see I have not half trusted Him."

His own account of his first experiences of this humbling complaint was rather amusing. He said, "I took my Bible and sat in the saloon, and read and read for a long time, but could not make out why I could not take my thoughts in, or remember what I read; so I thought I would go outside on the deck, and when I got out there I found out the reason!" After his usual health had been restored he urged Mrs. Millard to "eat continually," as the remedy he had found successful. One day, after dinner, he came up on deck looking specially happy; so we said, "Could you enjoy your dinner to-day, David?" "Oh, yes," he said. "The Lord gave me a ginger pudding, and the cook had made a mistake and upset the ginger so that no one could eat such hot stuff but me. Oh, yes; my Lord knows I can't get Ceylon curry, and He gave me a hot ginger pudding instead; *and*," he added, getting most excited, "*every day* I always find three Chillis in the pickle jar."

Very soon the passengers got into closer touch with us, and the daily prayers in the second saloon, conducted by Mr. Grubb, brought out those who were interested, and one morning we had as many as thirty-five present from the two classes.

Mr. Grubb preached in the first saloon on the Sunday morning, and conducted a gospel meeting in the second saloon in the evening. We did all we could to induce people to attend, but some, even of the ladies, utterly refused to come, and played cards the whole time. It will be understood what

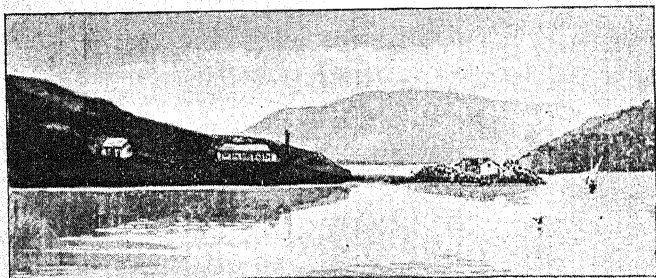
sort of a company we had when I say that I overheard one young lady call through the skylight to her friend below, "Mary, is the beer cool to-night?" "Yes," said she, "and frothy too!" Another smoked cigarettes; while, in fine weather, dancing, theatricals, and comic singing of the lowest type were indulged in freely, and drinking and gambling were the two items on the programme in the smoking room. All this was by no means confined to the second saloon, for a lady who came down from the first-class said she was glad to see us on board (as she once heard Mr. Grubb preach in Glasgow), and that there was a very bad atmosphere in the first-class. She told us that at a concert one night a young lord (!) sang such a disgracefully low song that she longed to leave, but had not the courage, and that nearly everybody applauded—because he was a "lord." This titled gentleman was subsequently asked to take the chair at a lecture on Mohammed, to be given by a Presbyterian minister on board, which made us all very sad, especially as this very minister of the gospel declined to attend the Church of England service, saying, "*I don't belong to it*," and paced the deck smoking a pipe while the service was being conducted. On the Sunday prior to our coming on board he had preached, and said, "There is no such thing as faith nowadays; it belonged to the days of the Bible!"

But, glory be to God! the Lord has not changed, nor His Word either; but our faith in Him (as

a company of so-called Christians) is certainly sadly diluted, and I fear it may be said of some that they are "children in whom is no faith" (Deut. xxxii. 20); and Jesus says, "How is it that ye have no faith?" (Mark iv. 40.) It surely is not God's fault, "for He is THE SAME LORD over all, and rich toward all who call upon Him" (Rom. x. 12). "Have faith in God" (Mark xi. 22).

One day this minister came down to our end of the ship to "have a crack" with "Old Granny," as she was called, a dear old Christian of over seventy years of age, who told us this was her first sea-voyage: in fact, she said that until she left home to come aboard the ship she had never in her life been more than eight miles away from Glasgow. The Presbyterian minister, pipe in hand, went up to this old body, and began to chaff. "Granny," said he, "let me feel your pulse. I'm afraid you're a bit nervous. Do you think the ship is going down?" (the sea being perfectly smooth at the time). "Not a bit of it," said she; "and if the ship were to go down, I'm none of your hypocrites; I'm trusting in the Lord." "Well, of course," said he, rather taken aback, and finding that some of us had been attracted by her loud voice of testimony—"of course you ought to do that, for you have heard that from the pulpit every Sunday." "Ah!" said she, in the broadest Scotch, and firing up at him, "it wad ha'e bin a lang time afore I trusted the Lord, gin I had 'bided by what I heard frae the poopit, believe me." He left.

Several adults came with the children to Sunday School on the Sunday afternoon, including some of the first-class passengers and two nurses and babies. A young fellow, the son of a clergyman, who had previously bragged that he "had no soul," was writing letters at one of the tables, and became so interested in the "Children's Sermon" that he forgot his letters, and joined in as heartily as any one. The two nurses from the first-class listened most attentively, and encouraged the children to come



IN ALBANY HARBOUR.

again next Sunday. The elder woman, we heard, had been witnessing in her sphere in the first-class; and while a lady was remarking something about her being bright and happy, she said, "Yes, I wouldn't exchange my chance of salvation with either of the duchesses aboard; I'm happier than they are." The little children, too, became most useful messengers of the gospel, climbing up on the people's laps, and telling the whole of the Bible stories they had heard; and no one could help listening to those innocent little preachers.

To relate all the "straight times" we had with

young men, sailors, and stewards, and to tell Mrs. Millard's experiences with the ladies, and the delight of the French maid (who was a Christian) at finding Mrs. Millard could speak French, and was willing to read the Bible with her every morning, would take pages to record ; but it must suffice for us to say, that the testimony of those who had started in the ship from London was, that "since the salvationists came aboard the tone of the whole ship has changed."

The old tea-planter whom we had met in Ceylon on our last tour * was travelling to Australia for his health, with one of his daughters. Not being strong enough for any active service for the Lord, he was nevertheless anxious to bear his testimony to the love of God ; and being unable at most times to speak in more than a whisper, he made himself a small placard about six inches square, with the words on it, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" This he hung round his neck when he attended any service, and it was the means of a large amount of personal dealing with those who asked us what we thought about such an "idiotic thing," etc., etc.

On the tenth day out we sighted Cape Leuwin, and next day arrived at Albany, where, however, we stayed only two hours, and then steamed away to Adelaide. Here we spent one day with Mr. Virgo, the secretary of the Y.M.C.A. †

* See "What God hath Wrought," p. 106.

† No less than twenty-four members of the Adelaide Y.M.C.A. have

The last Sunday on board was one long to be remembered. Feeling that this was our last chance for a word to these people (except through personal dealing), we had special prayer that the Spirit of God would convict souls of sin. This was manifestly answered, and some of those whom we had thought the least likely were in tears during the services. The Presbyterian minister and the two comic singers also attended, and one of the stewardesses was found in uncontrollable sobbing, but was told by another stewardess "not to be so silly"; and we do not know if she really yielded to God. Several seemed *very near* the kingdom, but we fear a great many, though moved and touched by God's Spirit, only turned back without taking the one step in.

The night before we reached Melbourne three of the stewards had prayer with us in our cabin, and testified to the blessing they had received. Praise the Lord!

The sun rose over the Melbourne hills as we approached, and the scene was simply glorious. The quiet time in this early morning was a great contrast to the general bustle that began later on, as the passengers came out of their cabins, laden with parcels and bags. The scene then reminded one of an ant-hill, where each little ant carried its own little load.

gone as missionaries to China. Their photographs were hanging in the secretary's office, where we had a mighty time of prayer, for the spirit of supplication was poured upon us, and we were led to pray for blessing on these men. Hallelujah!

Some of the clergy were standing on the quay awaiting our arrival as we came alongside, and two ladies also, as a special deputation to welcome Mrs. Millard. We felt this to be most kind, as they both lived at a great distance, and had left their homes and families at six o'clock in the morning so as to be in time to meet the ship.

The hearty welcome given to the whole seven of us was truly colonial. Nothing seemed any trouble to our hosts. Our kind friends, Rev. H. B. Macartney and Mrs. Macartney, told us that the rectory at Caulfield was to be our home whenever we could be there, and for as many as the house would hold.

Hearing that evangelistic services were being held at the Town Hall by a noted preacher, three of us went in the evening. We were surprised that we had to pay for admittance, but took our tickets, and found the Hall full. We felt that, although the message given was certainly striking, and doubtless a great help to many, it is a mistake to charge half-a-crown or a shilling for people to hear the "free gospel"; for no one could get converted at these meetings unless they could at least afford to buy a ticket.

This, however, had the effect of strengthening the hearts of all of us in the desire to TRUST the Lord only, during the colonial tour; and Mr. Grubb made it a stipulation at the very beginning, that there should be NO COLLECTIONS at any of the missions. One of the committee said to Mr.

Grubb, "But remember the expenses will be considerable." "Yes; but we must TRUST God, and go forward," said he. Of course a report was spread that we all had private means; but the



DAVID.

plain facts were, that when we arrived in Melbourne we had only £123 between the seven of us. Mr. Grubb remarked, however, "I have great expectations, because my Father is so well off. Yes; and we can live on Phil. iv. 19: 'My God shall supply

all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.' "

The first few days in Melbourne we spent in interviewing friends who desired missions in their parishes, and in answering letters. We also purchased ten thousand hymn-books, which considerably reduced our capital, as the Lord told us to give them away at the missions. Some special invitations came from the Y.W.C.A. for Mrs. Millard, which she was led to accept, and much blessing followed the Word spoken. But it was David who caught the first Australian "fish"—the boot-boy at the house where he was staying. He had also been out the same afternoon, taking some tracts with him. As he walked along he said, "O Lord, I'm a stranger here; if you want me to speak to anybody bring them down this side of the road." Before very long some boys, returning from school, came his side of the road. He gave them tracts, and spoke to them about Jesus. They seemed very interested, partly, perhaps, because he was a black man; they promised to meet him again at the same place at the same time the next day. At the appointed hour they met again, and their little souls were aglow with the love of Jesus.

An invitation to attend a missionary meeting in a gentleman's drawing-room was our next experience. David not having been invited, the Lord used him to lead another soul to Him, the daughter of the old servant at the house. We were ushered into a small room, where we were to leave our hats

and coats, and, finding we were alone, took the opportunity of having a believing time of prayer for the meeting ; and when on our knees we were burst in upon by other gentlemen, who were in dress clothes, and who retired quicker than they came in. So we got up and went to the drawing-room. A missionary lady gave an address on India, telling many interesting stories about work among the women there, and Mrs. Millard was asked to follow with a short address. At the end one old gentleman privately took her to task about what she had said, stating that, "for his part, he did not believe in the Bible." This had happened quite unknown to me, and later on, while conversation was flowing freely, I was led to this same old gentleman, and had with him as straight a time of gospel message as one could wish.

The kind friends (who were giving the drawing-room meeting) had prepared a most magnificent supper for their guests, which we could not but feel contrasted with the meeting in the other room. For over an hour the lady had pleaded heart and soul for £6 to pay for one more Bible-woman for a year, and then we were treated to a supper that must have cost at least £20. God forbid that we should show a lack of appreciation of the great hospitality shown us, but I mention this that others may see that such an arrangement is certainly making an absurdity of deputation work.

The audience, too, seemed to utterly misunderstand the object of the meeting. They laughed at

the stories told, and the impression they gave us was, that they were very much amused at missions. "Great fun!" "Delightful evening!" and so on; while during the address a young lady, sitting in front of me, had been talking nearly the whole time to her neighbour about the price of her diamond rings, etc. The glittering of jewels, the delicious ice creams, the superb wines, of course added to the "beauty of the scene"; and the majority seemed quite pleased with themselves, and as if it only wanted some one to strike up a waltz, with free liberty to dance, and their evening's enjoyment would be complete!

The next afternoon brought Mrs. Millard into a fresh experience. She was driven in a carriage to a "reception" of the delegates of the Women's Temperance Association. Many of the leading Christians of the place were present, dressed in costumes of the latest fashion; plenty of young girls flitting about, evidently quite delighted to find that one could be religious under such enjoyable circumstances. What an attraction to become a temperance worker! Why, you can get all these advantages—a "swell turn-out" every now and again, where you can enjoy yourself and show off your new dresses! "Lord, have mercy on us!"

Every day was full of witnessing during the preparations for the mission. One afternoon Jackson and I were visiting a suburb to attend a missionary meeting, travelling part of the way in

a 'bus. Opposite me sat an old lady, looking burdened. Jackson started singing the chorus,—

“ Oh, the peace my Saviour gives—
Peace I never knew before ;
And my life has brighter grown
Since I learned to trust Him more.”

The old lady looked pleased, so I asked her if she loved the Lord Jesus. “ Well,” she said, “ I am a believer, and I *hope* I shall get to heaven.” We told her that the Lord wanted her to rejoice in the *knowledge* of her forgiveness through the blood of Christ. Luke i. 77—“ *Knowledge* of salvation . . . by the remission of their sins.” She seemed to be greatly helped, and when she had to get out at the next road she wished us God's blessing, and said, “ Oh, how I wish I was going further with you ! ” Having the omnibus to ourselves after that, we got down on our knees and asked the Lord to bless the dear old soul, and to guide us at our meeting. A very healthy missionary spirit seemed to possess this meeting, and we were encouraged by several becoming really desirous to witness for the Lord.

Jackson was guided to stay the night, and address the communicants' class at the rectory next day, but the Lord told me to return. Having to change at a certain junction, I just missed the connecting train, and so praised the Lord. Leaning against the wall of the station was a cross-looking man. I said to him, “ Would you kindly tell me if this is the right platform for—— ? ” “ Yes,” said he, rather angrily. “ Just missed the train ; I only came up in time to

see it go out," "Well," said I, "in everything give thanks" (1 Thess. v. 18); but he walked off to the drinking fountain provided for passengers, and I paced the platform. After a few turns I noticed he was again standing where I first saw him, and looking utterly miserable. As I came near the Lord said, "Speak to him"; so I said, "I was just taking a constitutional." "Trying to kill time, I suppose," said he. "No," I said; "I'm always happy, and the Lord is my Companion, and He walks about with me everywhere." But you perhaps don't know Him like that?" "No," he said, "I don't; and often when I see people, who say they are saved, fall away, I begin to think there is nothing in it at all!" "Well," I said, "the thing for you is to get the Lord to cleanse your heart, and become your Companion, and not till then will you be satisfied. Don't look at Christians; look at Christ. If you really get Christ, no matter what happens, and what trials you have, and how much your circumstances may alter, Christ never changes. For instance now, I love my wife more than anybody on the face of this earth; but she might die, and if all my thoughts were concentrated even on her, then if she be taken I should have nothing left; but I have Christ, and even if such a trial were to be sent to me, Christ is the same to me, and always present at every moment." "Oh," he said, "I see; you have *Him* always." "Yes," I said; "and don't you want Him?" Then our train came up, and we got into a carriage together. He told me he had three

Bibles, one given to him by his mother; and as he wonderfully softened, we read part of Mark xvi. together. When we came to verse 16, "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned," he stopped, and remained in deep thought. Just then we reached the station where he had to alight, and, turning to me, he said, "This is my station, but I wish I was going on with you." "Take Him," I said, "and you won't want me." He got out, turned back, looked me straight in the face, and said firmly and solemnly, "I will." "Amen," said I; and as the train moved away he waved cheerily.

Mr. Grubb and Mr. Campbell had been to the city, and went into a "cash draper's" to buy some small article. Mr. Grubb said to the man behind the counter, "I see you believe in Rom. xiii. 8 here." "What is that?" said the man. "Owe no man anything." "I did not know that was in the Bible. Will you give me the reference, please." And Mr. Campbell saw him write it down carefully. Then he gave the man a two-shilling piece; but as the studs were only one shilling, and he had no change, he handed back the two shillings, saying, "Owe it me." "No," said Mr. Campbell, "remember Rom. xiii. 8." "Well," said the man, "I can't keep the two shillings on that score either, for then I shall owe you a shilling. What shall I do?" "Oh," said Mr. Campbell, "take a shilling for the studs, and give the other to the Salvation Army."

Although Mr. Grubb had telegraphed to the

Melbourne friends to make no arrangements till we arrived, we found that no less than twelve missions (of seven days each) had been planned in different districts for the next three months, making no allowance for one day in seven as a day of rest. So we simply had to claim the promise, "As thy days so shall thy strength be" (Deut. xxxiii. 25).

"Wealth" and "pleasure-seeking" are the deities presiding in the Colonies; racing and football taking the lead in the amusements. As many as thirty thousand spectators will watch and gamble over a football match on Saturday afternoon; and, there only being seven days in the week, pony races have been witnessed by electric light.

David says that one thing encourages him about "these people," as he calls them. He says, "They are very honest about spiritual things. If you ask a Tamil man if he professes to be a Christian, he will say 'Yes' to every question. 'Do you know that your sins are forgiven?' 'Yes.' 'Have you been delivered from the bondage of sin?' 'Yes.' 'Have you received the baptism of the Holy Ghost?' 'Yes.' 'Are you being used to lead souls to Christ?' 'Yes.' But 'these people,'" says David, "are ver-r-r-y honest. Oh, yes! they acknowledge at once, 'I have not given my heart to God!' so that you know where to begin."

We were handed the following pulpit notice, and saw by the dates that there was plenty of work in store:—

Rev. George Grubb's Mission in Victoria.

1891.

REV. GEORGE GRUBB, M.A., the eminent Evangelist of the Church of Ireland, who has just arrived, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Millard, of China, and Messrs. W. K. Campbell, G. E. Jackson, F. S. Horan, V. D. David, Tamil Evangelist, of Ceylon, will speak and preach, God willing, as follows:—

Sunday,	May 31	11 A.M.,	St. John's Church, Melbourne.
"	"	3 P.M.,	Trinity Church, East Melbourne.
"	"	7 P.M.,	St. Stephen's Church, Richmond.
Monday,	June 1	8 P.M.,	MINISTERS ONLY, Y.M.C.A., Bourke Street.
Tuesday,	"	2—7.30 P.M.,	MELBOURNE PRAYER UNION, Y.M.C.A.
Wednesday,	"	3—7.30 P.M.,	SERMON, St. Mary's Church, Caulfield.
Thursday,	"	4—8 P.M.,	United Mission Choirs, Y.M.C.A.
Friday,	"	5—8 P.M.,	Public Welcome to Mission Party, Y.M.C.A.
Saturday,	"	6—	Commencement of Mission, St. Saviour's, Collingwood.
"	"	13—	" " St. Hilary's, East Kew.
"	"	20—	" " Christ Church, Geelong.
"	"	27—	" " CITY OF BALLARAT.
"	July 18—	"	" ARCHDEACONRY OF GIPPSLAND.
"	Aug. 1—	"	" St. Luke's, N. Fitzroy.
"	"	8—	" St. Silas', S. Melbourne.
"	"	15—	" St. Mary's, Caulfield.
"	"	22—	" St. Clement's, Elsternwick.
Sunday,	"	30—	" THE CATHEDRAL, MELBOURNE.

The daily papers will contain further particulars.

The Ven. Archdeacon Langley has kindly consented to take the chair at the Preliminary Meetings.

This Mission is under the sanction of the Bishop of Melbourne and the Bishop of Ballarat.

MR. E. C. MILLARD, mentioned above, has had wide experience in Missions to Children.

GEORGE SPROULE, HON. SEC.,

ST. CLEMENT'S PARSONAGE, ELSTERNWICK.

May 28, 1891.

CHAPTER III.

ST. SAVIOUR'S, COLLINGWOOD

JUNE 5TH TO JUNE 13TH.

THE first Melbourne Mission was held in one of the poor districts, and we were guided to take accommodation for the seven days in a coffee palace, near the church at which we were to be working.

David's delight at our being all together in one house was beyond description, and he shouted rather than sang,—

"Storm the forts of darkness;
Pull them down, pull them down!"

The small coffee-room was made private for our party, and before going to the preparatory public meeting on the Saturday night we all had special prayer together, asking the Lord to bless us in our own souls.

By the time we reached the schoolroom, which had been considered large enough for a prayer-meeting, we found there was no room to get in, so the gas had to be lighted in the church. The keynote of the mission was, "Let us make room for Jesus to take the lead." Mr. Grubb pointed out that there could be no real victory unless we

ourselves were willing to stand back, and allow the Lord Jesus, "as Captain of the Lord's host," to come (Josh. v. 14). Among the congregation we could see that some were really ready for blessing, there being a very strong spirit of earnestness and expectation, partly owing to the fact that Mr. Campbell and David had held two workers' meetings during the previous week.

One of those who remained after this meeting to speak to Mr. Grubb was a ragged-looking man, reduced to that condition by drink and its accompanying vices, and we discovered him to be not only a gentleman by birth but of titled family.

There are hundreds of these poor cast-off souls in the Colonies, including the only man living who has a right to keep his hat on in the presence of the Queen; and we were informed that he is acting as gardener to a clergyman in one of the suburbs.

Before going to the morning service on Sunday we all met again for special prayer, and prayed that, although the mission was at the invitation of the Bishop of Melbourne, and that consequently many would think it was confined to the Church of England, seeking souls of any denomination might be brought to the Lord.

One of the party was led to pray for some "skeleton in the cupboard." Possibly some young man who had gone astray, and had been shipped off to the Colonies, was at that moment being prayed for by his mother at home. We pleaded with the

Lord to search out and reach such an one. We learned afterwards this prayer was abundantly answered. (See p. 57.)

"Present salvation" was faithfully preached by Mr. Grubb at the eleven o'clock service on the word "now," and in the afternoon some five hundred Sunday School children gave the deepest attention to the address to them.

On our way back to the coffee palace we passed three working men standing at a street corner, smoking, outside a public-house. One of them said, "Good-morning," so I stopped to shake hands; and the second man said, with a drunken drawl, "You've been to church." "Yes," I said, "and the Lord loves you too, and wants you to be delivered from sin." "I haven't got any sin," said he. "Oh yes you have," I said; "and the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." I had scarcely quoted that verse (Rom. vi. 23) when he stepped forward and deliberately spat in my face; and this he did twice, but the Lord helped me to smile, and to continue the conversation, as the other two men had told him to "shut up." The third man was moved by the Spirit, and, taking me aside, said, "I did pray and ask for forgiveness once, but somehow or other I fell into the 'fat' (sin) again."

After some time of explanation that the Lord could forgive, and then "keep from falling," the man took courage, and, I believe, received help from the Lord; but the drunken man then came up to

me again, and, handing me a tract, said, "There, read that, and don't say I never give yer nothing," and turned away angrily. When I opened the tract I saw why it was he was so savage, for the text on the tract was Rom. vi. 23, "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord"—the very one that I had been led to quote to him. A man sitting at an open window over the public-house, and who had heard and seen what had gone on, came to the mission a few nights afterwards and sought me out, and said that the talk with those men was not wasted, for after I had gone they agreed that "there must be something real in it, for him to be so anxious about us."

There was decided conviction among the Christians at the evening service, and when at the after-meeting Mr. Grubb asked all those who desired that God would give them a clean heart to rise, thirty did so, and we had a solemn time of prayer, followed by personal talks to those who were anxious.

In the morning when Mr. Grubb opened his bedroom door to take in his boots, he found they were not there, so rang the bell. The proprietor came up in a great state and full of apology, for, said he, "I am very sorry, Mr. Grubb, but I'm afraid they have been stolen; and not only yours, but those of others who are sleeping here." So Mr. Grubb said, "Praise God!" and put on his slippers. The proprietor stared, and then went down to the

coffee-room ; but only to get a fearful blowing up from a furious customer, whose boots had likewise shared the same fate.

The Lord spoke to many, not only at the meetings but at the coffee palace, and on the third afternoon the proprietor's only child, a little girl of eight years old, gave her heart to Jesus. Two of the maids also got under deep conviction, and after being completely broken down, were so anxious to be spoken to that they waited on the landing for some of us to see them. While we were seeking to lead them to the Lord the wife of the proprietor came up and said, "What are you saying to my maids?" So Jackson said, "We are seeking to lead them to trust the Lord Jesus to save their souls." "May I listen, too?" she said ; and before long she became utterly broken down. She called me into her sitting-room, and at last she knelt down ; the Lord enabled her to trust Him, and He spoke peace to her soul. She then prayed most earnestly for her husband. Two days later and the manservant was seen coming out of Mr. Grubb's room, having also fully trusted the Lord. Hallelujah !

This greatly encouraged us to believe for the proprietor, who, though as kind and attentive as possible, seemed to stick out firmly ; but on the Friday night the Lord gave us the assurance that he also would be saved.

Eight o'clock came, and the service was commenced with a hymn, joined in heartily by the congregation, which crammed the church from end to

end. The power of the Spirit seemed to possess the whole assembly, and during silent prayer at the close many yielded to the Lord. A strange certainty that the proprietor would be saved again possessed me ; but I did not know if he were present, until, as we were going out, I saw him standing near, and looking completely changed. I went up to him and said, "You are converted?" "I *am*," said he, "and as happy as you are, praise God!" But oh, how he had "kicked" (Acts ix. 5) for the ten or fifteen minutes previously! The devil did his best to make him put it off; but the Lord gave Horan the assurance that He had given me, and he stuck to him in simple faith, and believed till "the mighty deed was done."

When we reached the coffee palace Mrs. Millard was asked to go to the wife's room, where she saw what she had never witnessed in her life before—a husband and wife locked in each other's arms, bathed in tears, and shouting praise to God; while the little daughter of eight years old added her praise by singing,—

"Jesus loves me, this I know."

We all joined in, and had a regular Hallelujah Chorus.

Assembling for family prayers, we had everybody present, except one on duty and the man-cook; but before we went to bed Jackson and I felt constrained to seek an opportunity with him, when one of the maids came and said, "You haven't spoken

to the cook, sir." We said, "Where is his room?" and having the door pointed out to us, knocked. "Who's there? I'm just in bed." "Oh," I said, speaking through the closed door, "we want you to get saved." "O-O-O-h!" said he, with a tired yawn, "I don't feel like it to-night." "You can trust the Lord as you lie there," said Jackson. "We don't want you to get up, but to get saved. Trust Him now, for 'He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned'" (Mark xvi. 16).

He thanked us for our anxiety about his soul, and we wished him good-night. Keep believing!

The proprietor told us, the next morning, that the gentleman who had been so angry about the loss of his boots was demanding their value to be refunded before he left the place, and that some days before he had been telling the proprietor that he was a spiritualist, and urging him to go to the spiritualistic *séance*. "Do you believe that spiritualism is the real thing, then?" "Yes," he said; "most certainly." "Well, then, sir, don't you think it would be a very good thing for you to find out where your boots are?" The gentleman didn't quite like this practical application.

But, added to all the blessings referred to above—to say nothing of the multitudes of men, women, and children who were saved and edified, and of David's street talks with the "larrikins," and of the young girls who wept their way to the feet of Jesus through Mrs. Millard—added to all this was the

hearing of the answer to the Sunday morning's prayer that "somebody's skeleton" might be made alive. At one of the evening services a young fellow of fine physique sat behind us, with a lady and gentleman whom we knew. After the service was over we were introduced to him, and he told us that last Sunday morning the Lord had restored him from several years' backsliding.

He walked home with me, and said that he had been four years and a half in the Colony; that as far as he knew, he was converted when a lad of fourteen, but that during the last six years the devil had been playing fast and loose with him. He had been mixed up (specially since his arrival in the Colonies) with theatrical people of all sorts, and about two weeks ago he went to call upon some people, old friends of his father. They saw that he was all wrong, but invited him to spend the next Sunday with them. Afterwards they wrote to say, that unless he was willing to cut off his questionable friends and forsake his bad habits he had better not come to the house. That day (Saturday) he was prevented from going to his office, where this letter would have reached him, so he did not get it; and, supposing himself welcome, he went, bag in hand, to the friends' house as arranged, but felt half ashamed to go in, being conscious that they knew something of his past history. Twice he turned back from the door, and went to the gate to go away; but at last plucked up courage and knocked. Of course they were surprised to see

him; and said, "Did you not get our letter?" "No," was his reply, "I have received no letter;" and they, feeling sure that the Lord must have frustrated their intention, asked him to stay till Monday. On the Sunday morning, just at the time while we were praying four miles away (see p. 51), the thought came to him to write a letter to his mother. He felt that there had been nothing in his previous letters to give her any joy, so he made the attempt to write what he thought would "read well." When he wrote the name of "Jesus," suddenly the Spirit of God broke him down, and flinging away his pen, he rushed to his bedroom, and asked the Lord to take him back. As he prayed and cried before the Lord his whole life of wandering came into his mind; but in the midst of his remorse the Lord spoke the word of love to his soul. The verse that came to his mind was, "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him" (Luke xv. 20). Then he broke down again, melted with the love of his Saviour and his God. He told his friends in the house, who of course encouraged him in the Lord, and thanked God that their letter had not reached him. He came with these friends to the mission service in the evening, and was greatly strengthened.

By the time he finished his story we had arrived at the coffee palace, and there we all prayed with him, and he assured us that the very desire for his old sins—drink and smoke, and other vices—had

been completely taken away from him. We sent off a telegram to his praying mother—"Herbert—restored—fully—trusting. Hallelujah!"

It was lovely to see his face at the telegraph office as he said to me, "Won't she thank God for that!" Yes, indeed! What a telegram for a mother to receive! Hallelujah! and again praise the Lord!

It will be encouraging to those who are anxious about their friends to hear, that before leaving England three months previously I went to say good-bye to an uncle of mine, who, as he wished me God-speed at his gate, said, "I know Australia is a big place, but should you happen to come across a fellow named Herbert Bidlake, he is the son of an old friend of mine, and the news of him has not been satisfactory. You might possibly meet him, and if so, give him a word."

And this was he.—Glory be to God!

"Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were an offering far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
Has gained my life, my soul, my all."

CHAPTER IV.

ST. HILARY'S, EAST KEW.

JUNE 13TH TO JUNE 20TH.

Two buggies were at the coffee palace door on Saturday morning to take us to a country suburb, the next scene of action, and we were duly waved off by the proprietor, wife, child, "boots," and three maids, all of whom were rejoicing in the Lord.

After a drive of a little over an hour, we were separated into six different houses, Mr. Grubb at the rectory, and the rest of us all within two minutes' walk of the church, except David. He had a little further to go, and made his way to his destination in a fruiterer's cart (which happened to be going past the door), accompanied by a little girl, who seemed delighted to be his guide.

One little five-year-old boy was very much taken with David ; in fact, it was love at first sight. He said to him, "David, I like you ;" and then, turning to his mother, "Do let the black man sleep in my bed with me." His mother replied, "I'm afraid you would be frightened when you awoke in the morning, because you would see his black face and black hands." "Oh no, I wouldn't, mother, because Jesus made his face and hands, and I'm *sure* I'd like him."

The first meeting held was for the children, at 3 p.m. on the Saturday afternoon. We took the subject of "The Black Man" (the Ethiopian).

- (a) "Warning to a careless black man" Ezek. xxx. 9.
- (b) "The black man cannot change his skin" Jer. xiii. 23.
- (c) "The black man shall soon lift up his hands unto God" Psalm lxviii. 31.
- (d) "The black man was converted" Acts viii. 27-39.

David being present, we felt that he would be the best object lesson; so, at an after-meeting, we asked David to tell the children how Jesus washed his sins away, and that they could have their hearts changed too.

David then told them that although his skin was black, Jesus had washed his heart "whiter than snow." Which is best, a black face and a white heart, or a white face and a black heart? Black hearts washed in the blood of Jesus are made whiter than snow. Hallelujah!

Sunday was a day of widespread and deep conviction, and many went away from the morning service stirred to the very depths of their hearts. In the evening we had a solemn time on the Lord's Second Coming, which Mr. Grubb brought home very forcibly to us all by pointing out that the "signs of the times" show that the Lord's return is not far distant, and that day is not to overtake us (who

believe) as a "thief in the night" (1 Thess. v. 4). He specially referred to the future "restoration of the Jews to Palestine," and read a newspaper extract from 'Yesterday's Telegrams,' comparing it with the prophecy in Amos ix. 11-15; Jer. xxx. 3, xxxii. 42-44; Luke xxi. 28.

"RUSSIAN AND POLISH JEWS.—Suggestion for their settlement in Palestine.

"London, June 11th.—*Baron Rothschild* has approached the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, with a *suggestion for assisting the settlement in Palestine of those Jews who have been subjected to persecution lately in Russia and Poland.*

"Lord Salisbury promised, in reply to Baron Rothschild's representations, to consult Sir William White, British Ambassador at Constantinople, as to whether it would be advisable for England to solicit the Sultan to allow Russian and Polish Jews the right of settling in that country."

As he closed many of us felt our hearts go out in the prayer, "Come, Lord Jesus" (Rev. xxii. 20).

In the afternoon of the same day several of the children gave their hearts to the Lord, and one Sunday School teacher was greatly encouraged, as she said her whole class of six boys had been converted, and that four of the worst boys in the school had been among the first to pray aloud.

One boy of seven years old took my hand, and looked as if he wanted to say something. I asked him, "When did you give your heart to Jesus?" and he said, "After the meeting on Saturday, up in my bedroom." Praise the Lord!

At the invitation of the minister of the Baptist Chapel, about four miles away, we went to a prayer-

meeting of all denominations—to ask the Lord for blessing on the mission—and after two hours' waiting upon God, we sought for a special baptism of the Spirit for our own souls, and followed the apostolic example of "laying on of hands" (Acts viii. 18).

It was a solemn scene, when clergy, ministers and laymen alike, took their turn in being thus prayed over.

The ladies asked that Mrs. Millard would conduct a meeting in a drawing-room at eleven o'clock on Tuesday, and at the appointed time about thirty gaily dressed young ladies assembled, and some married ladies also.

Although all these were professing Christians, they were known to be living on and thoroughly enjoying the pleasures of the world, attending the Holy Communion on Sunday, and frequenting the theatre or ball-room on Monday.

The message given was loving but very straight, and David assisted by leading in prayer. At the close any who wished to do so were invited to remain for more definite prayer, and about fifteen or sixteen stayed; but they were all so broken down that while a few words were being spoken by David they could not even lift up their faces to listen, but bowed their heads in silence, which was disturbed by one bitterly "crying out." Then all got down on their knees, and wept before the Lord for about three-quarters of an hour, until He had gained the victory. Willing hearts were yielded to the King, and trembling lips prayed, all rejoicing

that the Searcher of all hearts had not only convicted them of their sin, but had cleansed the sin away in the precious Blood of the Lamb. As a token of her entire surrender, one lady handed her gold chain to be sold, the proceeds to be devoted to the Lord's work.

At the afternoon Bible-reading, conducted by Mr. Grubb, twenty stood up to yield themselves to God; and at the children's service, when David held an after-meeting, not only children but adults prayed aloud, and thanked the Lord for having shown them the way of salvation.

Another ladies' meeting was conducted in the drawing-room of one of the ladies who had been blessed at the previous one, and they had what David called "a regular smash."

It seems to be quite a new thought to the majority of people here that the Lord wants us *to love Him, and not the world*. They seem to think that to do both is the correct thing, and in the attempt to do both the Lord gets left out. "Love *not* the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him" (1 John ii. 15).

There were some very striking cases among young men through personal dealing—one especially so. On the Friday night Mr. Grubb preached on Mark xii. 34, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God," and a young fellow who sat in front of me made fun of the whole sermon as he went out. The majority of the congregation remained for the

after-meeting, and the Lord said to me, "Follow him." I did so, and after a few words with him he suddenly said "Good-night!" and cleared off. I was tempted to think that nothing had been done through either the sermon or the personal dealing; but at about 10.30 p.m., after nearly everybody had left the church, I was told there was a soul still being dealt with in the vestry. I went quietly round, just in time to hear a voice say, "If the Lord had not restored me to-night I should have done away with myself." I went in, and there saw this very fellow praising God with tears of joy. He had crept back after getting rid of me, and fell into the arms of Jackson, who was looking out for "wounded birds" in the church grounds, and eventually the Lord completely gained the victory. Another young man remained after one of the evening services who had been brought to the mission by a servant girl, to whom he was engaged, and who had herself been greatly blessed the previous evening. She had also definitely prayed that he might be spoken to, and during the after-meeting the Lord led me to him, and she left and went outside the church. While standing out there Jackson saw her, and asked her what she wanted. "Oh!" she said, "I'm sure the Lord is going to save my young man to-night, and I'm just waiting to walk home with him, a saved man."

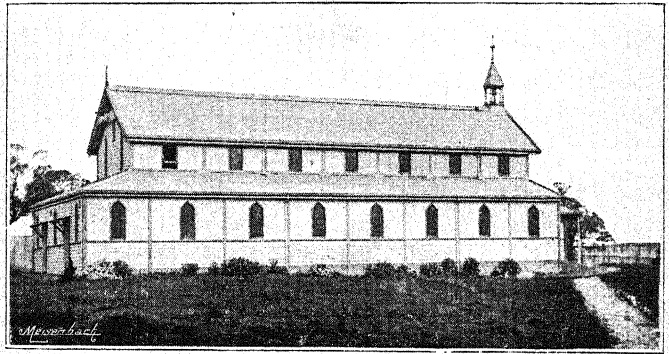
They prayed together outside the door, and in about half an hour he yielded to the Lord inside the door, and the two souls went home rejoicing.

One lady who used to wear a great show of feathers on her hat; and also indulged in a "donkey fringe," became greatly convicted that this was "pride of personal appearance"; but the fear of what other people would say if she turned back her fringe and took out her feathers made her resist this conviction for four days. The Lord gave her no peace, however, and at last she obeyed her conscience, and the joy and peace that filled her soul spread through her whole house. She took the feathers and went into the garden to bury them, but changing her purpose, returned into the house and burned them.* This lady is a wonderful example of what God can do. Brought up as a girl in a worldly family, she lived for pleasure—races, gambling (nothing less than £10 a night), theatres, etc., and had no thought of God; while her only literature was the latest novel, which she often read far into the night. About three years ago the Lord put a desire for better things into her heart, so she busily tried to raise money to build this very church in which we met. Before very long she had collected £3,000; but the Bishop wanted to nominate a high-church vicar. She did not approve of this, and sent her husband to the Bishop to say that if he did this she would return all the money collected, and would rather have no church. The church was built, an

* The servant girls, who saw her go to the garden with them, and who were at the time unconverted, told their mistress some days later, after they were saved, "We were watching to see where you buried those feathers, so that we might dig them up afterwards."

evangelical man was appointed, and shortly afterwards she herself was truly converted. And now she is praising and rejoicing all the day long, and many of her friends have been saved through her testimony.

Her little boy of three and a half years was one of the most observant and thoughtful little fellows of his age that we ever met. He once awoke his mother at four o'clock in the morning. "Mother!"



ST. HILARY'S, EAST KEW.

"Hush, my boy; it's too early to begin to talk yet." "But, mother, I want to ask you something." "Well, what is it?" "Mother, are you filled with the Holy Ghost?" "Hush, child! Go to sleep; it's only four o'clock." "But, mother, haven't you asked God to fill you with the Holy Ghost? 'cause I'm going to, and then Satan won't make me take the sugar." Truth is certainly "revealed unto babes" (Matt. xi. 25).

The eldest boy in this family received great

blessing at the mission service, and one morning, when his father said he had yielded his all to God, the boy said, "You will have to give up smoking now, father." "No, my boy," said the father, chuckling, "because I gave that up yesterday."

On the last day the attendance was greater than the accommodation, and many had to stand throughout the evening service. The missionary meeting in the afternoon, led by Mrs. Millard, was one enjoyed by all; for many who had yielded their wills to God, publicly testified that they had been blessed, and a number gave in their names as "willing to obey the Master's call."

The week seemed to fly on wings of glory, and when the Saturday morning came round, and we were to leave for another mission, we had the joy of knowing that in every house in which we had stayed the Lord had rewarded the families for their generous hospitality by blessing their souls.

Up to the very moment of our leaving some came to the feet of the Lord; for Mrs. Millard, on going to the kitchen to say good-bye, was used to lead one of the girls to trust the Lord, while another got frightened and ran away.* The coachman had been to the kitchen the day before, to tell the maids that he wished to give his testimony, and now with a glad heart and a merry countenance he wished us "God-speed," and our kind friends drove us to the station for the train to one of the sea-coast towns.

* This one a month later, while on a visit to her father, came to the mission, and sought us out. She also got saved. Hallelujah! (See p. 79.,

CHAPTER V.

CHRIST CHURCH, GEELONG.

JUNE 20TH TO JUNE 27TH.

ONE hour and fifteen minutes by train brought us to Geelong, where we were met by our kind friend, Canon Goodman, who immediately drove us to the rectory for tea, saying that he wished Mr. Grubb and Mr. and Mrs. Millard to stay with him, and that the other four would go to the coffee palace.

Our experiences in Geelong were varied, and although we seemed only to touch a mere outer circle of this large town, the Lord reached many who afterwards bore ringing testimony to the power of God. Beside the usual services, three meetings were conducted in the evening at the theatre by the three tea-planters, Campbell, Jackson, and Horan, with Black David. The weather was very wet, which kept many indoors; but souls were saved. We were very much struck by the way in which the Lord gave to one young man three distinct chances of yielding to Him. After one of the evening services I was standing in the aisle of the church when a young fellow passed me, and as I shook hands I asked him about his soul; but he immediately

bolted, and as he went out of the porch Jackson, who was standing there, stopped him and said, "Are you all right?" He only shook hands and rushed on, as if he was afraid to stay a minute; but as he dashed through the gate leading into the street there was Horan speaking to some Christian young man. Seeing this fellow coming along he stopped him and said, "Are you born again?" This running away was no good, and before long, as he listened to the personal pleading for the third time (to say nothing of the straight word given in the sermon), he broke down, and then trusted the Lord to save his soul. Praise the Lord!

Two ladies' meetings were held, and one special point that was brought out was "finding time, in the midst of household duties, to read the Bible." Mrs. Millard pointed out that we are bound to backslide if we neglect the Word, and that notwithstanding the multitude of home duties, our spiritual food is as necessary as our ordinary meals. One lady was greatly convicted, because she said that it had been the great difficulty in her way. The Lord had shown her that if she did her hair in a simple style she would then have time to read the Bible in the morning; for she had been spending one hour and a half daily at this one thing. May the Lord deliver our mothers and sisters from such waste of time, and give us all a greater love for "our Father's letters."

A gentleman here told us that his boy of fifteen came to him one morning and said, "Father, you

promised me a double-barrelled gun on my next birthday." "Well, my boy," said he, "I know I did ; but it is not your birthday yet !" "No, father ; but I want you to buy me a really good Bible instead."

Addresses were given in the gaol and hospital by David and Jackson, and the nerves of the very staid church-folk were rather shaken on seeing four or five of us giving testimony from the Salvation Army ring on the first Sunday morning.

The liberality shown by allowing Mrs. Millard to give her testimony in the church, at the close of one of the evening services, was sufficient to silence those who say there is no liberty in the Church of England. Mrs. Millard took her stand by the lectern, and was blessedly guided in what she said. She pointed out that it was the fear of "what men think or say" that had kept her silent for so many years, and that she wished to testify that the Lord had completely delivered her from this bondage of fear, and that Christ had satisfied her heart with Himself ; but that the Lord only blesses us according to our willingness to obey in the future. One lady just going into the mission field said she had never before that night "yielded her lips" !

"Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee."

A good many ladies rose during silent prayer, as a sign that they wished to be delivered "from the fear of man."

The lay reader of this district, up to the time of

the mission, was one of those who think that to seek to influence the world by joining in its "harmless amusements" was the best thing to do. Now with a broken and a contrite heart he sought to be delivered from the love of the applause of men, and received from the Lord the cleansing he needed. Since then we have heard that the power of God has so possessed him that souls have been saved in numbers through his means. Praise God!

At the coffee palace the spirit of conviction made some of the assistants there quite miserable, and three were definitely known to find peace through the Blood of the Lamb.

The number of cases already brought before us of miserable wives or broken-hearted husbands, through the sin of one or the other, makes one get away alone with God for a fresh baptism of love and power to speak, so that those who have gone astray may be restored, and that those who are playing with the fire may see the awful hell that gapes before them. Mrs. Millard went out before breakfast one morning to see the wife of a poor drunkard. He had been saved the night before, and it was pitiable to see on her face the lines of deep, deep sorrow that had never been expressed. It was with difficulty that she could bring herself to believe that the news about her husband was true. Oh, how sin spoils everything!

It was at this place, where we seemed to be *burdened* with the numerous stories of sin, and in many cases the hardness of the people (who seemed

promised me a double-barrelled gun on my next birthday." "Well, my boy," said he, "I know I did ; but it is not your birthday yet !" "No, father ; but I want you to buy me a really good Bible instead."

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It was at this place, where we seemed to be *burdened* with the numerous stories of sin, and in many cases the hardness of the people (who seemed

as if they had made up their minds not to be saved), that the Lord taught us that He means us "to praise" rather than pray, and certainly rather than fret; for seeing and hearing about specially hard cases depends upon our information, and sometimes Satan gives us a great deal of information about sin, so as to discourage us. And the Lord says, "*Fret not thyself because of evil doers.*" So when we met to humble ourselves before God in solemn silence, the Lord said to Mr. Grubb, "Praise." Immediately he passed the word on, and the power of God filled our souls. Instead of mourning over the sins of the people, we praised our God that "JESUS CHRIST is THE SAME yesterday, to-day, and for ever," and that, in His strength we might go forth with fresh "faith in His name," knowing that in the case of the cripple lying at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple it was "His name through faith in His name that made this man strong" (Acts iii. 16).

So, doubly encouraged, we took our eyes off the devil and his discouragements, praised the Lord, and, with Psalm xxv. 15, "Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord," we went on our way to the next town. Praise ye the Lord!

"Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord" (Psalm xxvii. 14).

CHAPTER VI.

CITY OF BALLARAT. ST. JOHN'S AND ST. PAUL'S.

JUNE 27TH TO JULY 15TH.

LEAVING Geelong by the 1.15 p.m. train, we had a man and a boy as fellow-travellers, whom we soon found were both on the Lord's side. Two hours' run brought us to Ballarat, where every possible arrangement had already been made for us.

Many kind parishioners offered us a place at their hearth and home, and we shall never be able to thank them enough for their daily thoughtfulness for our personal comfort.

On this occasion Mrs. Millard and I were met by the Rev. Robert Kennedy, Presbyterian minister, who only takes occasional active work owing to ill health. As we drove up to his door a girls' school of twenty couples entered the house, so we at once knew there was work for the Lord here.

The introductory prayer-meeting was timed for 8 p.m., when we all met with hearts full of praise. With a few preliminary words the Canon, who gave us a warm welcome, handed the parish and meeting over to Mr. Grubb. After singing a hymn, 2 Chron. xx. was read, and Mr. Grubb asked us to

take verse 22 as the secret of victory, "When they began to *sing* and to *praise*, the Lord set ambushments against the enemy; . . . and they were smitten"; adding "Let us praise our God to-night for what He is going to do during the mission." The meeting was then thrown open for any to praise, sing, or pray as the Spirit of God might lead; and in very truth the Lord did come amongst us, and from seat to seat the fire spread, and the schoolroom echoed with amens and hallelujahs, while not only men, but ladies also, poured out their hearts before Him. The assurance of victory possessed us all, and as we went out one young man came up to us and said, "I was never at such a prayer-meeting before in my life." Hallelujah! Five young men from the other side of the city also came, and encouraged us in the Lord.

On Sunday morning a large congregation assembled in the Cathedral, where Mr. Grubb preached, while St. John's Church also was liberally opened to one of our mission band. In the afternoon Mr. Campbell went to the Boys' Reformatory, and Mrs. Millard took a meeting among the girls of the boarding-school, both afternoon and evening. Mr. Grubb and I were at the Cathedral and St. John's respectively. The spirit of conviction was very deeply working, and some were so angered at the straight words given them that a letter of complaint was directed to the editor of the newspaper.

At another service in the school, when Mr. Campbell spoke to the girls on "Humble your-

selves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time" (1 Peter v. 6), followed by Mrs. Millard on "Harden not your hearts" (Heb. iii. 8), there were many hearts troubled, and some fifteen or twenty found the Lord as their Saviour.

There seemed to be a wave of conviction so that we all noticed it, and David was specially used. Five weeks later he had a letter from his little boy Paul in Ceylon, saying that the Lord had laid it on his heart to pray earnestly for the mission on that day, and he had "believed for many souls."

Mr. Kennedy spent some time each day with us in prayer, and told us that during the last fifteen years "he cannot remember a single petition that he has asked of the Lord that has not been abundantly answered." Praise the Lord!

Although Mr. Grubb had preached on Sunday both morning and evening in the Cathedral, the mission was really conducted in St. John's Church, where he preached each week night at 8 p.m., beginning on Monday. Taking for his text Eph. iii. 19, "To know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God," he spoke at some length. Many being moved, he suggested that the ladies should go to the schoolroom with Mrs. Millard, while any of the men who wished might remain in the church. In the schoolroom twelve ladies yielded to God and prayed aloud, and many of

the men also were brought to see Christ's claim upon their hearts and lives.

From conversation we gathered that there was a semi-selfish spirit among not a few that the mission should be confined to Church of England folk ; and Mr. Grubb hearing this, wrote a public invitation, and sent it to the daily paper :—

“My dear Christian friends,—I earnestly ask your prayers for this special effort to lead souls to the knowledge of the Saviour, and the children of God to the following and fellowship of their Lord and Master. I wish it to be clearly understood that Christians of all denominations are heartily welcome at these services, and we ask them to help, together by their prayers and by personal effort, to persuade the unsaved to attend.”

David was invited to have dinner at the girls' school on Tuesday, and by giving his experiences he caused some considerable merriment between the courses. The girls requested that Mrs. Millard would conduct another meeting for them, and bring David with her. A small but attentive company of Sunday School children came every day to the meetings, and the Saviour's love won many a little heart. As one boy was going out he exclaimed, “*I do* want my tea!” And I said, “I must not keep you so long to-morrow.” “Oh yes,” was the reply, “I'd stay till twelve o'clock, and go without my tea, to hear like that!”

Mr. Grubb's afternoon Bible-readings were well attended, and many seemed to have their eyes opened for the first time to some of the plainest truths. The Bible has certainly been very much

neglected by a large majority of Christians ; very few carry one to a service, much less at any other time.

The Baptist minister, Dr. Porter, invited us to meet the other Nonconformist ministers in his vestry for prayer, and we went almost every morning and had glory times together. It is quite impossible to keep a diary of "two hours' glory"; but we would recommend any who want to know what "glory times" are, to get a few "red-hot" Christians, bent on pleasing God, to meet together in some quiet place where they will not be disturbed, and ask the Lord to come down in mighty power and glory, and not to be surprised if, before they get the "anointed eye" to behold the glory of the Lord, they may be kept some hours, till *all* present have in God's sight yielded all. "*Then* the glory filled the temple." Yes; after all the corruption had been carried forth (2 Chron. xxix. 16). Some have been known to leave in the middle of such meetings, and to have said, "I don't believe in that sort of thing." These left too soon, or perhaps, not yet being willing to yield all to God, the Lord made them go so that all might be of "one accord in one place." As ten of us met like this on one of the mornings in particular, we could not contain our joy and rejoicing, after the Lord had filled our souls to overflowing, and "the noise was heard afar off" (Ezra iii. 13).

On the fourth evening of the mission the Holy Spirit was so mightily present that fully three-quarters of the congregation kept their seats for

the second meeting. In front of the pew where we were sitting were six young ladies, and the Lord said to me, "Claim that girl." I had not seen her before, but kept believing for the one who was sitting second from the end. When Mr. Grubb asked all those who wished to receive "the power of the Spirit for service" to rise, this girl did not at first do so, and a struggle seemed to be going on—an attempt to rise, but no result—till at last she, too, was on her feet. Hallelujah! When the meeting was thrown open for praise many tongues were loosened, and the whole church was filled with the mighty power of the Holy Ghost; and among those who testified was this same young lady, who said, "I've got the blessing." Mrs. Millard had been led to her sister, who also "got through" the doubting passage, and came out gloriously.

At a united gathering of the boarders and day scholars of Mr. Kennedy's school Mrs. Millard and David spoke to about one hundred and twenty girls and their teachers. Many were turned to the Saviour, and one of the teachers was so filled with the Saviour's love that she at once allowed the Lord to guide her future, and has since been trained to go to China as a missionary to the women there, under the direction of the China Inland Mission.

Three of the girls who had not yielded to the Lord, one evening asked that some one would speak to them alone; some of the converted ones also wanted further help. Two class-rooms were made free for us, and, glory be to God! the three

were triumphantly led into the kingdom, and the others had their difficulties cleared away by the Word of God.

At the 8 a.m. prayer-meeting on the Friday morning we had a blessed time of praise and rejoicing after a word from the 37th Psalm:—

"*Fret not*," (ver. 1) but,
"Trust in the Lord" (ver. 3);
"*Delight* in the Lord" (ver. 4);
"*Rest* in the Lord" (ver. 7).

During the morning, while in the telegraph office, we discovered the clerk to be a Christian. We were there to send a telegram to the lady at Kew, to say her cook had trusted the Lord. This was the girl who ran away when Mrs. Millard spoke to her companion (see p. 67). While staying here for her holiday with her father she noticed that mission services were being held near by, and feeling very miserable, she was coming to one of the children's meetings, and spoke to Mrs. Millard in the road. She said she could not be a Christian because she had tried to be consistent over and over again, but had failed. We assured her that if she *tried* for fifty years she would be no more successful, but if she would *trust* the Lord to *save* her and *keep* her too, He would do it from that moment. Covering her face with her hands, she cried out, "O Lord, I *will trust*! Cleanse me, fill me, keep me." "Amen," we echoed; and the Lord blessed her there. Praise the Lord! When we

handed in the telegram the clerk said, "We don't often get telegrams like this." He told us that he had been to the mission, and had never heard such plain gospel preached in any place, either church or chapel, as he had at St. John's this week.

Then we walked on to the "barber's shop," and the Frenchman who bowed us into our chairs told us he was converted three years ago. The girl who took the money in the shop looked saved, and I asked her, "How long have you been a Christian?" She replied, "How did you know I was a Christian, for I've only been converted a very short time?" I said, "It does not take long for brothers and sisters to recognise one another." In answer to my inquiry how she came to know the Lord, she told me that she had a longing to be good, and tried, but failed. But one day, while reading the Bible by herself, she saw that verse, Matt. xxi. 22, "All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." "So," said she, "I prayed to God, and He opened my eyes to see my Saviour."

The Bible exposition and children's meetings were all owned of God, and souls were sent home rejoicing. David said it came to his heart to have "an open air," so, accompanied by Horan, he walked down into the main thoroughfare, and they stood on the kerb and began singing,—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains".

As they sang away lustily, people passing by made rude remarks, and others joked ; but before they had finished singing the hymn about two hundred larrikins were round them, who listened quietly and attentively for three-quarters of an hour to the gospel message.

The evening meeting brought us face to face once more with the precious Blood of Christ. Mr. Grubb preached from Exodus xii. 22, "And ye shall take a bunch of hyssop, and dip it in the blood that is in the bason, and strike the lintel and the two side posts with the blood that is in the bason ; and none of you shall go out at the door of his house until the morning." One very striking point was branded on our minds—that there was to be no blood upon the threshold, and he said, "Remember this : if you go home without receiving the salvation offered, as you enter your room you will be trampling the Blood of the Son of God under your feet."

One girl, who for the whole week had rejected the Lord's pleading, again went away from the church unsaved ; but as she was entering her room she suddenly stopped, for those words came back like a flash of lightning : "You will be trampling the Blood of the Son of God under your feet." She could hold out no longer, and falling down before the Lord, she found in Him the Saviour of her soul.

To those who were Christians the message was equally strong about the Blood cleansing the heart from all defilements. This was brought out from

the fifteenth and nineteenth verses of the same chapter: "Ye shall put away leaven out of your houses," and "there shall be no leaven found in your houses."

With these verses we were reminded of St. Paul's message to the Corinthian Church (1 Cor. v. 6-8), "A *little* leaven leaveneth the whole lump. *Purge out* therefore the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump; . . . the old leaven of malice and wickedness." The word translated *malice* means *evil habit*, while the word *wickedness* means *the evil mind that produces the evil habit*," and St. Paul said, "Purge out!" "And," said Mr. Grubb, "if you people can persuade yourselves that to purge out a thing means that it is to remain in you for the rest of your life, you are the funniest set of people I ever met." *Purge out* therefore the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump; and this purging is the work of the cleansing blood of the Lamb. Hallelujah!

It was a solemn moment for many when the opportunity was then given for any who desired to claim from the pierced hand of the Lord Jesus this wonderful cleansing; but, praise be to God! many went quietly yet resolutely forward and knelt at the Communion rails as a token of their willingness to trust the Lord for this cleansing, and the stillness was only broken by one after another returning thanks to "the Giver of every good and perfect gift" for the blessings they had severally received. It was impossible to contain our joy and thanksgiving, and

before we left the church we sang the old favourite hymn,—

“All hail the power of Jesu's Name,”

and then went home praising our God that the *same Gospel*, the *same Blood*, the *same Jesus*, bring the *same joy* to souls now as on the day of Pentecost. Praise the Lord!

The last day of the St. John's mission was Sunday. To describe, even to a small extent, the amount of blessing received at the seven meetings, would be only to touch the border of the garment of praise, and we must leave it for eternity to declare the results of that happy day.

At the evening services the Bishop read the Lessons, and asked for the prayers of God's people on behalf of the meeting to be held the next day, with the object of trying to get the Bible taught in the State schools. A man remarked to me that it seemed strangely short-sighted of the Government to make a man swear in the courts of law by the one book that is forbidden to be taught in Government schools. “The word of God abideth for ever” (1 Pet. i. 23).

David had been led in quite a line of blessing by himself. He was preaching in the Presbyterian church, when one of the elders, crying like a child, went to the vestry to seek salvation. Others were also stirred; but the whole city felt the effect of the ministers' meeting held on the Saturday night at which David had been asked to speak, for these

ministers got so blessedly cleansed and filled themselves, that the next day souls were brought into the kingdom *in each place of worship*. Praise the Lord!

Prayer had been so abundantly answered that multitudes were stirred; so much so that the request for "a united Conference of all denominations" in the Alfred Hall resulted in our having a time of great reviving on the day appointed—viz., Monday, July 6th. The Methodist minister was asked to take the chair at 11.30, when Mr. Grubb delivered an address on Mark xi. 22: "Have faith in God." It was very manifest that the Lord's friends in Ballarat were the poor, the lame, the maimed, the halt, and the blind; and it cheered one's heart to see the joy of salvation in their faces. Other addresses were given by different ministers of the City churches and chapels at three o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Grubb's address, however, seemed to strike the nail on the head. His subject was, "The Lord in the midst" (Zeph. iii. 5-15).*

This time of unity was a blessing to many, and made a great difference to the attendance at the evening service in St. Paul's Church, where the

* This address was taken down in shorthand by Rev. Joshua Harrison, Congregational minister. He has since been obliged to tender his resignation, as the fire of the Holy Ghost had so penetrated him, and was burning many members of his congregation, that he received intimation that he was more suited to revivalist work; some evidently agreeing with a comfortable worshipper, who remarked that they did not wish to be revived *every* Sunday. Published by Marshall, Bros., Paternoster Row, London; Mr. Campbell, Ballarat, Australia. Price 12s.; 5s. per 100.

second Ballarat mission opened. Mr. Grubb took for his text Luke vii. 48-50, "Thy sins *are* forgiven thee. . . . Thy faith *hath* saved thee ; go in peace."

It was not necessary to announce an after-meeting, for people stayed of their own accord, and we were all busy with one or another who desired personal conversation. In several cases they were already so broken in spirit that it was an easy task to point them to Him who came "to heal the broken-hearted, and to preach deliverance to the captives" (Luke iv. 18).

The next afternoon forty Christians received blessing at the Bible exposition, and expressed their desire to be wholly on the Lord's side. This was a great victory, because the world and the church seem to be so interwoven nowadays that the preaching of separation from the world comes upon many as a thunderbolt.

In the evening the Lord again seemed to have His own way, while the message from Psalm xxv. 15 drew attention to His presence, with the result that over four hundred remained for a consecration meeting. Several testified to blessing received the previous evening, and a general spirit of expectation was spread abroad. It was quite late before we could leave the church, owing to the number who waited to be spoken to. Among these was a certain woman, who was up before the Court, under a charge of threatening to take her husband's life. She was in the vestry, utterly in despair, till the Lord sent Jackson to see what was the matter. She

complained that it was drink that had brought her to this. She had signed the pledge several times, but had broken it as often as she made the promise. As Jackson dealt with her, striking unflinchingly at sin, she cried out in agony, "Hell's too good for me, for how I've shamed my Saviour!" She told him that for seven happy months she had been a Christian (some years ago), but was led away. She was pointed to Hosea xiv., "The backslider's chapter," and she then trusted the Lord to restore her, and threw herself on the Saviour as her Keeper, and went away rejoicing. Several days after that her case came on at the Court, and the newspaper reported that "the sergeant informed the Bench that Mrs. — was very sorry for what had occurred, that she was doing her utmost to make amends for the past, and that she was a daily attendant at the mission which was being conducted by Mr. Grubb. The presiding magistrates said, that the great change which had taken place in the personal appearance of the accused since she was last before the Court showed that she had been taken by the hand, and they hoped that she would not forget the counsel of Mr. Grubb and his Christian band." Praise the Lord!

The enthusiasm of the children in this place surpassed any that we have yet experienced. The weather was very wet, and as I went to the meeting on the third afternoon in pouring rain I did not expect many, but found the schoolroom full, and some of the children wet through. One boy in the

front row was so drenched that the rain literally dripped off him, and his hair was soaking. Thinking that they might all catch cold, I proposed they should go home at once; but "no fear," they wanted to stop. Then I said, "Well, we will have a short meeting;" but there were yells of "No!" so we went on, and many of these eager little souls "trusted Jesus," and apparently took no harm from the wet, for every day they trooped in. At the early prayer-meeting on Thursday Mr. Campbell took Psalm xxxii. 7, "Thou art my hiding place." The address was blessed to so many then, that it is likely to be a help to others if I record its main thought. "It is one thing to know that *Christ is the Rock*. It is another thing to be standing *on the Rock*; but it is a further blessing to be covered *by the Rock* in times of temptation, trial, or difficulty, by being *in the Cleft of the Rock*. Many are afraid to venture into the Cleft, being a step of faith into the dark; but God says that the Rock was cleft for a hiding place from the storm of abuse and 'the strife of tongues' (Psalm xxxi. 20).

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself IN Thee."

During the morning we visited the Chinese camp, and had prayer with Chu Sing-sang, the catechist, and afterwards visited some of the huts and the Chinese shops, where we were treated to tea and ginger.

Again in the afternoon the Lord blessed the children's service, no less than one hundred and fifty remaining for the after-meeting; and we have no reason to doubt that the majority of these are truly converted.

The church was so overcrowded in the evening that many went to the schoolroom for an overflow meeting, conducted by Mr. Campbell. Mrs. Millard gave the address, and numbers came to the penitent form. A young man to whom Jackson had been led to speak in the porch, as he was going out some nights before, came to this meeting, and both he and his brother were saved. One lady in conversation said, that she had been a Christian for many years, but had never dreamed of speaking to any one else about their souls except at a class. She added, that our mentioning such homely words as the "butcher, and baker, and fishmonger" made her realise that when doing her shopping she always hurried out as soon as possible, apparently forgetting that a fishmonger has a soul as well as any one else. She trusted the Lord to open her lips, and with much trembling she spoke to the butcher the next day, and was surprised to find that he had been attending the mission and enjoying the meetings. Let no man or woman despise a butcher. In one place the butcher got such blessing in his soul that he refused to take the money for the meat provided to the house where we were staying during the mission. Lord bless the butcher; and may we all get delivered from "pride of place"! Some of

the Lord's best friends all over the world are folk whom the majority of church-goers would pass by in the street.

One morning Jackson asked the Lord to guide him to a tailor's, as he needed some repairs done; and the Lord led him, according to His promise, to a shop, where he found a Christian man. This unnoticed man, in a small out-of-the-way place, was one of the Lord's best friends, and was so delighted to have an opportunity of doing work for a member of the mission party that he refused payment, and offered to do anything that was required by any of us for nothing. We thanked the Lord specially for this assurance from Him, that He would "supply all our need"; for, while at Ballarat, I had balanced our accounts, and found that we had just £3 to our united credit. The first thing we did was to praise God, and before the day was over a gentleman handed us £5 for the personal expenses of the mission party. A few mornings later, in the middle of doing up our "home mail," a knock was heard at the rectory door, and a foundryman, in his working clothes, asked for me. Through the black of the foundry on his face I recognised a man who had asked me one night how we lived, "because," said he, "you have no collections." I had told him that we lived on Philippians iv. 19, and that He pays all our expenses.

He now said, "Good-morning. Will you please accept this toward the mission?" and handed me

a £1 note. We did not like to take so much, but he assured us that it was nothing ; for, said he, " I've been converted through the mission, and this is only a small thank-offering." We thanked him, and said, " May the Lord bless you for this," and he went away looking as if it had given him the greatest joy to part with his hard-earned pound.

The day before we left, Canon McMurray asked us if we would like to go down a gold mine, and took us to the Star of the East Mine. By the side of a wood fire in a shed we put on miners' jackets, boots, etc., while Mrs. Millard had a lady's costume. Thus attired, and in fits of laughter at the absurd appearance of the " sober mission party," * we sallied forth to the top of the shaft, and were duly supplied with candles. The cage used only held two or three at a time, so we had to go down in detachments. Mr. Grubb and two others entered first, and while we were waiting for our turn one of the miners looked friendly, so I spoke to him, and found him an earnest Christian. He said, " I was saved just there, sir," pointing to a small wooden gate by the shaft. " I was standing there one night, and some people who were having a meeting in a hall yonder began to sing, and the words went home to my heart there and then. I was not so sure about being a Christian, although I felt different somehow, till my mates began to

* One clergyman said we should be too noisy for the Salvation Army ; and that we were seven of the most erratic men (including Mrs. Millard) that he ever met.

chaff me, 'You're a Christian now!' Then I knew I was all right." Just then the cage reappeared, and others were lowered, till, last of all, Mrs. Millard and I entered that strange sort of lift, and with candles in hand and the sound of dripping water and the rattle of the chains in our ears, we went down, down, down for three whole minutes, till we had descended one thousand four hundred feet. At the bottom we were greeted with a chorus of "Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!" and "fell in" and relighted our candles, which had been put out by the wet on our way down. We were then introduced to another saved miner, a Cornishman from Liskeard, who did not think us a bit too noisy. Mr. Grubb's height made it rather difficult for him to go along "the drives," which in most places were not more than four feet high. We went on for a long distance, till we came to a hole about one and a half feet square, through which we had to go backwards, as there was a drop of two feet the other side. This we did in faith. Mrs. Millard followed me, shuffling through on all fours, while I held her candle. A few feet further, and we came to a cavern, where men were breaking the quartz.

We were informed that we were then over fifteen hundred feet from the surface, and one hundred and twenty feet below sea level. We praised the Lord, had a word with a man about his soul, and then returned the same way we had come. On leaving the cage we were taken to the crushing room, where we saw eighty hammers

all working at once ; and the noise was so deafening that although we stood close to one another and shouted in each other's ears, we could not distinguish a word. The men always pointed, and never attempted to speak during the work there.

On the following day the thanksgiving meeting was held in the Alfred Hall, the two Canons and the Presbyterian, Congregational, and Baptist ministers taking the lead, while fifteen hundred persons of all denominations (a truly wonderful sight !) assembled to praise God for the blessing in Ballarat.

A message was sent to Mr. Grubb by the converted engine-driver to tell him to be sure and go by his train, as he was most anxious to drive the mission party safely to Melbourne. The station was enlivened by many friends coming to see us off, and as one lady said good-bye she literally cried with joy over her newly found Saviour.*

A bag of oranges was passed through the window for our refreshment, and four different people gave us £1 towards our expenses. As the train moved away the people sang,—

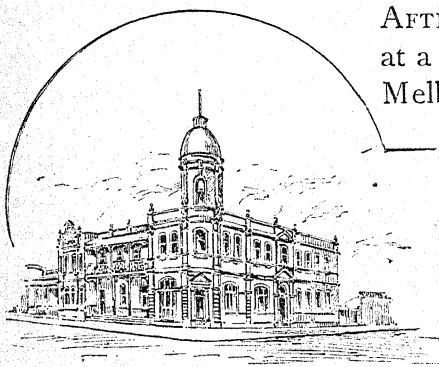
"Like a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace."

* Her case was a wonderful one. She had been under such deep conviction of sin that it was reported that she was out of her mind. While Mrs. Millard was sitting with her one night God met her, and revealed His love and power to her soul, and before the close of the mission she and her husband and child were all at perfect peace, and rejoicing in their almighty Saviour.

CHAPTER VII.

BAIRNSDALE (GIPPSLAND), ST. JOHN'S.

JULY 15TH TO AUGUST 1ST.



THE CLUB HOTEL, BAIRNSDALE.

AFTER two days' rest at a friend's house near Melbourne we left for Bairnsdale by the early morning train. On our arrival we were met by the clergyman of the parish, who was not very communicative.

A queer feeling seemed to exist that we were not quite welcome. This was a great contrast to other places. Without a word of comment Mrs. Millard and I were requested to enter a huge brake, and we had no sooner done so than the man drove off, and we two sat there laughing, not knowing where we were going. We caught sight of David walking along a side road towards a "Lodging House for Working Men." Jackson disappeared into a

grocer's shop, while Campbell and Horan knocked at the doors of two private houses. Mr. Grubb of course was led to the rectory.

After a short drive in our elongated waggonette, we were drawn up at a large hotel called "The Club." Our luggage was duly taken into the hall, and we were requested to follow the maid. This we meekly did, and were shown into a large and well-furnished bedroom, and then a spacious sitting-room, which, we were informed, would be at our private disposal.

As soon as the maid had retired we prayed, "O Lord, what is the meaning of this?" because, for one thing, it seemed waste for us to have so much luxury; and, beside that, our cash balance was very low, and we saw that the charges were likely to be more than our cash in hand. However, we praised the Lord, and believed that He had guided us there, as it was only in the train we had said, "Now, Lord, lead us to the right houses." We found out afterwards that the report had spread, "Wherever those mission people stay everybody in the house gets converted," and this frightened a good many. Others had had bitter experiences of "travelling preachers," and looked upon us as impostors; one man remarking, that were we not dressed as ladies and gentlemen we should have been handed over to the police long ago, and put in our right place.

It was nearly five o'clock when we arrived, as, although only one hundred and seventy miles' journey, the train had stopped at every station, and

taken all day to drag us along. A bell rang, and "tea" was announced; so we boldly entered the general dining-room, and sat down as if the whole place belonged to us, "All things are yours and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's," being part of our inward thoughts as we bowed our heads for silent "grace."

At half past seven we found our way to St. John's Church, where a prayer-meeting was to be held. After exchanging in the porch a few of our first experiences, which were very varied, the people began to come; but, beside ourselves, there were only twenty. We sang a hymn, had a word from Mr. Grubb, and then got down on our knees for prayer; but there was a dead silence. No one prayed, the Lord having kept all of us in the party from leading off, as was often the case; till at last we simply prayed that the dumb devil might be cast out, and we got up and went home, praising God that He was going to get the victory.

A fairly large congregation listened on Sunday morning to Mr. Grubb's sermon on Heb. iii. 7, "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts," and in the afternoon there was a united Sunday School gathering, when the church was full of children and their friends. At the close we walked down this "one-streeted" little town, and spoke to the men who were loafing at the street-corners. This suggested an open-air meeting, but a Christian photographer invited us into his house to tea.

After tea we went out again, headed by David. The Lord led us to a piece of waste ground near the church, where we sang a chorus and David spoke to those who came round. Mrs. Millard followed with a few straight words, and then sang a hymn with the chorus,—

"Just as you are the Lord will save you—
Come without delay.
Is there any poor soul who would follow Jesus?
Come, and He will help you on your way."

After a few more friendly words, we invited the men to the evening service, and many followed us to the church, while others said, "How much do yer get for the job?"

The man walking next to me seemed friendly, and asked a few questions about the mission, so I said, "Are you trusting in the Lord, brother?" "I am," said he; "and isn't it *grand* to know that your sins are all forgiven!" So I asked him how he got saved. "Well, sir, I was drunk at the time, and met with an accident with my horse, and broke its leg through careless driving. When I saw the poor creature suffering it made a great impression on me, so I gave my heart to God, and He took the desire for drink away clean."

A mixed multitude gathered for the service, some very showily dressed and some very poor. A good many were converted, and some went away saying, "We'll never come to hear that man again. We're not wicked people, why do we need a mission?" Echo answers, "Why?" The maid at the house

where Jackson stayed got saved before the evening was over. Hallelujah!

On Monday, July 20th (1891), we all met in our private room at the Club Hotel, and realised that in a few hours the Keswick Convention would be commencing, so we knew that prayer would be going up from many hearts for us, and we prayed for a blessing on the Convention. No meetings having been arranged for till evening, we were free to "walk round the walls of Jericho."

One thousand handbills, notifying the mission, were soon knocked off at the printers, and Horan and I were led to go through the town to distribute them. We visited every shop in the town first, but not in consecutive order. The Lord led us to pass some shops and go back afterwards, and in many cases we could see the reason—either the people were busy, or some that He wanted us to meet and speak to were out; but we were led in the end to every shop. Of course we were received in many different ways, and on the whole kindly treated.

We frequently passed each other, and just said, "Praise the Lord!" and went on again till we were led together. We wished that the Lord would guide us to the private houses, but were feeling, as it was getting late, we might not have time, when four newspaper boys, who had been to the Sunday service, came up and said, "We'll deliver a bill with our papers, if you like, sir." So hallelujah for that. We also visited public-houses and the State school,

and then on to the railway station, so that all might have an invitation to the mission. We had some talks with the men there, and a policeman came and listened, and one said, "Sin! What is sin?" Horan, turning to the constable, said, "This gentleman can tell you what sin is." This opened fire, and we had a square time, and one man was brought under conviction. Hallelujah!

With great expectation we met for the evening meeting. Mr. Grubb preached from John iii. 3, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." All denominations were present, including a goodly three rows of Salvation Army men and lasses, Jackson and Horan having been to one of their meetings on Sunday night and invited them. The after-meeting, though small in number, was very powerful, and several got over the line, and a lay-reader prayed aloud, ending with a Hallelujah!

On Tuesday, at 11 a.m., there was a ministers' meeting, some of the country clergy and ministers having come from distant places. David gave his testimony, drawing a contrast between his life *before* he yielded to God and *after*. Before he yielded to God wholly, he said, he used to preach eloquent Tamil sermons, with no conversions as the result; after he yielded to God wholly he began to speak a few words as the Spirit gave him utterance and whenever the Lord gave him opportunity, not only in the pulpit, but "anywhere," with the result that there were conversions or conviction at every

turn. We bowed before God, asking that He would fill us with the Holy Ghost, and some wills were yielded to the Lord. Immediately after that the Lord led me to a sick man's room in the hotel, and I found him with one of the mission hymn-books in his hand, and he requested that when we sang we would open our door. The wife of the proprietor was there, taking turns at his bedside, and there seemed to be a tone of inquiry in what she said. In the afternoon the Spirit worked mightily. Mr. Grubb conducted the Bible reading in the church (and before the meeting was over half the people were in tears), while I had the children in the Wesleyan Chapel, which was kindly offered to us, there being no schoolroom big enough.

Thirty-nine children remained behind to give their hearts to the Lord, and it was truly touching to hear them praying out in their simple child-like way. People eagerly flocked in at the 7.30 p.m. meeting, and the church was full, except the choir seats. Mr. Grubb took the subject of the woman of Samaria, "The woman THEN left her water-pot" (John iv. 28). He pointed out the difference between trying to satisfy ourselves with the worldly water, and failing (ver. 13), "Whosoever drinketh of this water SHALL THIRST AGAIN," as contrasted with being *satisfied* with the living water (ver. 14), "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him SHALL NEVER THIRST." "It was after the woman got satisfied with the living water that she THEN left her water-pot, from which she had drunk and thirsted

again." He forcibly put the question to us all, "What is your water-pot?"

A large proportion of the congregation remained seated, expecting an after-meeting; so Mr. Grubb gave out a hymn, and said any who wished might stay.

Four ladies in front of the pew where I was sitting then got up and went out. The Lord told me to go after them, so I left my pew, and went out and said, "Won't you ladies stay behind?" They came back, and when, to those who wished to be saved, the opportunity was given during silent prayer to trust the Lord; and outwardly to signify the same by standing up, about twenty quietly rose, including all four of the ladies who came back. As they were going away I said, "Are you sorry you came back?" "No, indeed," said they; "we really wanted to stay in the first place, but——" Well, it is not necessary to explain, for the devil makes cowards of the boldest when it is a matter of eternal salvation.

Outside the porch a young fellow who was converted the previous night took out his clay pipe, and throwing it on the ground, stamped upon it with his heel, saying, "Here goes my water-pot"; and then picking up the pieces said, "Now I'm going to trust the Lord to take away the desire."

We did praise God for His glorious victory, and for the blessed answers to prayer, for there was much power of Satan present at the meeting. Just at the time when attention was being gained the

devil sent in a dog, which created a disturbance. Mrs. Millard saw this, and prayed, "Lord, stop that dog," and immediately he lay down and slept soundly till the close of the sermon. Hallelujah! For "against any of the children of Israel shall not a dog move his tongue" (Exod. xi. 7).

On our way home we were stopped by two drunken men to whom we had spoken the day before. One was very angry, and said, "If you'll just give me one of them handbills and lend me a pencil I'll write my opinion of you on the back." We had a few words, but they staggered away, and we went to bed praising and praying.

The keynote of Wednesday morning's prayer-meeting was, "Trusting God's promises." We were especially strengthened to trust Philippians iv. 19, as, after paying for printing, hymn books, etc., the account-book showed a balance of £3 6s. 6d. This we knew would not last long, especially as we had our week's bill at the hotel to pay. We were all assembled in our private room when the mail arrived, and when we opened our several letters, in one of them was a cheque for £100 from a gentleman in England who was interested in the work. We immediately knelt down and thanked our heavenly Father for again encouraging us to trust Him. The same day a gentleman gave Mr. Campbell £10, asking him to hand it to Mr. Grubb.

Other letters told of souls saved since leaving Ceylon, one young man, a Singalese, not getting any peace till he had settled the question asked him by

Jackson before he left, "Are you on the Lord's side?" We also heard from the Rev. Amarasekara in Ceylon, a Singalese clergyman, who told us that a sad thing had happened. His letter, which was addressed to David, read as follows:—

"MORATUWA, *June 29th*, 1891.

"MY DEAREST BROTHER,—How delighted was I to get your very interesting letter! I thanked and praised God for His great goodness to you and the other brethren. We are holding up our hands in prayer to the Lord on your behalf, and I am perfectly certain that they are now being answered. Praise God, the Lord is going to do mighty things in Australia. Expect great things from the Lord, dear brother! I passed on your letter from hand to hand. We miss you very much indeed, but we trust that the dear Lord will send you back to us when His work is accomplished in Australia; and we must not grumble, but rejoice and wait His time. . . . In the shape of news, I have to record the tragical end of the lady principal of 'the Sangamitta Girls' High School, Maradana (the Buddhist college in Colombo). Shortly after you left us this lady, one Miss Pickett, from Melbourne, was brought here by Col. Olcott, and placed at the head of their High School. She took 'Pansil' (the Buddhist vows) at a public meeting, and was duly enrolled a member of the Buddhist religion. But before the close of a fortnight she committed suicide by jumping into a well. No one knows the secret as to why she did this rash act. There are a great many guesses, but we have reason to suspect that she had some great mental difficulties. She seemed to have been greatly disappointed. More than once she had written in her diary such expressions as 'May God show me the right way.' 'May God help me to do my duty properly.' The last book she was reading has been 'The Perfect Way; or, The Finding of Christ.' I do not know the book. This circumstance has shocked the whole of Colombo. This no doubt would be the death-blow to the Sangamitta school. Her mother, who is a very old lady, I hear, has been a Theosophist for some years, and of course the daughter too was one; hence the reason for her to come to Ceylon to work in connection with the Theosophists.

Oh, may this be the means of opening the eyes of our Buddhist friends! I am sure you are now having a wonderfully big harvest of souls. Give my love to all the brethren. It is a privilege that we have in being able to pray for you. In your next I expect to hear of the work and your movements. I hope and trust that most of those white people in Australia who have *black hearts* will get a white heart, and come out as missionaries to India, Burmah, and—may I add?—Ceylon. Now I must close with my warmest love and kisses to you. Kindly remember me to Mrs. Millard:

"Yours ever affectionately,

"G. S. AMARASEKARA."

After dinner I was asked to visit the sick man again, and found the proprietress there, who said she wanted to have a talk about spiritual things. She began by the very frequent question, "Is it wrong to dance? Ought I to give up all these things?"

I told her she need not bother her head about these things till she had first settled the question, "Do I belong to Christ, or no?" "If you get your sins forgiven and the love of God in your soul, and know that you are a child of God, that Jesus is your Saviour and Heaven your home, you won't *want* to do anything that would displease Him; and then it will not be a case of 'Must I give up this or that?' but 'I don't want these things because I am satisfied with something better.'" After we had had a good deal more real inquiring talk, the proprietor came in, and joined in the subject, but soon left. A married daughter also joined in, and we four had prayer together. As I started to go to the children's meeting I said to the

sick man, "I hope we have not tired you by talking so much?" "No," said he, "I have enjoyed it." "Are you trusting in the Lord yourself?" I said quietly. "Well," said he, "I have *believed*, but never yet really trusted the Lord as I see I ought."

We were just in time for the children's service, at which the attention was so good that the time passed rapidly, and we closed with silent prayer, not being led to have an after-meeting. We were gathering up the books before leaving, when two boys of fourteen and twelve years of age came back of their own accord; so I asked them what they wanted, and the elder one said, "I want to get converted, and saved from Satan and hell fire." He stood looking stedfastly into my face, and his eyes filled with tears. We shut the door and all knelt down together, and both the boys prayed that the Lord would save them, and one asked for all his brothers and sisters. Then the elder boy said, "Lord, I thank You for what You have done."

As we came out we met Mr. Grubb with David and Horan, who said they had been having good times at the Bible exposition. David and Horan went on to the "Football Green," and spoke to three lads who were there sitting on a rail and smoking, as they watched a number of others at play. Presently the game was stopped, as the players were attracted by the sight of the black man. One cheeky grinner said to David, "Will you have a game of football?" "Yes," said David, "certainly I will. You bring me the devil, and I'll kick him." A

peal of laughter attracted the notice of others in the road, and in two minutes they had an attentive crowd; then a man driving along the road stopped and offered his cart for a pulpit; a man on horseback also stood near. All joined in the singing, as they chose a well-known hymn with a chorus. After this David gave a short gospel address, followed by Horan; they closed with prayer, and then asked any who wanted to be saved to say so. The man on horseback said he wanted salvation. David dealt with him, and he yielded his heart to God as he sat in the saddle. Then giving his name and address, he invited them to come and see him. Horan had been dealing with some others, and as they were leaving a young lad of sixteen said he wanted to be saved too; so they found a quiet spot, and there he too gave himself to Christ, and prayed aloud. Hallelujah!

David, Horan, Mrs. Millard, and I were invited to tea by one of the townspeople, partly because there seemed to be a difficulty in the family as to how far one ought to go against public opinion. In this case it was a question of one of the girls in the family having promised to act in a *tableau vivant*. This she did before the mission began, but now, hating the whole thing, wanted to get out of it, while her mother kept her to it by saying, "You know you *promised* to act, and you must not break your promise, my dear."

We had special prayer about it, and then went off to the service. When Mr. Grubb preached on

"Wilt thou be made whole?" twenty-two, including the vicar's wife, knelt at the Communion rails as a sign that they were willing, and would trust to be made whole; also many previously sealed lips were opened in praise to God for His goodness to them. Before we went to bed we were encouraged by the proprietor's wife telling some one that she had really trusted the Lord, and had peace in her soul. Praise God!

On Thursday morning there was a marked change at the prayer-meeting; many who up to then had never prayed aloud could not keep the glory in any longer, and they praised and prayed one after another.

A Christian Chinaman called on us, and we found him a brighter Christian than most that we have seen in the Colonies. He seems to be witnessing among his fellow-countrymen, who are market-gardeners.

Horan had a long talk with the hotel proprietor, and before he left the room they were joined by his wife and two others, who all "trusted," kneeling in prayer.

The three o'clock Bible exposition was blessed to many, and the power of God so took hold of the people that all over the church they broke down, and David received such a filling of the Holy Ghost that "there remained no strength" in him, and Mr. Grubb had to help him to the vestry (Dan. x. 17). At the children's service, which was held simultaneously, all remained for the after-meeting, and little short simple prayers went up to the Lord

quite spontaneously while we knelt in the closing prayer. As we went away a woman came up to me and said, "It was my boy of twelve years of age and my shop-boy of fourteen who got saved at your meeting, and I overheard them talking this morning to the shop-boy's big brother, who is employed over the way. The big brother said, 'I hear you've got converted; but what will you do if you get "bar-racked" (bullied) by the other boys?' 'I don't care,' was the reply; 'it is better to get barracked than go to hell fire.' Then turning to the little fellow the big brother said, 'But what will *you* do? You're only a little chap.' 'Oh, I will fight for Jesus too,' said he, and then they separated."

After hearing this story I was walking toward the hotel when I overtook two girls, one of whom I had met the day before. As I joined them one said, "It's all settled about the *tableau vivant*." "Oh," said I, "how is that?" "The whole thing has fallen through because all the girls who were going to act have got saved, and don't want to go." Hallelujah for the answer to prayer! We came to the turning where the girls had to separate to go to their different homes, and one of them (age about fifteen) looked utterly miserable; so I walked her way and said, "Have you asked the Lord to take your sins away?" She said, "Yes, I have asked Him, but He hasn't done it, and I'm ready to give up trying." And she began to cry, poor child! As we walked along I said, "When you ask Jesus to take away your sins you must *believe that He does*, and He

will. If you ask the Lord to forgive you, and then say, 'I don't know whether He has or not,' that shows that you do *not believe* what God says. Now, for instance, look at John v. 24." So she opened her Bible at the verse, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and *believeth* on Him that sent Me, *hath* everlasting life, and *shall not* come into condemnation; but *is passed* from death unto life." Then she said, "I have not *believed* then?" "No," I said, "and you must BELIEVE. Are you willing?" "Oh yes." "Then stop now here in the road and take 'the Lord at His Word.'" She stood still, put her hand over her face, and said, "O Lord Jesus, take away my sins, and I *believe* Thou hast given me everlasting life, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." "Amen," I said; and immediately she began to look cheerful, and she said, "How easy!" "Yes," I replied. "And now you are happy?" "Indeed I am," said she, and telling her to look at Isaiah xxvii. 3 and xlii. 6, I went back to the hotel, where I heard a tremendous shouting of Hallelujah in our private room. The others were literally jumping round the room, and David was shouting, "Glory to God! Glory to God! Glory to God!" A telegram had just arrived from the Keswick Convention, which read as follows,—

"Grubb—Melbourne. Keswick—Convention — sends—love—Hallelujah."

"It's better to shout than to doubt;
It's better to rise than to fall;
It's better to let the glory out,
Than have no glory at all."—*Anon.*

We then calmed down and prayed for an answer, and the Lord gave us two verses, which we sent in reply, Psalm cxxvi. 3, "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad," and Exod. xiv. 15, "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

But in the midst of all this rejoicing at so many souls saved, and our need as regards financial affairs more than supplied, there was one thing we did not understand. For two days Mrs. Millard had been troubled with a swollen face (accompanied by terrible pain), which appeared to be a gum-boil. We applied hot poultices, and poppy and camomile fomentation (which we heated in a saucepan on the fire), and later on, a leech, and yet the pain was equally bad, and the swelling only increased! This continued, and yet we were not certain about praying over her and using no means. All Friday and Saturday the poultices gave no relief, although applied day and night every half hour, and it became almost impossible to take even a spoonful of beef-tea.

After tea on Saturday evening we were sitting in the private room writing, when suddenly it came very strongly to me that the Lord wanted us to trust Him to heal her without means. So I said to the others, "Perhaps the Lord wants to heal her by His own Divine power." We immediately knelt down, and waited some considerable time in silence. Then the Lord said to me, "Take the saucepan off the fire"; so I got up and did that, as the first

step of obedience. Then Jackson said, "Lord, it is done. We praise Thee!" and Mrs. Millard said, "The pain is gone." We simply shouted praise to God. Some tea and an egg were brought up, which she ate, and then sang a hymn at the top of her voice. Hallelujah! Praise be to God, our Lord has not changed! His power and His love are the same, and to Him be all the glory. Amen.

But on this occasion David was not present, and we wondered where he was. When we met him on Sunday morning we told him what a blessed answer to prayer we had had, and said, "Where were you?" "Oh," said he,* "I was walking along the road there, and I saw a place all lighted up, and thought it was the Salvation Army, so stopped, and a gentleman asked me to come in. So I said, 'What is it?' 'One shilling.' But I said, 'Is it a good cause?' 'Oh yes,' he said, 'it is a good cause.' So I paid my shilling and went in; but when I got in there I saw people all funny, and like shops round the room, and many people there, and some ladies came round with all sorts of things, and wanted me to buy. So I said, 'O my Lord, what is this? Why hast Thou brought me here?' Then a lady said, 'Will you go in for a raffle?' So I said, 'What is "raffle"?' and she told me, 'You may get a prize.' So I said, 'But I don't want raffle. I'm satisfied; I have got Christ inside.' By this time a crowd of people had gathered round.

* These are the words as nearly as I can remember them to write down afterwards.

'And now I see why God has brought me here, because I didn't know; but He brought me here to tell you how I am satisfied, and you can be satisfied too. It is like this: I have a bottle full of good milk, and you come to me with water, for me to buy; and I say 'No, I've got my bottle full of milk, and I don't want water to mix with it. I have got Jesus, and am satisfied, and what can a satisfied man want?'" He said a great deal more, and some seemed much interested, and came afterwards to the mission, and one of the young men told me that he had given his heart to God.

During that week the Lord dealt with us individually, manifesting His love and power in very different ways to our own souls; and we believe it was partly in answer to the special and united prayers of the friends at the Keswick Convention.

On the Sunday night I had a vision or dream, and saw the sign of the Son of man in the heavens, and the Lord called to me, "Come!" But when the devils heard that they all clapped their hands, and seemed delighted. Then the Lord turned His hand and said, "Stay." I awoke Mrs. Millard, and told her about it, and a strange feeling of absolute weakness came over me, which lasted for several hours during Monday. And the verse that came to my mind was Psalm cxviii. 17, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord."

The next four days were free for rest, but Mr. Grubb and Mr. Campbell left for Melbourne to meet some of the clergy and ministers to arrange

about future work. We went with them to the station, and while on the platform a stoker came up to Horan and said, "You remember me, sir?" "Oh yes," said Horan. "You are one of the men that was saved in the street the other day." The train was starting as he jumped on to the engine, and Horan gave him a Scripture Union card, and he said, "I'll look out for Mr. Grubb, and have a minute's talk with him at Stratford Station. Good-bye, sir," and off went the train. Mr. Grubb saw the stoker at Stratford, and was led to speak to the driver also, who said he would trust the Lord, and shook hands on it. David and Jackson went for one day among the Aborigines in the district of Lake Tyers, and souls were blessed among these native Australian blacks and also the daughter of the C.M.S. missionary.

There was one very important point about this mission—viz., the manifest guidance of the Lord in leading Jackson to be the means of blessing to "a whole family." One day he was invited to go to the hospital. The lady who asked him, arranged that he should call for her at a certain time, and she would drive him in the buggy; but when he reached the house she was not in. After waiting for some time and gaining no admittance, he thought, "This is strange; I've come at the right time." Just then a little girl passed, and he asked her if she knew the lady. She said, "Yes, she went to that house," pointing to a wretched little cottage. Jackson followed, but she was not there. One of

the children in the cottage, however, became his guide, and found the lady somewhere else, and the visit to the hospital was paid. After that the Lord said, "Go back to that cottage," and he obeyed in simple faith. When he was admitted he said that he had come to tell them about Jesus and His love for them. One after another they all broke down, father, mother, and three children; and at the end of about an hour they were all saved, and the change that came over their faces was remarkable, especially in the case of the father.

This opened the way to two other houses—one where the father was an infidel and the mother a drunkard. By the grace of God both of them were turned to the Lord, and accepted Him as their Saviour and Deliverer. In the other house the wife had been saved at the mission services, but the husband yielded in his own home during Jackson's visit.

David was greatly used here in bringing on the young converts, and had open-air services nearly every evening, and some of the most timid of the ladies were the first to follow him to these meetings. The schoolmaster had been rather sceptical about the mission, but was very struck with the change in many of the children. Some weeks after the mission a lady asked him if his opinion had changed; when he replied, "Facts are stubborn things, and I am obliged to admit that some who were the worst boys are now examples of obedience to others." Hallelujah!

Our last night came, and a special "Thanksgiving" in the church was arranged. One gentleman in prayer praised God for blessing received to his own soul, and then said, "O Lord, forgive us for the cold way in which we received these brethren, and forgive us for not having opened all our houses to take them in, for they are Thine apostles." Many letters were sent in, giving personal thanks to the Lord; and one was from a little girl, who wrote, "Please accept the enclosed 7s. 6d.; my sister and I have sold our dolls, and toys, and twelve bunches of flowers, and got 7s. 6d. for the mission." God bless the children! How pleased the Lord must have been to see them willing to give up their great treasures, and how doubly He will reward them.

Although we left the place by the 5.50 a.m. train on the Saturday morning there were over fifty people to see us off.

"Trust . . . in the living God who giveth us richly all things" (1 Tim. vi. 17).

CHAPTER VIII.

ST. LUKE'S, NORTH FITZROY.

AUG. 1ST TO AUG. 8TH.

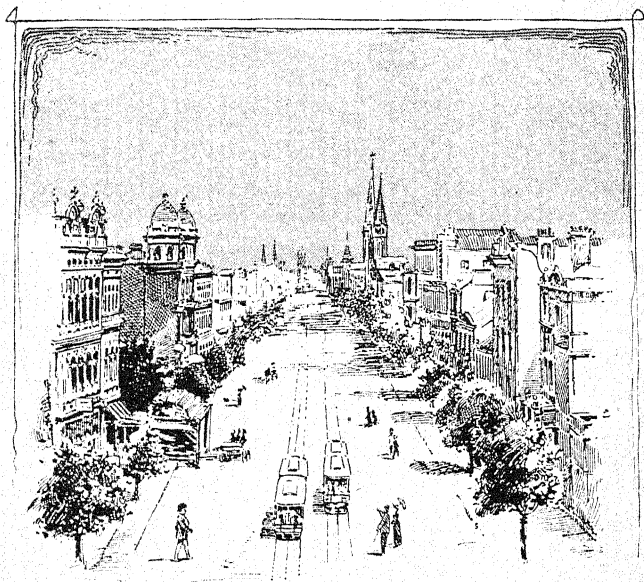
WHITE cockatoos feeding in hundreds in the fields, and flights of black swans migrating across the sky, viewed from the carriage window as we travelled through one hundred and seventy miles of Australian scenery, were a strange contrast to the crows in the ploughed fields of Old England.

A laughing jackass, sitting on a rail, much amused us all, but especially David, who could find no words to express his opinion about such a "funny bird."

At one station we had to wait twenty minutes, so had some breakfast. David suddenly returned to the railway carriage, and when we got back there he said, "My Lord said to me, 'David, why have you not got your Bible?' So I fetched it, and now you see it will preach a sermon a mile long, as all these people are walking about the station."

Presently a man came up and looked at David; then another, but he stood like a waxwork. Before long the whole platform of about fifty men came, and a man with a gun said to me, "Is that black fellow the corn doctor? There has been a 'black quack' travelling about selling a corn cure." "No," I said,

"he is a soul doctor, and can point you to the Lord Jesus, who can take away your sins, and I'm quite sure you are not as happy as he is!" "Oh yes I am," said he. So I turned to David and said, "This man says he is as happy as you are!" "No! no!" said David; "I was once like that thirteen years ago, but now I don't want the peace of the world, for it



COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

melts away like three farthings' worth of sweetmeat. But through the Blood of Jesus I have peace with God in my soul." Then one man, with a laugh, said, "Hallelujah!" and I turned to him and said, "You are accustomed to mock the Salvation Army, I can see." So he shut up, and David went on talking till it was time to get into the carriage. The

train moved slowly off. David started singing, and one man said to another, "'Ee does look 'appy, don't 'ee?"

We reached Melbourne about one o'clock, and in the afternoon took the tram to North Fitzroy, where we stayed till the following Saturday morning. It seemed as if a flood of salvation had been poured upon this neighbourhood, and hundreds of souls were blessed. The multitudes that filled the church long before the time of the evening meeting showed that there was "a thirst" among the people. On two occasions the service was commenced as soon as the church was full, so as not to keep them waiting unnecessarily. One night the after-meeting was divided, and Mrs. Millard and David had nearly two hundred ladies in the schoolroom, while Mr. Grubb took the men in the church.

During the first few services, however, there seemed a hindrance somewhere, and we discovered the presence of criticising spirits; one man pouring out his rage to Jackson at the close of the first children's service, that "there was not a word of Scripture to back up the sermon"; adding, indignantly, "he actually made them laugh." This remark was almost as bad as that of a lady who once said to me, "Do you believe, Mr. Millard, that those boys who stayed to the after-meeting were really converted?" "Yes," I said. "Why not?" "Well," said she, "I saw them playing *marbles* five minutes afterwards." "Praise God!" said I. "Would you have them sit on the kerb and twiddle their thumbs?"

Another lady, who was trying to unite the Church and the world, hearing this said, "Then why shouldn't I go to the theatre? The theatre to me is the same as the marbles to those boys." I asked the Lord for an answer, and He immediately gave one, "When I was a *child*, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I 'reasoned' as a child: *but when I became a man, I put away childish things*" (1 Cor. xiii. 11). This was blessed to her soul, and she said she had never seen it in that light before. Hallelujah!

Many were reported to be present who had not been to any place of worship for years; while the fact of there being no collections aroused even some professed infidels, who came out of curiosity. One of these, an old man, was completely broken down while Jackson was dealing with him, subsequently, in his own house. This man was also a drunkard, and when Jackson called to see him, he said he could not believe in Christ as the Son of God. The Lord led Jackson to say nothing about Christ's divinity, but told him that he was a lost sinner, and that if he died as he was, there was no place but hell to receive him. After a while he confessed to his drunkenness and many other sins, and Jackson was again led to cut still deeper, and touched by the unerring finger of the Son of God, he knelt down and cried to God for mercy. It was a long time, however, before he threw himself entirely on the Lord; but at last he said he would trust in Jesus as his Saviour from all his sins, specially mentioning drink. Lord, keep him!

The children here seemed very ripe for a mission, and we were encouraged on the Tuesday afternoon by ninety boys and girls remaining for the after-meeting. The majority of these were very definite cases of conversion. On the Wednesday again the power of the Lord so overshadowed the lambs of His fold that one hundred and fifty kept their seats, and we divided them into two rooms—sixty boys came with me, while ninety girls followed Mrs. Millard. The simple way in which these *believed* and *rejoiced* made our hearts leap for joy, knowing that He who had so blessed these dear children was THE SAME JESUS who took the little ones up in His arms and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God" (Mark x. 13, 14).

On the next afternoon, when an after-meeting was announced, the majority stayed. To find out how they stood we said, "Hands up for those who have given their hearts to Jesus." A great number went up; then we said, "'Anxious boys' can go to one class-room," and nineteen went in. "'Anxious girls' go to their room," and sixteen left their seats to be dealt with. Those that remained had a short word of encouragement, while two of us went to the class-rooms.

The blessing spread, and these children brought their little friends, and on the last afternoon thirty more gave their hearts to God, and two of the elder Christian girls claimed deliverance from temper. One lady also told us, that she was quite touched

by what she had overheard. On her way home one afternoon she passed the school, and the children were coming out of the meeting. One little boy of only six years old ran up to his elder sister and said, "Mary, I've given my heart to Jesus. Have you?" "Yes, George, I have," said she, and they went home hand-in-hand, looking supremely happy.

Personal dealing was one of the chief means used by the Lord again this week, and it was encouraging that so many were willing to face the truth in earnest conversation.

There was a clergyman who attended almost all the meetings most regularly, and the Lord laid it on Mrs. Millard's mind, that although he had heard a great deal he was not being definite in receiving. So she said to him, "Have you received the baptism of the Holy Spirit?" He called her aside in one of the rooms, and there, after a few words on the subject, they knelt down, and he said, "O Lord, I come to Thee as a little child. Now give me Thy Holy Spirit in power, that I may go forth to obey in Thy strength. Amen." Hallelujah!

In a house where one of the mission party was staying, the mother and three daughters were completely broken down, and yielded to God. They also started family prayers, which they had never had before; in fact, very few families seem to meet daily for prayer.

A lady from a distance came up to Mrs. Millard at the close of one of her after-meetings, and said, in great distress, that the real hindrance to her

definitely receiving the blessings brought forward so prominently in the mission was, that the clergyman in the parish where she lived had told her that every blessing was received in baptism and confirmation—viz., regeneration at baptism, and the power of the Spirit at confirmation. The lady told him that Mr. Grubb preached quite differently, and she had heard him say that many needed forgiveness of sins and the power of the Spirit, although they had been both baptised and confirmed. "Oh," said the clergyman, "that is easily accounted for by the fact that Mr. Grubb belongs to the Church of Ireland, and their prayer-book is totally different to the Church of England." * Lord, forgive him!

David suggested an open-air meeting at 5 p.m. on the last evening; so he and Horan started together, and were joined by Mr. Grubb, with Archdeacon Langley and Bidlake, who had come down from his office. About one hundred and fifty men listened most attentively, and an invitation was given for the evening meeting. The church was "herring packed" half an hour before the advertised time, with crowds in the porches and outside the doors. About one hundred came to an overflow, but the majority preferred waiting for their chance of getting in to the after-meeting, which was as full as the first service. Only a few went away, and those from the schoolroom of course waited to get in.

* There is no material difference. Let readers compare for themselves.

A hint was thrown out by Mr. Grubb that any who wished to praise the Lord might do so aloud, when praise and prayer poured forth from all parts of the church. Several prayed at once, and although we could not distinguish, the Lord could, and the prayers were directed to Him and not to us. So they were allowed to go on till the devil got very angry, and one infidel, hearing the testimony of a man who said, "I thank God that my name has been written in the Book of Life," shouted out angrily, "Scratch it out again!" But he said no more, and people praised on. When at last the lights were turned out we found that some had been inside the building for four hours. They came early to get a seat, and stayed to the end to get all the blessing they could. Praise the Lord!

Up to the time of our leaving we were busy dealing with convicted souls. We missed the tram by which we had thought of going, as Mrs. Millard was in a house with three girls, who, having resisted the Lord all the week, were "entirely smashed," as David says, and, praise God! the Lord spoke peace to their broken hearts. Then Mrs. Millard joined us, and the tram, which ran close by the rectory door, came along. Saying good-bye and jumping on, we were soon out of sight down busy Brunswick Street toward South Melbourne.

We passed great crowds of people, the streets being specially full on account of the weekly football match, at which from twenty to thirty thousand

spectators assemble. As thousands of pounds pass hands every week over this game the *excitement* is universal, and is considered only natural; but whatever you do you must not get excited about the safety of your soul! Avoid missions, avoid enthusiastic, thrilling, heart-stirring meetings; be indifferent about "*these things*," and regard them as "too sacred to mention" even in private. Neglect the offer of salvation, continue to put it off till "a more convenient season," and you will be sure to go to hell.

"For this purpose the Son . . . was manifested, that He might DESTROY the works of the devil" (1 John iii. 8).

CHAPTER IX.

ST. SILAS, SOUTH MELBOURNE.

AUG. 8TH TO AUG. 15TH.

A CART with our luggage had followed during the evening, and the driver was waiting for instructions about the delivery; but as we did not know where any of us would be located, we sent him to the rector. This being settled, we went at once to the schoolroom, where about one hundred people met to pray about the mission, which commenced next morning in that parish.

Mr. Grubb rang the changes on the three words "How much more" (Heb. ix. 14; Luke xi. 13; Matt. x. 25). A very solemn time of silent prayer brought our hearts into true union with our "despised" Saviour, and we were encouraged among these new friends to hear a familiar voice just at the close saying, slowly, "Glory, glory, glory!" It was our old friend Mr. Chuck, the saved photographer from Ballarat, who had come down with his wife to share in "more blessing."

David, Jackson, and Horan were staying in the house of a Christian woman who let rooms, and the rest of us were in private families. Those who

have ever been five minutes in the company of our friend Black David will know that he "praises the Lord with a loud voice," showing his great white teeth like the hungry lion at the Zoological Gardens. He and the two other brothers had not been long in their rooms when they began praising for the coming victory, and were amused the next morning to hear of the inquiry by the neighbours,—

"Good-morning, Mrs. ——. Have you got 'The Army' with you as lodgers?"

"No; Church of England!"

"What! Church of England? Why, I never knew there were any like that belonging to the Church of England!"

Hallelujah for the Church of England! May God save us all from going over to "Rome" and Romish formalism.

One man told us that he had not been to a place of worship for twenty years, but the last sermon he heard was from an old minister, who said, "People are not now satisfied with their Saviour, but change their place of worship to try and quench their thirst. The tide of this sort of thing is rising, and the Baptists are going over to the Wesleyans, the Wesleyans to the Congregationalists, the Congregationalists to the Presbyterians, the Presbyterians to the Church of England, the Church of England to Rome, and Rome is going to hell." May we take warning from Amos iv. 8, "Two or three cities wandered unto one city, to drink water; but they were not satisfied: *yet* have ye not returned

unto Me, saith the Lord." "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink" (John vii. 37).

Sunday was not only full of meetings, but of "the blessing of the Lord," also. The choir *performed* the musical part of the service beautifully, while the words in the Te Deum came out prominently, especially "We worship Thy Name. . . . Day by day we magnify Thee"; then Mr. Grubb preached on "worshipping idols" (1 Kings xviii. 36-38)—nineteenth-century idols—and prayed that the Lord would let it be known that He is "God in Israel."

Many were greatly angered by the sharp truths preached, and some declared they would not come near the mission again; but whether they came or not, each service was crowded. Mr. Campbell preached morning and evening at St. Barnabas, the church in the next parish, and Mrs. Millard took the children's meeting there, while I was at St. Silas'. The Lord worked mightily at both meetings, and the children were evidently touched. As I came away from the church Jackson said, "Will you join some of us for an open air on the South Melbourne beach?" So off we went, and soon found ourselves on a parade where hundreds were walking up and down. We asked the Lord to guide our steps, and He showed us a log of wood lying lengthways on the sand, parallel with the parade and between the pier and swimming baths. Standing like six crows on a tree, we started a hymn, then opened with prayer and a few words of

Scripture (John iv. 13-19), and by that time a couple of hundred men, women, and children, especially young men and girls, gathered before us.

David spoke on the verses read, taking the thought, "Satisfied with Jesus." After a few choruses, Bidlake, who had come with us, gave his testimony, which astonished some of the young fellows, who two months before had seen him in the world of Melbourne.

When we had closed with prayer a lady came forward, and she and one of her little girls were crying. They yielded their hearts to God there, and went away praising the Lord for free salvation. Before we left the parade we gave away notices of the mission, and then home to tea. After this Mrs. Millard went to an open-air meeting with David before the St. Barnabas service, and I was about to follow, when the Lord said, "Don't go." So I stayed in, not knowing why. Presently a knock at the door was heard and a voice saying, "Is Mr. Millard here, please?" "Yes." I went to the door, and found a lady from the St. Silas congregation. She said, "May I speak with you as I go along to church?" So we started for the St. Silas service, and she told me, "I am one of the Sunday School teachers at this church, but I don't know if I am saved myself, and I can never be sure of what I am telling the children." She then explained that she did not *feel saved*. I assured her I did not myself *feel saved*, although converted fifteen years ago; but I *knew* I was saved on the authority of the

word of God. She had asked the Lord, and then waited to feel something. So I said, "What does the verse in John iii. 36 say? 'He that *feeleth* hath everlasting life,' or 'He that *believeth*'?" We had not reached the church before the Lord opened her eyes, and she *believed* and thanked the Lord, and entered the house of God "walking and praising God."

There was so manifest a conviction of sin at the



IN COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

evening services in both churches that after-meetings were held, and souls were saved in each case. Would to God that souls found salvation every Sunday in every church—mission or no mission!

The annual meetings of the Christian Convention were being held this week, and on Monday afternoon Mr. Grubb was asked to speak.

He took three "One Accords" in Acts:—

Ch. i. 14, Supplication.

Ch. ii. 1, Baptism of fire.

Ch. ii. 46, Communion and praise.

Result—They spake with burning words, followed by their leaping for joy, and they parted with their goods. At this point Mr. Grubb spoke very plainly, comparing the “show-off” condition of many Christians nowadays to that of the days of the apostles.

We praised God for his straight words, for it was enough to make one’s heart sink to hear that a missionary lady on furlough had occasion to ask for a little extra cash, and the committee had spent ever so long making up their minds about it. It was heart-breaking to see well-fed, silk-dressed, fan-waving, diamond-ringed professing Christians on a Missionary Committee for sending out others to the heathen, quibbling over £15 or £20 for a certain poor soul who had spent several years in a tropical climate, and to find reference made to Mr. Horsburgh’s interesting £50-suggestion for China, because it is “so much cheaper!”

Why do not our Missionary Committees learn to believe in the liberality of our God, and not grind down to the last halfpenny? And why are not those “home missionaries,” who work on a committee for foreign missions, willing to live at the same standard of consecration that they lay down for those they send abroad?

In the evening we returned from the Convention to the South Melbourne Mission, and Mr. Grubb took the subject of “Jesus being Glorified.”

On the Tuesday evening, when a good many met in the vestry to pray that Mr. Grubb might be

blessed in preaching, the Spirit of God began to deal with some of those who had come to pray, and breaking down, they cried to God and yielded their all to Him, even before the service began. Oh, it was glorious! No human voice spoke to any one of them, but they fell before the direct touch of the Spirit of God. Several young men subsequently came out grandly, and David was busy till quite late helping seeking souls.

As we were leaving the church one afternoon a woman called out to me. On approaching her I could smell drink, and asked her what she wanted. She then began a long tale about her bad son and hot-tempered husband. The Lord made me stop her and ask about her own soul, and after a few minutes' conversation the Spirit of the Lord broke her down, and kneeling on the pathway, just where she was, she cried, "O Lord, have mercy on me! O Lord, take me back, for I have known Thee, but have back-slidden from Thee! O Lord, now save my boy and husband, and bring my boy to the mission to-night!" We prayed then that she might be kept, and rose from our knees, when she said, "My burden is gone. Oh, sir, God led me to that church, for I left home at two o'clock in a passion, and said I would not return till my boy promised to be good; and seeing people going into church I thought it was a wedding, so I went in to pass the time, and found you speaking to the children, and something made me speak to you, sir. You will see me at the mission again to-night, sir."

True to her word, she was there, looking bright and happy, and with her a boy of about thirteen years of age.

The prayer meeting at 7.30 a.m. on the Friday was one of the best of the week, many finding the promise true (Ezek. iii. 27), "When I speak with thee I will open thy mouth." People complain that they cannot open their mouths in public prayer ; so we have been led to use this text a good deal, pointing out that if our hearts are right with the Lord He will speak with us, and when He gives a message to be delivered, either to pray in the Spirit or to speak in the Spirit, He will open our mouths for us and give us utterance. Then we can open it wider, and He will fill it (Psalm lxxxi. 10). We were led to pray specially that from this parish the Lord would send some forth as missionaries, pointing out to those who had been blessed that the object of Mr. Grubb's mission is nothing short of "the evangelisation of the world," and that we expect the Lord will scatter many messengers all over the world as the result.

The elections being on, great crowds of people thronged the streets, and David, whose face is as good as a Salvation Army drum any day to collect a congregation, sallied forth with some others, to have what he called "a pentecostal time" in the open air. The Lord was with them in mighty power, and conviction was apparent upon many a countenance, while others drank in every word, and souls were blessed.

Mrs. Millard had an invitation to speak at a missionary meeting in the neighbourhood, and told the people that no less than thirty thousand Chinese (to say nothing of other heathen countries) passed away every twenty-four hours. One of the ministers, in thanking her, said, "We cannot fail to be interested after the *delightful* statement Mrs. Millard has just made!"

In the afternoon Mr. Grubb was again at the "Christian Convention," and spoke in the power of the Spirit on "*Love to the Souls of Men.*"*

It was remarked that there was hardly a dry eye in the room. While this was going on Mrs. Millard had two hundred ladies in St. Silas Church. She spoke from the chancel steps, taking the two topics, "Salvation through Jesus" and (to the Christians) "Cleansing of the heart." At the after-meeting many stayed, and she asked all those who would either take the Lord as their Saviour or trust for "Cleansing through the Blood" by faith to raise their hands while they sang,—

"Jesus, although I may not understand,
In childlike faith now I put forth my hand,"

(Here they claimed a promise.)

"And through *Thy Word* . . . and Thy grace I shall stand,
Cleansed by Thee, cleansed by Thee.

"From all the fear of what men think or say,
Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.
From ever fearing to speak, sing, or pray,
Cleansing for me, cleansing for me."

All over the church hands were raised in testimony

* Marshall Bros. 1d.

and as they came away (to allow the children to come in for their meeting) they were praising God, and one lady said, "I have received more help at that meeting than all the others"; so glory be to God! "The Lord giveth the word: the women that publish the tidings are a great host" (Psalm lxviii. 11, R.V.). An eager crowd of children, varying in ages from three-and-a-half to seventeen, flocked in, and we had a glorious time. As far as we were able to judge, at least one hundred and fifty of these dear children received blessing in one way or another during the week.

On my way home to tea I saw a crowd in the middle of the cross-roads, and David "holding forth the Word of life." I stopped to listen, and he was just saying, "Now you people sent the light and the truth to Ceylon; before that, we Tamils were *shut-eyes blind*. And now hundreds of us have our eyes opened to see our sin, and have turned to Jesus; but you people say you see! Certainly; you have Bibles, you have education, you know all the truth in your heads; but God sends me here to tell you that YOU are OPEN-EYES BLIND! You see the light, but you don't turn to Jesus, and you are going to hell. Oh, foolish people, may my Jesus speak to you!" After he had done two working men threw him some money—one man a threepenny piece and another sixpence. He said: "Thank you, but I don't want your money; I want your souls to turn to Jesus. But I will keep these two coins, and pray for you."

The crowd dispersed quietly, and we went home

to tea, and a clergyman said, "I have smoked for forty-one years, but this week I have laid it aside, and the desire is completely taken away." Praise God!

When we moved off to the church we found every seat full. Jackson (who acted as organist in the mission) told us afterwards, he could see a good many Hallelujah faces before the service began. He also pointed out a dusty corner behind the organ, where "a soul had been saved the night before"; and, glory be to God! that was not the first case in which souls had found the Lord under the shadow of the organ. May the Lord make more organists willing to leave the voluntary so as to get a soul into the kingdom.

Not being able to get a seat I stood by the front entrance, when a young fellow came up to me and said, "Have you seen Bidlake?" "Yes," I said; "you will find him round at the vestry door." He was off like a shot, and found Bidlake, who recognised him as one of the fellows in his office to whom he had spoken about his own conversion. A seat was provided for him on the cushions round the Communion rail, and he listened as if it was to be the last sermon he would ever hear. When the sermon was over, five hundred stayed for the after-meeting, and many decided for Christ, including this young fellow, and when the opportunity was given for any to testify, he was the first to rise and say that the Lord had saved him.*

* He and several other young men have since continued some of the open-air meetings started during the mission.

One after another rose, thanking the Lord for forgiveness, cleansing, peace, power for service, or restoration from backsliding. The contrast between the gruff voices of the men, and the bold, strong tones of some young fellows, and those of the tiny little children, who lisped out that they had given their hearts to Jesus, was very great. Mothers and sisters found courage given to them as they stood and thanked* God for His wonderful goodness, and we all went home rejoicing.

"Excuse me, sir," said a man, touching me on the shoulder as we were leaving ; and turning round, I saw a troubled face. "Excuse me, sir, but aren't you the gentleman that preached last Sunday with the other gentlemen on the beach?" "Yes," I replied. "Well, sir, I was there, and was struck by what you said. You know, sir, I *was* a believer once." "And *now*," I said, "you are a backslider?" "Yes, I am." "And you want to come back to the Lord?" "Yes, and I mean to some day." "Some day won't do," I said ; "now is the time." "Oh," said he, "I'll come to the mission over at Caulfield, where you begin to-morrow." "*No*," said I, "that won't do. Now! now! now!" And the tears came to his eyes and the Lord moved him, till, after trying to put it off for several minutes, he said, "Lord, take me back now!" Praise the Lord! May the Lord keep the number of restored backsliders. It is sad to hear of so many, but not to be wondered at when the Bible is not even read by the majority at family prayers, much

less in private. We were sorry to find that many grown-up men had not a Bible of their own, and one Sunday School teacher had not prayed night or morning for several years! May the Lord give us all a deeper love for His own Word, and may we not only "meditate therein day and night," but be able to say, like old Job,

"I have esteemed the words of His* mouth more than my necessary food" (Job xxiii. 12).

CHAPTER X.

ST. MARY'S, CAULFIELD, AND ST. CLEMENT'S, ELSTERNWICK.

AUG. 15TH TO AUG. 29TH.

"BECAUSE Christians are always at loggerheads," said the cabman (who took our luggage to Caulfield) when I had asked him why he was not trusting the Lord. "I can't believe what I hear preached," said he, pulling a newspaper cutting out of his pocket, "when I read this sort of thing." The action was certainly unchristian, according to the newspaper report, so let us not repeat it here. The man seemed really troubled, and said it filled him with doubts. It brought home to me very strongly the need of all Christians loving one another as brothers and sisters in the Lord, being the fulfilment of the command, "Love one another," and "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another" (John xiii. 34, 35). After a good long talk he seemed moved, and I pointedly asked him if he would accept Christ as his Saviour; but he shook his head, jumped on the box, and hurried off, saying, "Too good to be true!" May the "goodness of God lead him to repentance" (Rom. ii. 4).

As we went singing up the road from the station to the schoolroom, where the opening meeting was to be held, we passed a lady and gentleman, who gave us a welcome, saying, "We want a little of that in this parish. Praise God, and go ahead!" Hallelujah!

We found that two months' preparation had been made by "the workers"; but as a rule the workers are the first whom the Lord sees it necessary to turn inside out and upside down, before He can reach the masses, and we did not find that the two months' daily meetings had been much more than "energy of the flesh." The best preparation we have found yet has been when some old soul, living in the spirit of prayer, has been led to claim and thank God for blessing to be poured out on a certain district, and then the blessing has come.

God forbid that one word of discouragement should come from us who received so much kindness (especially from the friends at Caulfield), but it is plain that if the Christians of a congregation were really right with God they would be used of God for the masses, and *then* there would be no need of a mission. So without exception we are led first of all to deal with the workers, and Mr. Grubb invariably thunders at the sleepy Christians. He did so most appealingly on the first Sunday morning in St. Mary's Church. Some who had heard it remarked that Mr. Grubb was "an eloquent speaker," came, thinking they were going to have an intellectual treat, and found that although "Mr. Grubb was an eloquent man," he was also "mighty

in the Scriptures" (Acts xviii. 24), and so wielded the sword of the Spirit that they themselves were not only "pricked to the heart," but run through by the word of God, which is "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart" (Heb. iv. 12).

No less than ten services had been arranged for the first Sunday, and David added two more, in the open air. Conviction ran through the parish; but our faith was tried in many ways. The women's meeting at a mission church, conducted by Mrs. Millard, showed the idolatry of some of these Christian women—for "stubbornness is idolatry" (1 Sam. xv. 23). Not one of them would join in singing the hymn, and as to praying aloud—they would no more dream of it than attempt to peal potatoes with a fork. After at least ten minutes of dead silence while on their knees, one voice only made itself heard, "O Lord, we can pray to ourselves, we can!"

This was followed in the same building by a noisy children's meeting. I had to ask one boy to leave the church—a thing I have never done before or since—but his behaviour was too disturbing to the rest; he returned thanks outside by hurling a brick-bat on the iron roof, and then sent a stone through the window. But, glory be to God! the contrast by the end of the week was very encouraging, for the Lord had so transformed these

lads that forty-five remained for an after-meeting, and Mrs. Millard had fifty girls in a schoolroom near. Every one of them professed to trust the Lord, and some were so broken down that they had to be specially dealt with by themselves. One boy said he was "too bad to be saved."

A great deal could be said about the St. Mary's meetings—how that crowds came every night to hear the gospel preached; but we were so busy dealing with souls after every service, that we were too tired to keep detailed accounts, it very often being past midnight before we got to bed. There were, however, some cases that deserve to be recorded.

An archdeacon attending the mission got into conversation with David, who began to deal with him about his soul. One of the questions David asked him was, "Are you a 'rupee catechist'?" "What do you mean by a 'rupee catechist'?" "Why, do you preach because you are paid so much for doing it? What is your motive?" David then explained what he believed to be God's conditions of blessing, namely, that if any soul desires to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost for service, that soul must be willing to *yield all*, and then *take all* God's promises by faith and go out to *obey at all* cost. At the close of the conversation the two men knelt together, and, like a little child, the archdeacon yielded and claimed the fulness of the Spirit. Praise the Lord!

David and Horan, who were staying at the Caul-

field Grammar School, were mightily blessed in work among the boys. Of their own accord the lads would ask for meetings, and every day we heard of more having come out "on the Lord's side," till at least fifty had openly acknowledged Christ as their Saviour. They have since started a little society called the D.C., which means "Daily for Christ." David also had some special "workers' meetings" in the vestry, when those who were really willing to confess Christ in their daily life yielded to the Lord, and definitely claimed the filling of the Holy Ghost. The missionary spirit at the close of the mission was remarkable, and must have been especially encouraging to Mr. Macartney, who for many years had stood first and foremost in the missionary cause in Melbourne Church of England circles. Several from the parish definitely offered themselves to the Lord to go wherever He might choose.

It was while we were staying at Caulfield that Bidlake told Mr. Grubb that he owed £300, and they had prayed together, and asked the Lord to enable him to pay his debts. The very same evening an envelope was found on the schoolhouse table addressed to Bidlake, with a text of scripture and a bank note for £50.*

Several infidels attended the mission, and one evening two went out together. One remarked to his friend, "That is the first mission meeting I

* This we took as an earnest that the Lord would enable him to pay all; and within six weeks another letter was given to him with a cheque for the balance, and in the slip of paper inside were the words "The Lord's release."

ever attended, and it shall be the last." The other replied, "What he said is true every word, and I'm all wrong!" May the Lord follow up the multitude who went away convicted, and lead them to Himself.

Many kind friends sent anonymous donations toward the expenses of the mission, and two little boys brought their subscriptions, the one a penny, and the other a halfpenny; while some, who previously had begrudged giving anything to a collection, found it a delight to help forward the Lord's work. One gentleman offered to pay for the printing, realising the privilege of so doing, instead of saying, "What a nuisance! Another £5 gone into the Church account."

The Lord led us to give away good Bibles continually, as we found that many had none of their own, and seemed to appreciate much this little mark of personal interest. And every day we live we seem more to understand the blessedness of Christ's words recorded by St. Paul in Acts xx. 35, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

St. Clement's parish being only a little over a mile distant, it was easy for some people to attend both missions, and in this way many were more fully grounded in the truth than might otherwise have been the case. We began at St. Clement's by having a children's service on Saturday afternoon, followed by "an open air," when many of the Grammar school-boys came and testified. One gentleman who stopped for a few minutes, after-

wards remarked to a lady, "I did not want to stop, but I could not help it; there seemed to be such a holy joy surrounding that band of people."

At the close of the evening prayer-meeting a man, who had been at the Caulfield mission, said to me, "All the blessing I got during the week has gone, and I am quite unhappy because I lost my temper with my wife this afternoon." "What sort of a blessing did you get?" I asked. "I determined I would be a different sort of man," he replied; "both my wife and I have accepted forgiveness, but I have such a terrible temper, and I stood up at the meeting the other night to show that in future I would not allow sin to have the dominion over me." "So far, so good," said I; "your intention was right, but you went the wrong way about it. You meant to trust in God, but practically you trusted to your own resolution and determination. If you found a snake under your bed, would you give it a dose of chloroform to prevent it from biting you, or your wife, or your children?" "No," he said. "I would not allow the thing in the house!" "Quite so; otherwise, if the snake came to, it might do damage. Now," said I, "you have a venomous snake of sin, which manifests itself in many ways; temper, for instance—as you are specially troubled about that—and at unexpected times it breaks out and gives trouble. You gave it a dose of 'determination,' which took good effect till this afternoon, when something went wrong, and the snake awoke and bit you and your wife.

"Now, *let the Lord deal directly with sin.* To ask forgiveness is one thing, and to have the cause of the constant falling removed is another. Ask the Lord now to purge your heart; claim the promise, '*I will turn My hand (=power) upon thee,* and purely purge away thy dross, and take away all thy tin (or alloy)' (Isa. i. 25). You have tried to suppress your sin and failed; but Jesus' blood applied by His own pierced hand is 'sufficient' to purge away all the 'dross,' 'alloy,' 'unrighteousness,' or 'sin,' whatever its name may be. Then you may expect 'Christ to dwell in your heart by faith' (Eph. iii. 17), and He will keep you from the temptation without."

He asked, claimed, and thanked the Lord for deliverance, and went home rejoicing. Hallelujah!

The Sunday services were again as numerous as before, and many souls stepped into the kingdom. David was invited to tea by a "Plymouth Brother," whose wife was ill. Hearing that David was in the house, she sent for him, and said, "I believe God is going to heal me now. Will you pray?" "Certainly," said David, and knelt down at once and asked the Lord to heal this sister; and then said, "Now thank Him, and get up." He left the room, and in a few moments she was up and dressed, and poured out the tea at the head of the table. Praise the Lord!

The church (St. Clement's) proving too small for the multitude that came together, the Town Hall was secured, and even then two hundred overflowed

into the church, where we were led to have consecration meetings for Christians. Wednesday night was one of unusual power at the overflow; Mr. Campbell conducted the first part of the service, and then called upon David to say a few words. He came out of his seat, and stood facing the people, Bible in hand, and said,—

“My dear friends, I want to ask you this question, Are you *sure* God is going to use you? You say you have received forgiveness of your sins, but—you have a ‘but.’ You say, ‘I can’t speak, or pray,’ or do some other thing God wants you to do. ‘I am saved, but ——’ God does not want you to have a ‘but’! If you have a but, there is something wrong in your consecration. You say you are consecrated; you sing that hymn,—

‘Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.’

“My hands, time, money, talents, and so on; but it is all lies. Then you pray for the power of the Spirit, and you don’t get power, for *your consecration is all lies*, and you don’t really count the cost. Are you willing to sell your ‘all’ to Jesus, and take His ‘all’ in exchange? No! You are willing to give *some*, but not all; and God will never give you Holy Ghost as long as *anything* is not yielded to Him, because God will not mix His Spirit with your sediment. It must be empty, clean bottle. Oh! God will not mix His precious ointment with your sediment.

“Don’t play with God. Let God show you your

rubbishes, your pride, vanity, dress, self-seeking, love of money. You will not shake hands with that person, she has a torn bonnet and her dress is dirty. You will not sit with that drunkard and speak words to him. Pride! Let God turn out your rubbishes, and then you may expect and claim Holy Ghost power.

"Why did our blessed Lord tell the disciples to wait for the pentecostal power? Why did He not give it at once? Because He knew their rubbishes. He knew John's fault, Peter's weakness, and James' too, and He told them to wait; and while they waited *they yielded their ALL*, and then the power came down upon them! Let God search *your* every nook and corner to-night.

"What does God say?

"(1) Yield all, *i.e.*, pay the cost.

"(2) Claim the power.

"(3) Obey.

"(1) Part of the cost is to become a fool, a clean fool! Why? Because God has chosen by the 'foolishness of preaching' to save them that believe. The 'foolishness of preaching' is to be 'preached by fools,' not wise men. He does not want our wisdom. 'If any man will be wise, let him become a fool, that he may be wise' (1 Cor. iii. 18). We must be willing in whatever God shows and tells us. Are you *willing* to do anything that God tells you? He may tell you to do some mad thing—what people will call mad.

"(2) Claim the power, for God has promised to

'give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him' (Luke xi. 13).

"(3) Obey, for we see in Acts v. 32, 'Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that *obey* Him.'

"But you say, 'I might lose my character.' Certainly you will, and if you don't lose your character, Jesus will lose His. And next, God tells us to 'Come out,' 'be separate' from the doings of the world. Your doings must be different from the world; your appearance must be different, and your hats, faces, words, aims. You must be 'peculiar.' 'Touch no unclean thing.' The world does not satisfy; don't touch it. It is like salt water; you drink one glass, and you want six glasses of fresh water to quench your thirst.

"Then how far can we be used? As far as Phil. iii. 16, 'Whereto we have already attained,' *i.e.*, up to our light; as far as God has taught us, and no farther. If you have five o'clock light, then you cannot walk up to six o'clock light; but when you have six o'clock, walk up to six o'clock light, and seven o'clock, and eight o'clock light, till you come up to twelve o'clock light; and oh, that will be lovely!

"If you follow God wholly you will lose your reputation, and the devil says, 'Anything but that.' Then you say, 'God cannot deliver me from the fear of man.' What are you doing? You are limiting the Holy Ghost (Psalm lxxviii. 41).

"If you let ALL go, and claim and obey the Spirit, then you will have real happy faces; and I would

rather have five happy faces than five hundred plates of curry and rice! Now, then, what is consecration? Nothing belongs to me; all belongs to God. No member of my body to be used without God's permission. Say, 'Lord Jesus, I am Thine. Thou art mine; from this day forth I belong to God.'"

Then he gave his own testimony, comparing his own life before consecration and baptism of the Holy Ghost and after. "Before, my preaching was full of self, my walk full of pride, and my testimony like a broken drum; but now let us have none of self in preaching. Humble heart in walk, and then our testimony will give no uncertain sound. *Yield, claim, and obey!* Amen."

These words had no sooner been uttered than people broke down all over the church, and Mr. Campbell asked all those who desired to go to the vestry. Twenty-five solemnly and amid broken sobs walked in, while others also, who remained in their seats, *yielded* and *claimed*; and at 10 p.m. we went out to *obey*.

Those of us who were at this meeting will never forget it, and we praise God for such a number who definitely faced the truth and yielded wholly to God.

Mr. Grubb had the Town Hall packed to its utmost limits, the platform being crowded with young men who had not been early enough to get a seat at all.

The ladies met on Friday, and were again greatly blessed. Not only were sisters helped, but a clergy-

man also was so brought to see the need of the baptism of the Holy Ghost that he was willing to humble himself and be dealt with by a woman. So, after having spent two hours with convicted sisters, Mrs. Millard interviewed the clergyman in the vestry. He too claimed and received a clean heart and the filling of the Spirit. Praise God!

The children were again prominent in their attendance and attention, and we were thankful to see so many really understanding the meaning of conversion. Not only did children come to listen, but several adults also, seeking the truth, were brought in through the simple story of the Cross.

On the last afternoon, as the children were giving their little testimonies, one gentleman came along among the small fry, and said to me, with great emotion, "You dear boy! Thank God, thank God! It is really glorious, glorious! Praise God for bringing you here, for I have long been *struggling* instead of TRUSTING, and have been needing this very blessing for years." As he went down the road to his home he saw David speaking in the open air, close to the station, and many of the new converts, both men, women, and children, were there, also giving their testimony. There was a moment's pause between some of these, and he thought, "Now is my opportunity." Stepping forward, he took off his hat and spoke for several minutes, saying that he had even gone so far as to mock at the extravagant joy in the members of the mission, but that the Lord had broken him down,

and that now he had received the blessing of complete deliverance.

One incident showed how clearly the Lord had spoken to the hearts of the little children. I was walking along the beach just before the afternoon meeting with two children of the house in which we were staying. There was a very smooth stretch of sand, so I took up a stick and printed letters for them to read. The little girl was seven years old, and the boy five years. I marked out, "JESUS LOVES ME." Then the little girl said, "Now write 'GOD IS LOVE,'" and when I had done that the sturdy young five-year-old said, "And now write 'I LOVE GOD.'" There was room for more, and I asked them what we ought to write next. They consulted together, and said, "Now put 'PREPARE TO MEET GOD.'"

The thanksgiving meeting was suffocatingly full, and many of us could not get in at all; so we dealt with disappointed souls outside, up and down the street, and several received blessing in that way. One tall young fellow came up to me and said, "Are you busy?" "No," I said; "what is it?" "Well," said he, as we moved off to a quiet part of the road, "I'm all wrong, and I want to be right. I have been wretched ever since that day last week when you spoke to me in the Book Arcade. Do you remember? You said to me, 'I see you are a brother in the Blue Ribbon; are you a brother in the Lord?' I told you I hoped so, and you said I ought to know. I got so miserable that I went

back to the Arcade to try and find out who you were, and was told you were 'one of Grubb's party.' So I have come down to see if I can get any help."

He then emptied out his whole heart before God, and the Lord opened his eyes to see his need of Christ as his Saviour and Friend. And as we stopped at a gate he took off his hat, and bowing his head, prayed, "O Lord Jesus, take me, cleanse me, and show me Thy will day by day, and keep me trusting! Amen." We praised God together; his burden had been lifted from his heart, and we said good-night.

"O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His Name together" (Psalm xxxiv. 3).

CHAPTER XI.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—ST. JAMES'S CHURCH— GEELONG CONVENTION.

AUG. 29TH TO OCT. 1ST.

THE cathedral in the city of Melbourne seats about two thousand people, but so many came from the surrounding suburbs that at every service there were hundreds who could not gain admittance. Although the evening services (which were held each night in the week) did not begin till 7.30 p.m., the steps were crowded soon after five o'clock. The vergers did not seem to appreciate a crowd, and were most strictly obedient to "orders" in shutting the doors directly the seats were full, no standing being allowed. The eager way in which the people came to these services was very encouraging, especially on account of its being the cathedral, to which not a few usually seem to come with the idea that it is either an exhibition of architecture, or a place where the worship of God may be done by proxy, instead of being the house of God where His name is lifted up, and some blessing imparted to sinful men through the preaching of the Cross of Christ.

Mr. Grubb's clear pronunciation made it possible for all to hear. He certainly practises what he preached one day at a ministers' meeting, when he said, "Oh that all preachers of the gospel would open their mouths so that the congregation might hear the words of the prayers and the sermon!" pointing out that it had more than once been remarked to him of different churches that no one could possibly understand what the clergy were doing in the chancel, there being only a monotone sound, and the service so elaborate that although every good churchman had a prayer-book, it was necessary to have a special education to be able to follow for even five minutes.

May the Lord save our beloved Church of England clergy from forgetting the words of the Apostle St. Paul (after whom so many of their cathedrals are named) when he wrote to the Corinthians, "In the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue. . . . Let all things be done unto edifying" (1 Cor. xiv. 19-26).

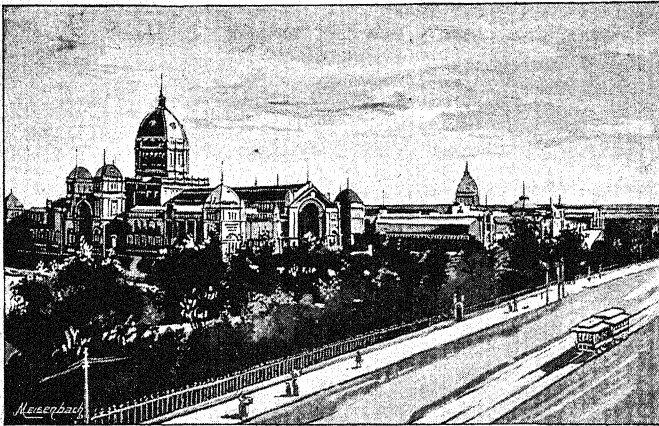
I am sure of this, that if our venerable friend, the Dean of Melbourne—over ninety-three years of age—can be heard distinctly, as is the case when he reads the Lessons, other and younger men might follow his example.

For those who were shut out each night we had open-air meetings, either on the steps or in the courtyard, an empty packing case doing duty as a

pulpit. One evening, while Mrs. Millard was speaking, a woman stepped forward and said, "I yield all and give myself to God." Several others also decided for Christ, and a number of Christians held up their hands as a token that during the meeting they had claimed deliverance from besetting sins.

At the close of the sermon in the cathedral, when the doors were opened to allow some to go out, others who had patiently waited all the time for this opportunity went in to the after-meeting; and on one occasion the second service was more crammed than the first, as the vergers were unable to close the doors, and while one hundred came out five hundred went in. After Mr. Grubb had gone to the vestry, and while broken-hearted sinners and anxious inquirers for deliverance from bondage were being dealt with in the pews, the vergers again exercised their powers of independence by politely turning off the gas, and leaving us in pitch darkness. Praising God, we walked out, and were literally expelled into the street, even the courtyard gates being closed upon us; and the poor souls who were hanging between life and death were welcomed by the Saviour as they yielded their hearts to Him *outside* the railings of the cathedral which was professedly erected for the purpose of enabling seeking souls to come in and find Him. This mistake, however, was not repeated a second time, as Mr. Grubb obtained permission to make use of two vestries, and these rooms were filled with inquirers on the following evening.

Half-hour addresses to business men were given by Mr. Grubb daily at St. James's Church at 1.30 p.m., when hundreds of men came to hear the gospel preached. These addresses were as simple as possible, and greatly and increasingly appreciated, as they were directed straight to the hearts of the hearers. Some young fellows who usually employed part of their dinner-hour gambling over cards also



EXHIBITION BUILDINGS, MELBOURNE.

came, and souls were blessed. Mrs. Millard had a series of ladies' meetings in the schoolroom at three o'clock every day. In this she was assisted by David and Jackson, who were frequently busy till 6 p.m. hearing and answering questions and leading souls to Jesus. Children's services were also held as usual, and with encouraging results.

The kindness we received from the Bishop of

Melbourne and Mrs. Goe, with whom four of us stayed during the mission, will long be remembered; as also the thoughtfulness of the laundry woman who received blessing to her soul, and insisted on doing the washing for nothing, saying that "it is to the Lord I want to do it."*

The Victorian Mission ended with a united thanksgiving service at the Exhibition Buildings. The Town Hall, which holds three to four thousand people, was first taken; but as more than six thousand people applied for entrance tickets, Mr. Grubb found it necessary to take the larger building. Any who had received blessing at the mission were provided with a ticket, as it was to be a meeting for thanksgiving to God. When tickets were requested of us, the applicants were therefore always asked, "What have you to thank God for?" and if the answer was satisfactory tickets were given. During the day no less than six souls were saved through the means of this questioning. One lady in particular said she had been convicted at the meeting she had attended, but had nothing

* Messrs. Campbell, David, Jackson, Horan, and Millard conducted a business men's meeting at the Y.M.C.A. on Monday night, September 7th. Fully twelve hundred men were present, and at the close Mr. Campbell, who took the chair, summed up the meeting by saying, "The three points of the meeting are these—forgiveness, cleansing, and power for service." We all knelt in prayer, and Mr. Campbell said, "Now ask, take by faith, then stop." One after another prayed for whatever they severally felt they needed, and in the course of twenty minutes eighty-five had prayed. Then there was a pause, when the chairman said, "Now let us rise, and those who have received by faith what they asked for, stand up and testify." Fifty-six did so during the next thirty minutes.

to thank God for, having received nothing; so Jackson asked her, "Why not receive the blessing now, and then go to the meeting and thank God?"

She asked for further explanation, and in half an hour she was in joyful possession of eternal life, and received an admission to the thanksgiving meeting.

On the other hand, a gentleman came and asked for a ticket, and the question was put to him, "Have you anything for which to thank God?" "I don't know," said he, rather indignantly. "Then you cannot want a ticket if you have nothing to thank God for, and you may be called upon to testify." At this point in rushed a boy of eighteen. "Please give me a ticket!" and Jackson asked him, "Have you received blessing at the mission?" "I should think so," said the boy; "and the whole house of us too, we've all got saved!" and when Jackson gave him a ticket he went out delighted. But this only aggravated the gentleman, who thought it unreasonable to be questioned and refused, or kept waiting, and said he would complain to Mr. Grubb.

A perfect deluge of rain washed the streets of Melbourne as the multitudes thronged to the Exhibition Building, all eager to obtain a good seat. No less than five thousand five hundred assembled in the large hall. Seven hundred sat in the orchestra, the galleries and body of the hall all being well filled. The great organ pealed out the hymn,—

"Full salvation, full salvation,
Lo! the fountain open'd wide,
Streams through every land and nation
From the Saviour's wounded side."

Mr. Grubb preached from Joshua xx. 7, 8, "The cities of refuge"; and when he asked all those who knew that their sins were forgiven to stand up, fully three thousand rose, and we were all unanimous in praising God for His wonderful blessing poured out upon Victoria, and into the hearts of those who had dared to believe His Word, and receive Him.

The following four days were occupied with special small meetings, chiefly of a missionary character; for there were many who, having themselves been filled with the love of God, desired to do what they could to pass the blessing on to those who are still in ignorance of our blessed Saviour.

"Hast thou found some precious treasure?

Pass it on!

Hast thou found some holy pleasure?

Pass it on!

God Himself is ever giving;

Loving is the truest living;

Letting go is twice possessing.

Would you double every blessing?

Pass it on!"

THE GEELONG CONVENTION was the next scene of blessing. As nothing of the same kind had ever been previously attempted in Australia, there were many inquiries as to its object. Mr. Grubb therefore wrote a short letter of explanation, which

was scattered far and wide among all classes and denominations throughout Victoria and the adjacent Colonies. This letter read as follows :—

“MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Many may be asking, What is this Convention at Geelong? Is it another mission? So I would like you to know that it is in no sense of the word a mission, but a gathering together of the Lord's people of all denominations, for the purpose of getting a deeper knowledge of the Spiritual Life, and of understanding practically what our Lord means by ‘Life more abundant.’ Many are earnestly seeking after *the great blessing*—*i.e.*, ‘The Promise of My Father,’ which ensures a life of perpetual victory over sin, and of power to win souls to Christ, instead of one of constant defeat and failure, which is unfortunately the experience of many of the Lord's children. The baptism of the Holy Ghost, which our Lord speaks of as ‘The Promise of My Father,’ is therefore the subject that will be specially dealt with at the Geelong Convention, and all the Lord's dear children who are conscious of much spiritual weakness in the past are earnestly invited to ‘come apart and rest awhile,’ and find out the secret of a life ‘hid with Christ in God.’ The hastening of our Lord's Second Advent by *the evangelisation of the world* will also be spoken of, ‘for this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come.’

“Yours in the Lord,

“GEORGE C. GRUBB.

“CAULFIELD, August 27th, 1891.

“**All one in Christ Jesus**” (GAL. iii. 28).

In the train from Melbourne we had some capital times with an old woman, two New Zealand farmers, and an Australian ploughman. The old woman had been seeking for some time, and we believe was helped heavenward by Mrs. Millard; but the three men had their opinions of Jackson and me, and said, “A man should *work*, and not idle about

the world holding meetings." "And before long," they said, "you will get tired of it and fall away." "Look at that," said the ploughman, putting out his great hard hand, and showing me the corns in his leathery palm. "That means *work*! *Work*, sir!"

I replied, "You seem to think that no one does any work except those who can handle a spade or stand behind a plough; but you would have to look at my tongue to see how hard I work!" This raised a smile on his previously indignant face, and we had very straight talks with all three, and they seemed at least impressed.

The railway officials granted cheap return tickets for the convention, and Geelong was crowded with visitors, so that the townsfolk were considerably fluttered.

As we passed two "corner-men" on the way to a meeting, we overheard one man say to his mate, "There are a lot of religious people staying here now." "Yes," said the other; "I s'pose they are making preparations for General Booth." The lodgings were all let, the coffee palaces full, and scores were billeted in the houses of friends, who did not seem to mind how many crowded into their homes as long as they were content with simply "a shake down."

The convention was arranged on the lines of the Keswick Convention—viz., four meetings daily, 7.30 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2.30 p.m., 7.30 p.m.

Clergymen and ministers of all denominations,

with their wives and some scores of workers, came from the various parishes of Victoria, and some even from Tasmania, New Zealand, and South Australia.

A great spirit of expectation seemed uppermost in the minds of those who gathered at the meeting ; almost every one had a Bible and note-book. But, like all other seasons of reviving, many found that to get a real blessing was not always a comfortable thing at first ; while those who truly yielded to the Lord became real shouters, in fact, it was impossible for them to keep the glory in.

"It's better to shout than to doubt ;
It's better to rise than to fall ;
It's better to let the glory out
Than have no glory at all."—*Anon.*

Mr. Grubb having been asked to preside, spoke more or less at each meeting, but the addresses were from ministers of every denomination, and the question asked was not "What Church does he belong to?" but "Is he up to shouting pitch yet?" The blessing was by no means confined only to the twelve hundred people who assembled in the Mechanics' Hall, for overflows were held by different speakers, irrespective of order, but just as the Spirit of God gave a man a message. Both in the Presbyterian Church next door and in the open air souls were soaked through with the dew of God, which came down in clouds of testimony, drawn up by Him for other waiting souls. Hearts were so

won that they laid aside their customary outward garb of religion, and plunged into the ocean of His buoyant love, finding rest and refreshment as they floated on the bosom of the tide.

The topic before the minds of the people during these three memorable days was, "Apostolic Christianity," and after some of the addresses not a single soul could possibly deceive themselves into thinking that the generality of present-day Christians are living in apostolic blessing. The Spirit of God so expounded His own word that we were all as dead men, till He (whose glorious presence made us fall down before Him, and cry out for fear) laid His right hand upon us, saying, "Fear not; I am the First and the Last" (Rev. i. 17).

The realisation that our Saviour is the SAME JESUS, the SAME SON OF GOD, the latchet of whose shoes John said he was not worthy to unloose, and of whom he said, "He shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost and with fire," made many a heart cry out, "Woe is me! for I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips" (Isa. vi. 5).

Again in the solemnity of the silent prayer, at the close of these holy times, He would speak to us, and seeing the broken heart, the tender conscience, the sincere desire, the acknowledgment of the need of cleansing, He would send the Seraphim with the live coal and touch us, saying, "Lo, this *hath* touched thy lips; and thine iniquity *is taken away*, and thy sin *purged*" (Isa. vi. 7).

Then, with that assurance of complete cleansing, our purged hearts cried, "Abide with us" (Luke xxiv. 29), and He did, fulfilling before our very eyes the promise of His abundant blessing; for on the Friday morning (although about half the people had returned to their homes) a missionary meeting, to consider God's claim upon His people to "go into all the world to preach the gospel to every creature," was held in the same hall at 10.30 a.m. After a few opening words of prayer and praise Mr. Grubb called upon Mrs. Millard from China, Miss Fuller from India, and the veteran missionary, Rev. John Watsford, who for forty years has laboured among the cannibals of Fiji, to address the meeting. There were only six hundred people present at the most, but the power of God moved amongst us, and stirred our hearts within, warming us with His own ever-increasing love. We closed with prayer, and Mr. Grubb asked all to stand up who were willing to go *anywhere* that God might direct them, as a sign of their willingness. At once a number of young men and women and some clergy and ministers rose.

They again resumed their seats, and prayer was offered that the Lord would specially guide them. Mr. Grubb was then about to pronounce the Benediction, when he paused, and during that pause a slip of paper was put into his hand, passed up by a lady who wished to do something practical at once. Mr. Grubb acknowledged it by saying, "A lady has sent up £2 for the China Inland

Mission." Others forthwith followed her example with different donations, either wrapped in paper or promised in writing ; the archdeacon referred to on p. 140, giving his archidiaconal ring. Another lady sent a cheque for £100, a gentleman £50 ; several gold watches followed, also numerous articles of jewellery, from sleeve links to diamond rings. The greatest solemnity prevailed, and there were subdued expressions of " Praise God ! " " Glory to His Name ! " when another man offered a cottage and nine acres of land, and a lady and gentleman promised £120 per annum to support a missionary in the foreign field.

This scene continued altogether for half an hour, and the value of gifts in articles, money, and promises amounted to over £1,000.* We sang the Doxology, and the meeting ended. Of course the papers took it up, and headed their articles with " A Scene of Religious Enthusiasm." " Missionary Fervour." " Extraordinary Munificence." " Religious Ecstasy." While one " taking writer " of a certain daily paper declared that " the enthusiasm was almost delirious ! " while it was proved to those who were present that this reporter was not an eye-witness by his saying, " They threw into the collection-plates purses of money without ascertaining the value of the contents." This " penny a liner " sold his papers by the hundred ; but had he been

* The conveners formed a financial committee, and ultimately decided to assist various missionary societies by paying for the support of some of the out-going missionaries.

present he would have seen that there were neither plates nor collection.

The meeting in the afternoon was one for testimony. There was no difficulty to get people to stand up and say what blessing they had received, and the time was too short for the many who desired to publicly praise God.

One clergyman said that he had been asked to speak at the convention by some of the promoters ; but in his own heart he knew that he was not in possession of the Holy Ghost power for service, about which he was supposed to speak. So he had refused ; but during the convention he had claimed the blessing of purity and power, and could testify that his joy was unbounded. Glory be to God !

The clergy and ministers headed several bands of people, who, discarding all formality, marched through the streets and held various open-air meetings, when ringing testimonies and earnest appeals were made to the townsfolk who gathered round, attracted by so unusual a procedure. These meetings were no mere rush, or freak of passing excitement, but powerful by the presence of the Saviour of the world, who honoured the desire to proclaim His Name, by allowing those who testified to see souls brought into the fold from the streets of Geelong. Praise ye the Lord !

The Victorian Campaign having closed, we prepared to go on to New South Wales for the next three months ; but during the few days that we had

to spare we were again allowed to witness, and souls were saved in the ordinary routine of daily life. Particulars of most of these not having been recorded, I can only give one or two. Mr. Grubb was asked to go out to tea with a gentleman in one of the suburbs, and was driven in the buggy. He followed the coachman into the stables, and in conversation found him anxious to be right, and spoke to him very plainly, with the result that he gave his heart to God, and testified to the servants in the kitchen that he had done so. Hallelujah!

Two days later (Mrs. Millard and I were in the same house) the children asked me to play with them in the garden, which I did, and an opportunity came to drop a word to the little boy. In the evening, as I went to our room to fetch something, I heard a whistle in this boy's room; so I went in, and there he was snugly lying in his little cot. In the darkness he told me all his heart and his temptations with other boys at the day school. I told him that Jesus could change his heart, and would forgive him everything if he would ask Him, and that Jesus would keep hold of his hand when tempted (Isa. xlii. 6). After about an hour he prayed aloud, "O Lord Jesus, I do thank Thee for saving me to-night by Thy precious blood. Please keep me from doing any naughty things and from going with wicked boys, and help me to tell 'Potty' that he may give his heart to Thee too. Amen." "Amen," said I. "And who is 'Potty'?"

Oh," said he, "Potty is my little brother. His

name at school is 'Jelly-pot,' but we always call him 'Potty.'" Wishing him good-night, I left the little fellow happy in Jesus.

The number of candidates offering for work, as the result of the mission, made us feel that it certainly would be the time for a committee to be formed in Victoria for the Church Missionary Society. So the Lord led me to write the following letter, which was sent to the leading clergy and some earnest laymen,—

"MELBOURNE, Sept. 28th, 1891.

"DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—Before leaving England in April last I called upon Mr. Eugene Stock of the Church Missionary Society. He begged me to prayerfully urge the Australian friends of the Society to form a separate committee for the Colony. I feel that no better time can be chosen than the present for doing this. It has been suggested to me that there is already a very good missionary committee in connection with the China Inland Mission; but that mission only deals with China, while the Church Missionary Society sends men and women to *all the world*! This, therefore, would in no way be an opposition committee, but one which would be able to interview candidates for the various mission fields, and give them the opportunity of being sent forth without primary reference to the home committee. During the Church of England Mission in Victoria, conducted by the Rev. G. C. Grubb, and just concluded, no less than *fifty* have *definitely* offered themselves to the Lord for mission work; therefore it is necessary that some steps should be taken *at once* to enable those whom the Lord will choose to find out the way in which He will lead them. No further words need come from me but to ask if you are willing to meet with others for the purpose of forming a C.M.S. committee in Victoria. The Rev. E. J. Barnett has kindly consented to act as secretary *pro tem.*, and will receive your reply.

"Yours in the Master's service,

"EDWARD C. MILLARD."

Some time after, several clergy and laymen met, and the Victorian Committee of the Church Missionary Society was duly formed. Praise the Lord!

A special effort was made by two ladies among the young women of the Y.W.C.A. in Melbourne. Mrs. Millard assisted in this short mission, and



SPRING STREET, MELBOURNE.

many souls were led to Christ and Christians helped. One case will call forth praise to God.

One of the two ladies conducting the mission had only recently arrived from England. Before she sailed a gentleman called to see her, and said, "I hear you are going to Australia. Would you take the name of my daughter, Miss A.B.C.D.?" He told her a sad story about this lost sister, and asked

the lady to be ever on the look out for her. He could give no clue as to locality, and as Australia is not a small island, the task seemed hopeless. But "with God nothing shall be impossible" (Luke i. 37), and "all things are possible to him that believeth" (Mark ix. 23).

On the Friday evening of the mission several young women remained behind for conversation, and this lady was led to speak to a sad, careworn-looking woman. She dealt with her as the Spirit led her, and in a short time the woman knelt down and trusted the Lord to take her and deliver her from the guilt and power of sin, and then thanked Him.

The lady bade her good-night, and was about to speak to another inquirer, when the thought struck her, "I had better take the names as I deal with them." She turned back to the woman and said, "What is your name and address, please?" and the startling reply given was, "Miss A.B.C.D." She looked at her and said, "Miss A.B.C.D. of So-and-so?" "Yes." "And have you a father called X.Y.Z.?" "Yes," she replied; and, praise be to God! the father's prayers had thus been answered, and the lost sheep not only found, but lifted safely up on the shoulder of the Good Shepherd. Glory be to Him!

"Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out" (Rom. xi. 33).

"All hail the power of Jesu's name,
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him, Lord of all!"

This hymn, amid many shouts of "Hallelujah!" "Praise the Lord!" "Keep believing!" "Good-bye and God bless you!" was sung by the rejoicing crowd of kind friends who came to wish us "God-speed" and "double the blessing in Sydney," on the platform of the Spencer Street Railway Station, as the Sydney mail carried us away at half-past five in the afternoon.

Church of England Assembly. Extract from the BISHOP'S ADDRESS. Copied from *The Argus*, Tuesday, Oct. 27th, 1891:—

"I may not pass unnoticed the remarkable mission conducted in Melbourne and other places in the Colony by the Rev. G. C. Grubb and his associates. I will not apply to this movement the hackneyed word 'successful,' because time alone can prove the true success of spiritual work. In all seasons of religious excitement there is, I believe, a considerable proportion of rocky-ground hearers, who 'hear the word, and anon with joy receive it, but have no root in themselves, and by-and-by are offended.' Some run well for a time, but a malign influence hinders them. Some, like Demas, forsake Christ and His people, having loved this present world. Nevertheless, it was a truly remarkable mission. It was a phenomenon to witness the crowds who thronged the cathedral evening by evening to hear the gospel simply and earnestly proclaimed. I was thankful to hear it myself; thankful that such vast multitudes should hear it also. It was the old, old story, but men listened as though they had never heard it before. This might be partially accounted for, no doubt, by the attractiveness of the preacher's natural gifts. A commanding presence, a voice of singular power and compass, action generally graceful,

appropriate, and energetic—these natural endowments are his; and I may add to them an entire freedom from conventionality in his method and treatment. In fact, if Bishop Phillips Brooke's definition of preaching be correct, that it is 'truth through personality,' I may safely say that Mr. Grubb is a preacher of no common order. But in addition to all this we may well believe that the Holy Spirit of God accompanied the message to the hearts and consciences of many who heard it. The preacher is a man of prayer, a man of faith, a man of burning zeal for the salvation of souls, a man who may say 'This one thing I do.' As I listened I felt that I could wish all my young clergy and candidates for holy orders to hear this preacher. You are not too old to improve; you have not had time to sink so deep into conventional ruts of tone and manner and treatment as to possess neither the power nor the desire to struggle out of them. I do not wish you to imitate him—imitation is a base and ignoble device. But there was much to learn and to emulate, and I have lived long enough to know that one of the chief blessings of youth is its capacity for improvement."

"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give glory" (Psalm cxv. 1).

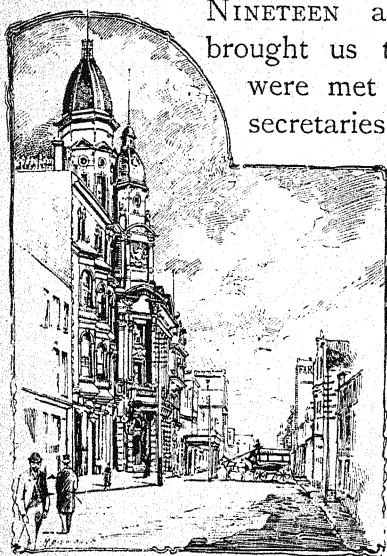
PART II.

New South Wales and Sydney Convention.

CHAPTER XII.

ST. BARNABAS, SYDNEY.

OCT. 1ST TO OCT. 17TH.



PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

NINETEEN and a quarter hours brought us to Sydney, where we were met by several clergy, the secretaries of the Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A., and other Christian friends. The first parish to be visited was that of St. Barnabas, so we were all appointed to stay in the neighbourhood of the Glebe, which is joined to the city by George Street West.

The "welcome" meeting was held at 3 p.m. on Saturday afternoon at the Y.M.C.A., when about two hundred friends were present. The Rev. J. D. Langley, who occupied the chair, gave a very hearty note of praise to God for sending Mr. Grubb to Sydney,

and then asked him to say a few opening words. He spoke from Neh. vi. 15, and pointed out Nehemiah's remedy for the mocking adversaries—viz., "Prayer."

The meeting was thrown open, and many petitions went up to God, and we were encouraged by the high tide of expectation among some of the Christians who had heard of the blessing poured out upon Victoria. Others, we were told, were afraid, and said they would not come to the mission to have their money dragged out of their pockets by hypnotism, like Mr. Grubb did at Geelong, and a report was quite commonly spread by the adversary that "Mr. Grubb had kept all the money."

The first prayer-meeting, held in the schoolroom in the evening, was hearty, several of the workers being very out-and-out men.

To hear that the church was "free"—viz., that there were *no* pew-rents—sounded healthy. Twelve hundred or more assembled on Sunday morning, when the text seemed to take a good many by surprise (Ezek. xiv. 3), "Son of man, these men have set up their idols in their heart." The attention was universal, and not a few went away solemnised by the inward inquiry, "Although a true evangelical churchman, have I been an idolater myself after all?"

In the afternoon the usual Sunday School—the largest in New South Wales—was not held; but instead we had a children's service in the church, at

which twelve hundred and forty scholars and some two hundred friends were in attendance. The late dear old Bishop of Goulburn was sitting among the children, and his snow-white hair was a striking contrast to the extreme youth of some of the infant class. A good many seemed touched, so we had an after-meeting in the schoolroom, to which about three hundred came, and we were able to praise God for many little hearts truly turned to their Saviour.

We went to the rectory to tea, where we were introduced to one of the churchwardens, and, to our delight, we found he was a really converted man. He told us that his elder brother for forty years or more had never entered a place of worship, and was called by some "an iron man"; but God had laid him aside by sickness, and while he was ill he sent for his brother. On entering the sick room he could see some decided change in him. Calling him to the bedside, the brother said, "John, . . . last Wednesday night . . . I saw Jesus . . . hanging on the Cross . . . dying for me, . . . and a voice said, . . . 'Read Luke xxiii.' . . . So I read Luke xxiii., . . . and, oh, the love of Jesus, . . . that He died for me!" A short time after that he passed away in peace. Oh, the depth of the love of God, that even when the devil has thrown away a man's life, like a sucked orange upon the dunghill of degradation, even then the Angel of Love is seen hovering near, and the soul that is "ready to perish" is pointed to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29).

Praising God for another testimony to His unchanging love, we finished our meal, and bowed our heads while the rector said, "Thank God for a good tea."

Struck by this very unusual way of returning thanks, we asked him why he said that. "Oh," said he, "I feel we ought to speak to God in such a way that the children can fully understand and appreciate." This was a great contrast to some of the lengthened forms that were gone through in some houses where we stayed, where our hosts supposed they ought to have grace, because there was a religious element at the table.

The church was crowded in the evening, with extra seats down the aisles, when, after the usual service, Mr. Grubb preached on Eph. iii. 19, "To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." He said that God never gave a commandment that He did not mean to be fulfilled; for example, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength" (Mark xii. 30), but he was afraid that there were some Christians who were ready to drive a coach-and-four through any of God's commands if it suited them to do so; adding, that it is the half-hearted and, consequently, backsliding Christians that caused very much of the scepticism and infidelity of the nineteenth century. A large number remained for a prayer-meeting in the church, when many hearts yielded to God;

one old man sitting next to Horan (having resisted the Lord all his life) trusted fully, and received assurance of salvation by faith in Him.

At the early morning meeting on Monday we followed up the point of Christians being the hindrance, taking Lam. iv. 1, "How is the gold become dim!" The scarcity of Bibles was again a terribly universal fact.

Being the anniversary of "Eight Hours' Day," before noon along the whole of the main street from the General Post Office, for a distance of over a mile, there moved one string of drays in procession; every trade being represented and headed by its own band, with banners of the most costly work, some reported to be valued at £150. Shoeblocks were busy cleaning boots; ironmongers showing their wares, while paper-hangers, linen-draper, and others, had every possible way of representing their line of business. Blacksmiths shoed a horse; bakers made and baked bread; confectioners turned out steaming hot buns; "lolly" manufacturers made sweets, and threw them to the children in the crowd; a chimney-sweep had an imitation house, with a broom out of the top of the chimney, and of course the brewers, with enormous vats of "liquid damnation," were serving beer gratis to the thirsty. This moving train of representatives wound its way some miles to an appointed place, where a fête was held, and it is said that fifty thousand people had a demonstration. Pick-pockets were apparently very successful, as no less than ten

empty purses were found at the back of one public-house. It is not surprising that the roads were filled with drunkenness, nor is the fact overstated; for it was disgusting as well as heartbreaking to see men and women of every age and position reeling about the streets, utterly unable to believe themselves. Little children crying, were hanging on to their drunken mothers' skirts, while the fathers staggered against walls and passerby.

"God have mercy, and keep us faithful," was the only thing we could say.

In the evening Jackson, who had gone early to the service, was sitting in the vestry, when a young girl of about twenty came in with a tiny withered-up little baby of five months old, which was nearly dead. The girl wanted to have it christened before it died. Jackson saw at once that there had been something wrong. He spoke to her tenderly but faithfully, reading passages of Scripture showing how God viewed such things. The poor girl completely broke down; said she did not want to sin, but really wished to be different. She cried for mercy, and the Lord spoke to her soul, and she cast herself and her little charge into the arms of her forgiving Saviour, thanking God for His mercy to her, and praying, "O God, make me a good girl!" Surely that cry must have entered the very gates of heaven.

At the close of a very blessed evening service, when at the after-meeting several Christians were given courage to acknowledge their cold and back-

sliding condition, we were talking together in the street. A young working man, dressed in his Sunday best, came along, and in a very drunken style joined in the conversation. We spoke to him about the Saviour; but he showed us his fists and said, "I have two strong working hands, and can always pay twenty shillings in the pound, and that's good enough." I was led to turn aside with this man, and told him ~~that~~ his sin would drag him down to hell unless Jesus came to his rescue. We walked about for half an hour until his head got clearer, and after a plain talk he said, "But, sir, it's no use talking to me now, because I've got some drink in me." "Oh, yes, it is," I said; "plenty of men have been saved when they were drunken. You can get saved now, here in the road."

The Spirit of God convicted him, and he became very upset. He stood still in the road, covered his face with his hands, and prayed silently; and then said, "I know I'm a sinner." So I quoted Isa. i. 18, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

He then prayed out loud, "O Lord, wash away my sins, and keep me. Amen." He told me that he had a Bible, because, said he, "when I was a small boy my mother promised me a Bible if I would learn the fifth chapter of Romans by heart; and I will go home and read it to-night." After a word of praise and prayer to God he went

down his road, and I turned back, praising the Lord for another victory for Jesus and defeat for Satan.

What rejoiced our hearts most the next day, was the testimony that my uncle gave to Mr. Grubb after the evening service. With his face beaming, he said that the Lord had saved him to the uttermost, and that "the very desire of drink was taken away when my nephew was here last April year."*

There are very few families in the whole world who have not "a skeleton in the cupboard," and I have my uncle's permission to insert part of his story, for the encouragement of those who are praying for the salvation of their lost relatives.

Some thirty years previously, wishing to make a new start after many downfalls in England, he was about to sail for the Colonies. He met my father in St. Paul's Churchyard, and there the two brothers said good-bye. My father's last words to him were, "Well, good-bye, John. If we don't meet again on earth, let us meet in heaven." A year or two after that my father died, and my poor uncle seemed to get into deeper difficulty in the Colonies than ever before.

His name was never mentioned before us as little children; but as we grew older we were told the sad story. In 1889, when we were at the Keswick Convention, the subject of "prayer for lost relatives and friends" came up, and we as a family

* See "What God hath Wrought," p. 197.

were led to send in a special request for prayer at the morning meeting. We agreed, at whatever cost to ourselves, to definitely ask the Lord to save our uncle, and wrote the petition on paper, and laid it before God to be answered for His glory. In April 1890, nine months later, the Lord having guided my steps to Sydney, I sought for the answer to our prayers. To cut a long story short, an advertisement in the paper brought me a letter, giving his address.

It can well be imagined that it was not long before I was at his humble abode, the door of which was opened to me by one whom I seemed to recognise as having some family likeness.

His condition was miserable, and yet a flash of new hope seemed to be in his face as he said, "Is it possible that one of my brother's children should have sought me out?" "Yes, uncle," I said. "Is this you?" and falling on each other's necks we completely broke down; but he asked me to come into his bare room, and I told him that "the Lord had sent me that he might be delivered from the power of the enemy." But this only seemed to discourage him, for he said, "I've had friends before who have done their best to help me. I've been to all sorts of services, meetings, and Salvation Army gatherings, but it's no use; I can't help it."

Then the Lord showed me a point, so I said, "But, uncle, haven't you been told 'never to say die,' and to 'take courage,' and 'be a man,' and

‘try again,’ or ‘pull yourself together’?” “Yes,” he said; “and it’s all of no use. I do pull myself together, and have signed the pledge many times; but after I have managed to get on for a little and got decent clothes to wear, suddenly, while I am walking down the street, the craving will come upon me, and then, if I have no money in my pocket, I would throw off my coat and sell it to the first ‘larrikin’ for as many shillings as I gave pounds for it, and so I am worse than ever. I feel that it’s no use trying; it’s too late.”

“Oh,” I said, “don’t say it is too late, but let me tell you that in this Bible God NEVER tells a man to TRY! Uncle, *it is* no use *trying*, but all through this Book God tells us to TRUST! And if you are willing to TRUST, the Lord Jesus will not only forgive you for your wicked life, but He will cleanse away from you the very desire of drink.” “But,” said he, “if that were so I might fall again if I were tempted and gave way, and I feel that I can’t do anything more. I’m bound to fall!” “No,” I said; “you must TRUST God even to do the keeping, after you have received forgiveness and cleansing. ‘*I the Lord* do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, *I will keep it* night and day.’” “That’s not in the Bible,” said he. “Oh, yes it is,” I said. “Then please read it.” So I turned to Isa. xxvii. 3, and read it again and again. That word went home to his heart, and new hope dawned. Then after a long time we summed up upon Isa. xii. 2, “Behold, *God* is my

salvation ; I will TRUST, and not be afraid : for the Lord Jehovah is my strength !"

As we knelt at the little wooden table the Lord caused the light to break in upon this dark, discouraged, struggling soul, and putting out his right hand over the table and clenching his fist, he turned his heart to the Almighty Saviour, and said, " I will TRUST, and not be afraid." How we cried with joy, and oh, what a sacred spot that was, and still remains in our memories ! And how we praised God too, for the knowledge that by *simply trusting*, a lifelong guilt was pardoned ; by *simply trusting*, the desire of the old sins was completely taken away through the cleansing blood of the Lamb of God, and that by *simply trusting*, there came the assurance that He who had promised would keep unto the end." Praise be to the God of all grace !

And now we had the joy of seeing him face to face again, eighteen months afterwards, and to see and hear his clear testimony. Glory be to God !

As I entered his house one afternoon he pointed me to a text on the wall that I had given him, and he said, " That word TRUST did it all," and the tears of gratitude came fast while we praised our God together.

At the morning meetings many requests for prayer on behalf of unconverted friends were handed to us, and as the week advanced several notes of praise were also sent in that these petitions had been abundantly answered, and that some of the most unlikely people had been led to attend the

mission, and had been converted. At the close of one of the evening services there was such manifest conviction that Mr. Grubb proposed an after-meeting for men in the schoolroom, which he conducted himself. About four hundred ladies also remained in the church, and Mrs. Millard addressed them on Isa. xlvii., continuing the train of thought brought out by Mr. Grubb while preaching on Luke xix. 5, "Zacchæus, make haste, and *come down*." Mrs. Millard spoke on the first and seventh verses: verse 1, "*Come down*, and sit in the dust, O virgin daughter of Babylon, sit on the ground," and verse 7, "And thou saidst, I shall be a lady for ever."

Many were convicted of pride and unwillingness to "humble themselves under the mighty hand of God"; but the Lord won their hearts, and although quite late when we went away, the broken hearts were healed and the sorrow turned into joy. Every day the opportunities for personal dealing increased, and souls were brought through on every side.

In going to and from the services also, in omnibus or tram, God-given opportunities of witnessing were blessed. Jackson was riding next the driver of an omnibus one morning, when he was led to give two little books, one to the driver and one to a young man next to him. The driver said, "I suppose I shall find something in this that I have not heard before? Knowledge is good, and it's no weight to carry." So he put it in his pocket. "Well," said Jackson, "if you get all that that little book talks about you will be the happiest man driving a 'bus!" "There's

only one thing that keeps me from being real happy, as I know of," said the driver. "What is that?" asked Jackson. "Why, I ain't single." So Jackson said, "Is it not a good thing to be single? Don't you believe that God wants us to be single in all our desires toward Him?" "Yes, I do; but yer see I ain't single!" "Oh, you're married, you mean!" "Yes, and have a large family." "Well, isn't your wife a good one?" "Yes, she be; but what with her and the family, I work, and work, and work, and get no better off; and I ain't happy." "Do you trust God?" "Trust God! Yes, this many a year." "Well, it must be a queer sort of trust by the look of you; you look miserable enough! Do you know that your sins are forgiven?" "Well, now you've asked me a question that I can't exactly answer, and say that I do." "You have often asked God to forgive you?" "Yes, night and morning I do; I always says my prayers." "What good have your prayers done you if you don't get what you ask for?" "That's true; but I know they've done me some good, because I've been kept from many a sin by the thoughts of these prayers." "But you don't get your prayers properly answered. God says, If you will ask Him, for Christ's sake, to forgive you your sins He will do so. Now, do you want to please God?" "That I do, sir." "Well, you ask Him to take away your sins." "I have done so, I tell you, night and morning." "Then, if you have trusted Him to do what you ask, they

are forgiven!" "Ah! you've got me there, sir; I see I can't say, 'I know He *has*.' I can say, 'I know He *can*.'" "Believe that He does just now take your sins away. If you ask and do not *believe*, then you make God a liar." "No, I don't do that, sir." "Then do not doubt God's word. Believe that He does, and then thank Him that He has done so." "Well, sir, I do thank Him, and hope He does do it just now." "Don't *hope*, friend, but TRUST and believe now." "Oh, I never saw it in that light before, sir; I *will*." "Good-night; I have to get down here." "Good-night, sir."

Jackson, Horan, and I had occasion to go into the city one morning, and as we wanted a particular book we asked the Lord to guide our steps to the right shop. As we passed a certain stationer's we all three felt constrained to go in, and Jackson said to the man behind the counter, "Have you a book called the 'Three Friends of God'?" "No," said he, "I have not." I said, "Are *you* a friend of God?" "Well, I can't say that," said the man sadly. "He wants to be your best Friend, if you will let Him; and we speak of Him to you because He has washed away our sins, and He is *our* best Friend, and He has made us three friends of His." The man thanked us for our words to him, and later on in the week, Jackson was passing the same door, and was led to go in to buy some stationery. "Excuse me," said the man, "but are you not one of the three gentlemen who asked me about the 'Three Friends of God'?" "Yes," said

Jackson. "I have not been able to forget that question your friend asked me, 'Are *you* a friend of God?' I have been baptised, and confirmed, and go to church, and take the sacrament, but——" "Well," said Jackson, "will you take eternal life from God, as His gift to you through Jesus?"

The man hesitated. "Have you ever *asked* God for eternal life?" "Yes, sir, I have asked ; but——" "Well, then, TAKE, and BELIEVE, and THANK." After a moment of silence Jackson saw that the man was praying, and presently he said, "Now, have you taken eternal life through Jesus Christ?" "I have," said the man ; and shaking hands over the counter, they praised God together.

The Lord also allowed us to have a peep at the work among the Chinese, which is chiefly carried on under the direction of the Ven. Archdeacon King. We attended a farewell gathering, at which we were asked to take part, in St. Andrew's schoolroom, and those interested in the Chinese may be glad to read the newspaper report of this meeting, as it will give some idea of what is being done among these people in Sydney. Extract from the Sydney press :—

"A complimentary tea-meeting was given to the Rev. Archdeacon King at St. Andrew's schoolroom, Pitt Street, last evening, in recognition of his efforts on behalf of the Chinese of the city and the mission that is carried on in St. Andrew's schoolroom. The Primate presided, and there was a large gathering of members and friends of the mission. Amongst those present were the Dean, Mr. Quong Tart, and the Rev. Soo Hoo Ten, pastor of the mission. The proceedings having been opened with religious

exercises, the Primate expressed his pleasure at being present, and said that they had met to honour one to whom honour was due. The name of the Rev. Archdeacon King was known to all the Chinese, and as he was going away from Sydney for a time they desired to give him a token of their affection. The Primate's remarks were interpreted to the Chinese portion of the audience by the Rev. Soo Hoo Ten. Mr. Quong Tart then addressed the meeting, and expressed the affection borne towards the Rev. Archdeacon King by the Chinese for his efforts on their behalf. He presented the Rev. Archdeacon King with an illuminated address from the members and friends of the Chinese church. In it they expressed their grateful sense of the faithful counsel and guidance he had given to their minister and themselves for many years past, and hoped that he would return fully recovered in health, and would be long spared to continue his work. The Rev. Archdeacon King, in responding, said he felt exceedingly thankful for the kindness which had influenced them in presenting him with the address. The Christian Chinese in this community were a united body. He wished that, instead of one clergyman who could preach to the Chinese in their own language, there were several, as he believed that every man should have the gospel preached to him in his own tongue."

There being such hundreds of children in the neighbourhood we had two missions for them, Jackson and Mrs. Millard being in one schoolroom, and Horan and I in another. They came in great numbers, and there were so many whose hearts were won by the love of Jesus that it was impossible to count them.

Over two hundred joined the "Scripture Union" during the week, and Horan assisted the local secretaries by taking the names and addresses, furnishing them with cards. The last Sunday was greatly blessed, and we were all kept busily engaged. Beside the usual morning service and

afternoon children's gathering, there was an overflow held in the schoolroom at 7 p.m. by Mrs. Millard and Jackson, while Mr. Grubb preached in the church.

Horan and I were at the Y.M.C.A., when we spoke to about four hundred young men. The Lord was working mightily among them, and when we asked any who desired to remain behind, about thirty did so. Sitting in the front row were two men, a father and a son. We were specially interested at their remaining, as we knew that they were relatives of one of the members of the mission party. To our delight, when we asked those who would receive Christ to-night to hold up their hands, both father and son raised their hands, and resisted their Saviour no longer. Several others also received blessing, but we were full of praise over these two, because they had been the subjects of many prayers sent up to God from the Home-land, and now they had been led into the Y.M.C.A. Hall, and there converted to God.

Some three weeks after that the son was going to church one Sunday evening, when he had it laid upon his heart to go to his room and pray for his brother, who had already started for church. While on his knees he prayed the Lord to bring him back to that very room and lead him to give his heart to God. The devil taunted him, and tried to make him doubt and think it impossible; but the Lord encouraged him to believe. He had not been praying and believing for long when the door opened and

in walked his brother ; they communed together, and in half an hour that soul was in the kingdom. Praise be to God !

At his office, a few days later, he was telling an agnostic the story how the Lord saved his brother, and the agnostic said, "What *do* you mean ? You say you prayed to God, and God said something to you, and the devil said something else. What do you mean ? I don't understand about God *speaking* to you like that." "Oh," said he, "before I was converted (a little while ago) I was like you : I lived far from God, and could not hear His voice ; but now I live with God I can hear His voice when He speaks to me."

Several people stayed away from the mission because they were afraid of being asked for money ; and one miser was heard to say, "After what I read about the Geelong Convention, I'll take good care they get none of my money ! If I go to any of the meetings I'll lock up my money before I go, and throw away the key." Mr. Grubb heard of this, and referred to it in his sermon one night, saying that we did not want any one's money, and that we never had any collections ; neither had the Geelong Convention anything to do with the mission. The convention was brought about by Christians of all denominations, who gathered together for spiritual blessing ; and of their own accord, on the day of the missionary meeting, those present gave money and other things for "the evangelisation of the heathen." And said he, "If the miser is here to-night, I would

say to you, You may keep your threepenny bit for yourself, and none of us will try and take it from you." The following morning's post brought a letter from a man, who said, "I am the miser to whom you referred last night, but I did not say I would not bring any money; I only said I would not bring more than I could afford to give, so enclose my threepenny bit (*viz.*, £5) for the extension of the work, and do so gladly!" But the really amusing part of this story is, that this was not the man to whom Mr. Grubb referred at all; so probably there is more than one miser in Sydney.

On October 16th David arrived from Melbourne, where he had been led to stay on for a few meetings, and also for some days of quiet at a friend's house, as the Lord had laid it on his heart to write one or two tracts.* It was good to see his black shining face again; but we were sorry to have to say good-bye to Mr. Campbell, who at this period of the mission was led to return to England, and Mr. Grubb asked Bidlake to take his place, the Lord having released him from his former claims.

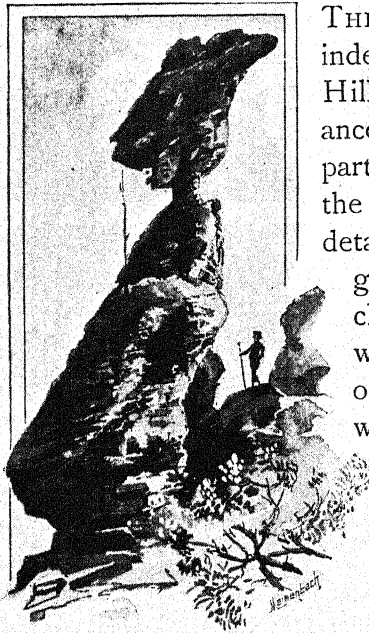
"The Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save . . . but your iniquities have separated you and your God" (*Isa. lix. 1, 2*).

* To be had of E. E. Campbell, 14, Sturt Street, Ballarat, Australia, and Marshall Bros., 5A, Paternoster Row, London.

CHAPTER XIII.

ST. ANDREW'S, SUMMER HILL.

OCT. 17TH TO OCT. 31ST.



BOTTLE ROCK,
COONABARRABRAN, N.S. WALES.

THIS attractive suburb may indeed be called Summer Hill, for it has the appearance of a well-cared-for part of the old country, the houses being mostly detached, with well-kept gardens and a generally clean and bright look, while the church has been only recently built, and was not quite completed when we were there. The house in which some of us were invited to stay was surrounded by lovely tea-roses, all in full bloom, which were

growing luxuriantly on the palings, while the garden itself was gay with many varieties of pelargonium and geraniums of great size, some plants being four to five feet high.

On our way from the station the vicar showed us the church and schoolroom. In the latter building David suddenly began walking up and down on the forms. We asked him what he was doing, and he said, "I am claiming souls, and I have scriptural authority, 'Every place where the soles of your feet shall tread *shall be yours!*'" (Deut. xi. 24). Then going into the vestry and gathering round the table, we united in prayer and praise.

At the introductory prayer-meeting about one hundred were present, and the message to our hearts was the latter part of Ezek. xxxvi., from verse 17 to the end. Mr. Grubb said that now, in this nineteenth century, the Lord's name is still being profaned by His own people, so that the onlooking world still says with surprise, "These are the people of the Lord!" Worldliness seems to be one of the chief characteristics of present-day church-goers.

We were encouraged, however, to hear that from this parish the first lady missionary for China in the China Inland Mission went out under Mr. Hudson Taylor's direction. We were also told that several of the young people, and even small children, date their conversion from the visit of Mr. Hudson Taylor.

The church was crowded on Sunday for all three services, many, no doubt, coming out of curiosity, having read the reports in the daily papers of the other missions. Just before the commencement of the children's service in the afternoon Mrs. Millard,

who was sitting in the congregation, overheard a new "solution" of the reports about the Geelong Convention. Speaking to a woman in front of him, a man said, "Of course you've heard all about this man Grubb, and read in the papers how he got the money and jewellery out of the people at Geelong?" "Yes," said the woman; "was it true?" "I've found out at last," said the man, "that the whole thing was a hoax; he made it all up, and then got it put into the papers, so that the people might be attracted to the services when he came to Sydney!"

Then the service began, and the Lord blessed the word spoken to the lambs of His flock, so that a number of them remained behind to ask Jesus to forgive them their sins. Among these were two little boys, who were quite broken down; and as we were leaving the schoolroom, where the after-meeting had been held, the younger one, only five years of age, was still crying, and I said to him, "What is the matter? Have you asked Jesus to forgive you?" "Yes," said the boy, sobbing. "Well, and did Jesus forgive you?" "No," he sobbed again; so I took him aside and told him how Jesus *promised* to forgive if we would only *ask* Him, and that He *never* breaks His promises!

Then he knelt down in the schoolroom, and I said, "Now ask Jesus, and tell Him all about your trouble." So the little fellow said, with broken sentences, "I took . . . piece . . . in-da-rubba, please Jesus, . . . forgive me!" So I said, "Now you have told Jesus about it, thank Him for forgiving you;"

so he shut his eyes and said cheerfully, "Thank you, Jesus," and got up quite happy. There was a man waiting, and I said, "Is this your little boy?" "Yes," he said, rather angrily. So I spoke to him, but he only moved off, grumbling about "cramming religion down children's throats." I found afterwards that Mr. Grubb had been speaking to him about his own soul for about a quarter of an hour, and that he had left him angry, so that he vented his rage on me.

The church was so full in the evening that we were obliged to have an overflow for young men in the schoolroom, all the seats having been given up to the ladies. Several of these young fellows came out grandly, and we had just finished, when the people from the church came trooping in, and Mr. Grubb addressed those who were anxious to seek the Lord. It was a very solemn time, and many souls, both men and women, passed from darkness to light.

The early morning prayer-meeting on Monday was remarkable, and we felt great freedom of spirit, while ladies as well as men opened their mouths in prayer to God. This was encouraging beyond measure for the beginning of a mission, as in most places the people did not seem even to know what was meant by a prayer-meeting. The Lord led some of us into a certain shop during the morning, and after making our purchases I said to the good-natured-looking salesman, "Are you rejoicing in the Lord?" "Oh, I suppose we are all doing that."

"Are *you*?" said I. "I don't think *all* are doing so, because we see a good many faces as long as a fiddle." "But," said the man, "excuse me, sir, I would never have taken *you* to be a religious man." "Oh," said I, "I'm sorry for that. Why would you not take me for a Christian?" "Because you're too happy, and all the Christians I meet can only talk about hell fire and damnation." "Well," said I, "that is exactly contrary to what you said just now—that *all* were *rejoicing* in the Lord." This led on to further conversation, and we believe the Lord blessed the word spoken.

Many children had been coming to us, saying that their parents told them it was all nonsense for them to say they were converted; and it was laid upon us to invite the parents to a meeting at the beginning of this mission, in order to come to some understanding with them. So at 3 p.m. they came. After prayer that we might be specially guided by the Holy Spirit, we referred to Luke ii. 44, "They (*i.e.*, Joseph and Mary), *supposing* Jesus to have been in the company, went a day's journey." This thought had been suggested to me by Mr. Grubb in one of his addresses. We pointed out that many parents have their children christened in infancy, and go through the very solemn service without *believing*, and without the smallest intention of renouncing either the world, the flesh, or the devil, and live themselves such inconsistent lives that the children grow up following the *example* rather than the words of the parents. And then

the parents "suppose that because the children were christened they are all right!" The Lord gave me three reasons why children are not converted.

(a) *Parents are double-faced.*

They openly laugh at children's naughtiness if it happens to tickle their fancy as being funny, and then punish the child. They say grace at meals when there happens to be a clergyman at the table, but at no other time. They have family prayers when a religious aunt stays in the house, lest she should be shocked. They read their Bibles too, and set the children sundry tasks of learning Scripture by heart, just to appear before this relative that there is Christian training; but that ceases when the aunt leaves.

(b) *Parents do not agree about obedience.*

The father says, "No," to "more jam," and the mother quietly puts a little on the child's plate when father was looking the other way, and the child sees there is a way of getting what it wants, even if it has been told NO. Then perhaps the father comes home tired from business, and can't be bothered with the children; and so to get rid of them tells them they may do things which the mother has refused over and over again, or even vents his feelings unjustly by cuffing the ear of his importunate five-year-old boy.

(c) *Parents tell lies.*

To induce the children to take some nasty powder, they go to the child in bed and say, with an attractive-looking spoonful of jam, "Now, dear, nicey

nicey," and the child opens its mouth and in trustful innocence takes the jam, only to find a disgusting powder at the bottom of the spoon.

Parents who deceive like that in small things may expect their children to grow up liars and deceivers.

Then the society lady indulges in "white fibs," so-called. Several friends have been invited; we will suppose, to an "At Home," and the children are to be shown off in their best dresses. Everything is ready for the arrival of the guests, when the mother, on looking out of the window, sees some one coming whom she does not want on this particular occasion, and she says, in the hearing of the children, "Oh, bother! there is that Mrs. So-and-so. I wish she would not come just now." The door opens, and the servant announces "Mrs. So-and-so." "Oh, how do you do, Mrs. So-and-so?" with a welcome smile. "Delighted to see you! How are you to-day?" etc. etc.; and, after a little more, "Now *do* stay and spend a long afternoon! We are quite free, only one or two friends coming to call, and my husband will be home at six o'clock. Will you wait?" "No, thank you; I cannot to-day." "Oh, but *do*! Won't you stay and dine with us?" She again refuses, and in a few minutes leaves the house. Her back is no sooner turned than this sincere and truthful mother of watching children says, "I'm *so* glad she didn't stay, and that she has gone before the others come." Do you think that your children will believe in your profession as a follower of the Lord Jesus when you act like that? Our *life* and *lip* must be parallel,

or the sharp eyes and ears of our children will see through the veneer of mere "profession" of faith.

Again, many children go to services specially conducted for them, and after having given their hearts to Jesus in simple faith, they run home to tell of their new-found joy, and are met with such sentences as these, "Oh, nonsense! Go and learn your lessons for to-morrow. *You* talking about being converted!" I suppose they inwardly think the children have been excited by being told sensational and pathetic stories, and so they think it is nothing. I remember in one house, where I was staying once, a little boy of about ten gave his heart to Jesus, and went and told his father, who was a Christian man, but unbelieving about children's conversion. He said to the boy, sharply, "I'll watch and see if you are converted, so you had better take care." The little fellow was quite discouraged for the time; and in that way the first seeds of doubt are often sown in the hearts of children by their own parents. Jesus said, "Whoso shall offend (or cause to stumble) one of these little ones which believe in Me, *it were better* for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea" (Matt. xviii. 6).

We closed with prayer, and several lifted up their hearts to God that they might learn of Him how to deal with their own children, while many praised God for the straight words. Some three hundred children then came in for their meeting, and it was

a true delight to speak to such well-behaved, well-instructed boys and girls. The earnestness manifest, even among the very young ones, was most encouraging.

Before the evening service we were led together into the vestry, where we had earnest prayer for the service about to commence. The Lord did indeed clothe Mr. Grubb with the Spirit, giving him great liberty as he preached from the words, "Behold a woman, . . . a sinner" (Luke vii. 37). The conviction was so deep, that no sooner was the benediction pronounced than the majority of the congregation simply fled out of the church; a few, however, remained, and we had the joy of leading some to Christ.

Bidlake was surprised to find several boys and some young men here whom he had known in another part of the Colony, and the fact of his being converted has made a lasting impression upon some unbelievers. For instance, one great "racing" man, with whom Bidlake had chummed along in days gone by, hearing of his being with us in the party, came to the mission, and among many of the things which he said was this, "Well, 'Biddy,' old chap, with all due respect to the Bible, I never could believe the account of St. Paul's conversion before; but I can now, after seeing the change in you." And, as Bidlake said to me, "It is not a very creditable reputation"—but for the glory of God and for proof of the power of the name of Jesus, he has allowed me to insert this. He also gave this

man his testimony, how the Saviour had taken complete control, and that the very desire for liquor and smoking, etc., had been taken away. The next day he met a man with whom he had spent many hours in the service of the devil, and on seeing him he rather dreaded the effect of telling him of his conversion, thinking he would only make fun of it. But he said, "Dr. —, I have been completely changed since I saw you last, and am now a converted man, and know the joy of the Lord." Looking him straight in the face, he waited to know what he would say in reply; when, to his utter surprise, he answered, "*So have I!* Six months ago God laid me aside with sickness and spoke to my soul, and I turned to Him." The two men then praised God together for plucking them "as brands from the burning," for not a year previously they would have gone hand-and-glove in sin.

The attendance at the services increased daily, and David found that so many were wanting help upon the subject of "Cleansing from all unrighteousness," and "Filling of the Spirit," that instead of speaking to them one by one he had little talks in the vestry, for those who were really anxious. Any one who came to see his black face only, was not admitted.

One night when the service was over, a gentleman, whose face I recognised, looked as if he wanted me to speak to him. I went toward him, and he at once said, "You don't remember me, do you?"

"Yes," I said; "only I am not sure of your name. But did we not meet last year on the steamship —, going to Auckland from Sydney?"* "Yes," he said; "I received great blessing from your conversation, and wrote to my father to that effect, who replied that his delight was unbounded, because he had been specially praying for me. I want to tell you," he continued, "that since then the Lord has used me for the conversion of my wife."

A lady came up just at the moment, and asked if she might have a word with me. We sat together in one of the pews, and while unburdening her heart about her difficulties she completely broke down. The Lord soon showed her that He had come "to heal the broken heart" and to "save to the uttermost," and it was not long before she yielded to the Lord, and went home fully trusting.

My old friend had witnessed this interview and heard the conversation. He was much struck with the wonderful way in which (although a stranger to this lady) I had been led by the Lord to hit straight upon the whole cause of her difficulty. It proved to him that it was not force of argument nor man's wisdom on my part, but wholly the prompting of the Spirit of God, who knows the secrets of the heart. And he said, "Oh, brother, I would give anything to be able to speak to other souls, but my tongue seems tied at most times." I said, "Are you willing to go *all* lengths *with Jesus*?" "Yes," he said, "if God will only use me for others." I could

* See "What God hath Wrought," p. 199.

smell tobacco about him, and said, "You smoke, do you not?" "Yes," he said; "do you think it wrong?" "No," I said; "I would not judge any man in that way. But there are two things connected with smoking and being an 'out-and-out' Christian.

"(1) Critical, worldly people watch those who profess to be 'out-and-out,' and they say, 'These Christians *talk* a great deal about Christ satisfying, but they cling pretty closely to their pipe sometimes.' So that it is often very questionable testimony.

"(2) Many a man has been told by the Lord to lay aside his pipe—which is a very small thing to many—to prove the man as to whether he is really willing to obey in everything; for the Holy Ghost power asked for by *so* many is given 'to them that *obey Him*' (Acts v. 32); and God proves us by saying, 'Prove Me now herewith' (Mal. iii. 10), 'and bring in *all the tithes*, and then see if I will not pour out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.' God proves us by asking for *entire surrender*, and we prove God's promise by *entirely surrendering*, and those who have yielded their all can testify to the abundant blessing."

"I see," said my friend. "I will ask God to make everything plain and will obey, and then He will give me the power, and use me for winning souls."

We knelt together, and poured out our hearts before God; and yielding to God as far as he knew,

he got up and went home, determined to "obey" at all cost.

On Friday evening, after Mr. Grubb had been preaching on "Take you a lamb" (Exod. xii. 21), many remained to wait on the Lord. We retired to the schoolroom, and there people of all ages and varying positions in life were led to Christ. Just as we were leaving (nearly every one having gone home, as it was past 10 o'clock) I noticed a miserable-looking man sitting alone. I felt constrained to go to him, and said, "Well, brother, are you still in difficulty?" But he only stared in front of him, and made no reply. After saying a few other things, but receiving no response, it made me realise how utterly dependent we are upon the Lord for the right words. So I silently asked for the needed wisdom. In a few moments the message came, and I said, "Brother, you are afraid to trust the Lord to save you to-night, because you think you'll only fall to-morrow, and you are too honest a man to be a hypocrite."

"Who told you that?" the man asked, turning round and looking as sharp as his voice sounded. "Well," I said, "never having seen you before, and not knowing who you are, you will believe me when I say that the Lord told me that just now?" pointing out to him that the Lord saves from the past, and saves from present temptations, and that He has promised to deliver us from the fear of either man or woman, and that He will "keep" every moment. He said he would "*Trust*, and not be

afraid" (Isa. xii. 2), and kneeling down with me he prayed, and thanked God for the power of the redeeming blood, and asked the Lord to keep him.

Two days afterwards he came up to me and said, "It's true, sir." "Well, what is it?" I said. "Why, sir, my *fear* was that my wife would be the difficulty; but when I told her where I had been, she seemed glad, and I believe she is now on the right road too, sir. And as for the other cabmen on my stand, I will trust not to be afraid of them either." Praise God!

The children brought quantities of most beautiful flowers as a thank-offering for blessing received in their little hearts, and we asked the Lord what we were to do with them. On Saturday morning it was suggested that we should take them to the children's hospital; so two boys came with us, and we entered the "Glebe Hospital." When going into the wards, the two boys carrying the flowers piled up on a long piece of paper, shaped liked a hammock, the delight of the children was inexpressible. Some of the nurses here have also received great blessing from the mission, and testified that they are now interested in the souls as well as in the bodies of the little sufferers who come in to be cared for.

The testimonies to the power of God in saving, sanctifying, and enduing with power for service, or delivering from fear of what men think or say, were given in the church either by letter or by word of mouth on the last night. An old gentleman

told me that what had caused him to turn to the Lord was a message in one of the sermons that came home to his heart. Mr. Grubb had said, "Are there not many here to-night who are TIRED OF THEIR SINS? 'Twenty-years' sinner, are you not tired of *your* sins?" and, said the gentleman, "I looked round the church and thought, 'There are a good many twenty-years' sinners here.' But he went on, 'Thirty-years' sinner, are *you* not tired of your sins?' and I thought, that reduces the number. 'Forty years' sinner, are *you* not tired of your sins?' That, I knew, made the message come home to about a score in the congregation. 'Fifty-years' sinner, are *you* not tired of your sins?' And as he said that I thought, 'There are only half a dozen to whom that applies,' and I wondered if he would say more, and felt it was terribly near when he said, 'Sixty-years' sinner, are *you* not tired of your sins *yet*?' And when he said that, I felt it was God's message *for me*, for I knew I was the only one present over sixty years of age." The Spirit of God did His work, and the old sixty-years' sinner wept his way to the feet of Jesus, and immediately followed Him "in the way," and is serving Him with "joyfulness and with gladness of heart" (Deut. xxviii. 47).

I had heard Mr. Grubb preach that same sermon before, but in each case he had stopped at *fifty*-years' sinner.

Mr. Grubb told us, that on coming down from the pulpit on Sunday night he touched a young man on

the shoulder, and asked him to remain for the after-meeting. But he said his headache was too bad, and Mr. Grubb said, "If you get your sins forgiven, your head will get better." He went out; but before going to bed Mr. Grubb felt he ought to go and see this young fellow, and was directed to the house, where he found him and five other young men fiercely discussing the sermon as they stood in the hall smoking. They told Mr. Grubb they had thought of coming to see him, but their father said it was too late to disturb him. Four of them eventually trusted the Lord.

Mr. Grubb, Horan, and Bidlake went off for a flying visit to Cootamundra (where at one time Bidlake used to live), and had a few services, which were owned of God, and some souls were led out of darkness into the light. As they were on the railway platform, starting for their short mission, two gentlemen came up to Mr. Grubb and handed him £10 and £5 respectively, which exactly covered the expenses. This is only one of the many instances in which the Lord provided for the mission through the liberality of unsolicited donors.

Meanwhile the rest of us stayed with our kind friends at Summer Hill, and spent the time reading our Bibles and praising God wherever He happened to lead us. One day, for instance, Jackson and I were led to the city, and entered a bootshop. We were kept waiting an unusually long time, but we sat on the chairs in the shop and praised the Lord, knowing that our "times are in His hands." As we

came away we found we were so late, that in order to catch a certain train we should have to ride to the station in an omnibus ; and one passing at that moment, we were constrained to jump on.

A young boy of thirteen was sitting there, so we entered into conversation, and Jackson spoke very plainly to him. And he said, " But, sir, though I *want* to be a Christian, I can't keep away from sin." Before we reached the station that young seeker found Him who is the Overcomer and Keeper of every trusting soul. We thought, " That is a lesson for us to remember (if kept waiting anywhere), to praise the Lord instead of grumbling, and let the Lord arrange the time, so that He may bring us into contact with the souls to whom He would have us deliver His messages."

The same evening, at the invitation of the Rev. T. B. Tress, in whose parish we were to hold the next mission, David, Jackson, Mrs. Millard and I went to the Sydney Temperance Hall. It was the evening for the Annual Social Reunion of the Church of England Temperance Society. Owing, however, to the prevalence of influenza only a very few of the members arrived ; and as the tea was provided, and all things " were now ready," but those who had " been bidden had not come," Mr. Tress suggested going " out into the highways and hedges, and compelling them to come in." The " workers " started off, and to every man, woman, or youth they met, who appeared likely to be glad of a meal, they said, " Have you had your tea ? " and if the answer was

in the negative such were duly brought in, and before long the hall was filled. After the tea Mrs. Millard sang, "Have you any room for Jesus?" all joining in the chorus. We then had prayer and a regular straight "*gospel* temperance" meeting. Several spoke, including Black David. At the close of the meeting we asked any who were obliged to go to do so, and then continued with those who remained.

Twenty testified to having received blessing during this evening, including one able-bodied seaman, who said he had been seeking for salvation for a long time, but had not been able to see Christ as his Saviour till that night. Some weeks later a man called upon me and said, "You remember A. B., who trusted the Lord at the temperance meeting? Well, sir, he stood to his colours well aboard his ship, but I heard this morning that in a gale he was washed overboard."

A gentleman and his wife, who were "globe trotting," were led into this same meeting by seeing the advertisement in the paper, and the lady trusted the Lord. The following afternoon she and her husband called on us, and he also yielded to the Lord, and together they praised God for bringing them to the hall on the previous night. When they left England they had a strong feeling that God was going to bless their journey, which was really for bodily health, and now they were able to say that their souls were for ever safe in His keeping.

One instance in daily life will suffice to show the ignorant state of a very large proportion of a certain class of people. To say that it is a rare thing to find a man carrying a Bible is not remarkable ; to say that hundreds do not possess a copy is somewhat startling ; but for a man of six-and-twenty years of age, who is not a Roman Catholic, to say that he never had one in his hand, shows a lack somewhere in the Christian work in Sydney. While waiting at the railway terminus one afternoon a small boy passed, carrying a pickle bottle by a piece of string round the neck. It contained some carp he had caught, but the string broke, the bottle smashed, and the carp wriggled on the platform, while a porter got a "billy,"* and filling it with water, rescued the fish. A signalman just off duty witnessed the proceedings, and a volley of oaths poured out of his mouth. Wondering if the Lord would have me say a word, I waited, and the man still standing near me, I turned to him and said, "Do you get any satisfaction out of swearing?" "No," said the man, somewhat surprised at the sudden question from a stranger. "I didn't swear, did I?" "Yes," I said ; "but very probably you are so accustomed to use these words that you don't mean anything by them, or think it peculiar." Then the question of salvation came up, and he said, "I'd like to be a Christian as well as anything else. I believe in God and all that, but I've never had a Bible in my hand, and am afraid I don't know

* Tin can for boiling water.

anything that is in it, as I've always been at work, and never went to a church or chapel in my life. I have heard three sermons though. One of our chaps is a Christian,—a fireman—and he holds a meeting in the open air up Newtown Road now and again. I've been to a couple of funerals, too." I quoted John iii. 16, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And he said he did not remember ever hearing that verse before. In his younger days he never went to Sunday School, as there was not one near enough when he lived with his parents.

He gladly accepted a copy of the New Testament, and said he was much obliged for what had been said.

This conversation only strengthened the feeling that the Lord wants us to be ready "in season and out of season to preach the Word," because scores of Christians hang about stations grumbling at the lateness of the trains, and complaining to the porters, while they might be seeking to lead some of them to the knowledge of the truth, which would be a very quick way of passing half an hour, and a good deal better witnessing than running down the officials.

"Both young men and maidens; old men and children: let them praise the Name of the Lord" (Psalm cxlviii. 12, 13).

CHAPTER XIV.

ST. PETER'S, WOOLLOOMOOLOO.

OCT. 31ST TO NOV. 14TH.

THE cabman who had been converted at the mission refused point blank to take any payment for driving us and our luggage to the station on our departure for the next scene of action. Mr. Grubb and the others having returned from Cootamundra, we all met at the Sydney Station, and hired a cart to bring on the "mission party kit." The Lord led Mr. Grubb and me to mount the cart (the others going by tram), and we drove round, leaving the things at the several houses where we were to stay. Mr. Grubb spoke to the carman, who said he came from London, and was a backslider. He seemed very miserable, and we spoke to him earnestly of the need of immediately coming back to the Lord. He said he would turn over in his mind all we had said, and that he would come to the mission services. He kept his promise, and subsequently told us he had returned to the Lord.

There was a warm-hearted spirit in the opening prayer-meeting, and we were specially reminded in

Mr. Grubb's address on 1 Sam. xvii. 45-7, that "The battle is the Lord's." He pointed out that David went against the giant, not only with the sling (faith) and five smooth stones (the Word of God), but overcame him *in the name* of the Lord of hosts—the God of the armies of Israel. This parish being very thickly populated (thirty thousand), we felt that to go against that great company with sword and spear would indeed mean failure. We all felt too the tremendous need of being constantly reminded of our great Captain, lest at any time we should be tempted to think that the preaching of one, or the testimony of another, or the earnestness of a third, was the cause of victory—"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto *Thy Name* give glory" (Psalm cxv. 1).

About one thousand people attended the morning service on Sunday, November 1st, when Mr. Grubb preached on Hosea xiv. 1-4, "Backsliding." On our way to the children's service in the afternoon we passed about fifteen hundred to two thousand children marching to a Roman Catholic confirmation service; and we are sorry to find that the Christian people here seem to see no reason why they should take any steps to enlighten these "blind led by the blind," before they "fall into the ditch." But when it is a known fact, that to gain their purpose these priests and nuns *alter* Scripture, the matter is serious beyond question.

For instance, children have cards given to them with a picture of the Virgin Mary, and underneath

the words, "Suffer the little children to come unto me!" (*i.e.*, the Virgin), and signed by the priest. Then again, they also misquote John iii. 16, and say, "*Mary* so loved the world, that *she* gave *her* only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Let these facts speak for themselves.

After the children's service, at which there was breathless attention, about twenty-five workers went to the "Domain" for an open-air meeting. This park is a general Sunday promenade and rendezvous, in which enthusiasts of all sorts propound their various theories. You will see one crowd listening to an atheist, and not far off an Anglo-Israelite will be heard preaching. Parliamentary speakers seek to win the support of the masses, while the Salvation Army have a prominent corner. On this particular Sunday about two hundred men and a few women gathered at the sound of the harmonium. Hymn-books were passed round, and there was general attention all through the service. Addresses were given by Mrs. Millard, Jackson, Horan, and Bidlake. There was a spirit of conviction among many, but, so far as we know, only a few yielded to the Lord; but, praise God for every single soul brought in!

Similar open-air services were held in the streets each evening, which were greatly blessed of God. On Monday night, while Bidlake was starting for the "open-air," he was detained, and just as he left the vicarage, a few minutes later, a man came up

to him, and asked to be directed to the church. Bidlake said he would show him if he would accompany him first of all to the "open-air." He did so gladly, and when he was asked, "Do you know anything of the Lord Jesus as your Saviour?" he said, "I did once." "Then you are a backslider?" "Yes. I have travelled two hundred and fifty thousand miles (as a ship's steward) during the last few years, and all the time have tried to get away from God; but I can't. But tell me," said he, earnestly, "is it possible to grieve away the Spirit of God?" He was assured that the very fact of his now having a desire to return was a sure proof of God's willingness to receive him; for it was when the prodigal was a *great way off* the father saw him returning, and ran, and had compassion, and forgave him. The poor fellow (whom Bidlake found out had been a steward on a ship on which he had himself taken a voyage) then broke down, and returned to his heavenly Father as he walked along the street, and trusted Him to restore him from his backsliding. So he was able to sing God's praises with the others, who had already begun their meeting.

On Friday evening at the service there seemed to be a solemnity and power that could be felt. From beginning to end the expectation of the people was great, and all listened with breathless attention to the sermon on "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?" (Gen. xxii. 7). The attention of the congregation was fixed by the presence of God, and souls bowed under the power of the

Holy Ghost, not by eloquence nor wisdom of words, but by the simplicity of the gospel, through the resistless Spirit. When the sermon closed no hymn was sung, but we knelt before God in silence, and after the prayer and benediction quietly went away. As the people moved out they seemed to walk on tiptoe, as if it were holy ground. There was no talking at the doors, no hurrying out, but an unmistakable solemnity that left a lasting impression upon us all.

Some of us were standing in the yard afterwards, and seeing a good many lingering near, we found on speaking a word to them that they had either yielded to God during silent prayer or were anxious to do so before they went home, and in each case the Lord met with the seeking souls.

Mrs. Millard went two or three times to speak to the women in "The Church Home." On one of these occasions no less than sixteen women came forward and knelt at the table, as a sign that they yielded themselves to the Lord, not only to save their souls, but to snap the chain of besetting sin. Some of them were completely changed in appearance, and, strange to say, one woman, some days afterwards, was informed by a solicitor that she had come into a fortune. She immediately communicated with the Rev. T. B. Tress, saying that now she desired to live only for God, and would he take charge of the money, and assist her in spending it for the glory of God.

A large number of young men came simply out of

curiosity to see Bidlake, as they had heard of his conversion and presence in Sydney. One old racing chum of his broke down, and gave his heart wholly to God. Several days afterwards he converted his betting-book into a text-book, turning it upside down and beginning at the other end. Seeking for guidance as to how best to testify to his business companions, he was led to one man, who said to him (not knowing of his conversion), "Well, old man, what's the tip?" "Oh, I can give you the tip this morning," said he, and pulling out his book, he turned up John iii. 16, and began to read; then Heb. xii. 1, 2, "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus." It is not necessary to explain that after this it was soon known that he was a converted man.

At the first prayer-meeting we had been led to ask the Lord to bring in some of the worst cases, thinking of drunkards and poor fallen creatures; and among others the Lord brought us into contact with one whom we should never have suspected of being one of the worst cases. As Mrs. Millard and I were about to leave our house to go to town to buy some Bibles, a knock came to the door, and a lady asked to see us. She was dressed in deep mourning, but had a strange hard look on her face. She had called, she said, because she heard that we had been to the city of —, and she was anxious to know if, while there, we had happened to meet

her son, for she had just received the news of his death from cholera. We had not met him, as we left the city before he went there, but we questioned her, so as to try and comfort the mourner. She was in a very rebellious state of soul, and blamed God and almost blasphemed, denouncing the Bible, and saying most awful things about God. She informed us that she believed in spiritualism, and intended to consult the spirits as to where her son was.

The Lord then made us speak to her about her own soul. This started a fresh current of abuse from her lips, till having fully spoken her mind as to her opinions of God, she stood up erect and defiant. Then the Lord gave me this message, "Mrs. —, it amounts to this: God will never force you to love Him, but if you want to be saved you must come to God through Jesus Christ, for Jesus said, '*I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me*'" (John xiv. 6). "But," said she, "I don't believe that God will eternally punish those who are not saved." I replied, "It does not matter what you and I think or say. God says that we can only come by Jesus, and I solemnly say to you, in the name of God, that unless you acknowledge yourself a lost sinner and trust in the Son of God you will be damned, for the Lord Himself said, '*He that believeth not shall be damned*.'" We then asked her to pray with us, but as she refused we went down on our knees, and prayed for her while she stood. We never felt the presence of Satan more powerfully in our lives, and

as she spoke against God she seemed quite unlike a human being. When she said good-bye I showed her to the door. Suddenly she seemed quite softened, and tears came into her eyes ; and I said, "Remember, that whatever we have said that may have seemed hard, it has *not* been an attack *against you* ; but we feel that the Spirit of the Lord has been battling *against Satan*."

Several nights afterwards she and her daughter came to the mission, and in his sermon Mr. Grubb said, "Sinner, make haste and come down, and receive Jesus joyfully while the day of salvation is open for you, no matter what it may cost you ; for Christ says, 'It is better for a man to enter into heaven with only one hand, or one eye, than having two hands and two eyes to be cast into hell fire' (Matt. xviii. 8, 9). Remember, these are not my words, but the words of Jesus, and *He is the best authority on hell fire*."

As the people were coming out of the church I saw this lady and her daughter, and spoke to them. They asked for Mrs. Millard, and when she came the daughter fired up and said, "Hell fire indeed ! How *dare* Mr. Grubb stand up and publicly proclaim that there could be such a place as hell ?" To our delight and surprise her mother turned to her and said, "You must not speak like that. The fact is, that Mr. Grubb is right and we are wrong."

We cannot say that this lady was actually converted, because we have not heard, but we praise God for the manifest change, and keep believing for Him to complete that which He has begun.

Truly wonderful cases of conversion have taken place among the children ; but some of them have many trials even with their own parents, while others have fathers and mothers who really seek that their children should know the truth. The boys are very precocious, and in some cases old-fashioned and out-spoken too, without fear of anybody. And it was grand to see those who, at the beginning of the mission were the most unruly, entirely changed before its close.

Jackson was standing outside the door of the schoolroom one day, inviting the children to come in as they passed on their way home, and seeing a small boy going by he said, "Well, Johnnie, are you coming to the mission?" "What mission?" said the boy. "Why, the mission going on here for boys and girls." "Do yer teach baptism?" said the young nine-year-old. "What do you mean?" said Jackson. "Do yer teach baptism? Because my mother says, if yer teach baptism I ain't to go." "Well," said Jackson, "I know what you mean now. We don't teach baptism, but we want you to come in and give your heart to God, and get saved." He took off his cap and came in.

We also had a children's missionary meeting, at which Mrs. Millard appeared in her Chinese dress, and Jackson put on his Singalese costume, and they gave missionary addresses, which were greatly blessed in arousing interest in the salvation of the souls of the heathen in China and India.

At the special request of some of the Christians,

a consecration meeting was conducted by Mrs. Millard and Black David, with the result that several definitely consecrated themselves to God, and received cleansing and the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

At the praise meeting on Monday night some glorious testimonies were given, and also at the "open air," when even little children stepped into the ring, and told the people in simple words that they had given their hearts to Jesus, and wished everybody was as happy as they were.

Just before the mission closed a letter was sent to Mr. Grubb from a lady, saying that she had a cottage up in the Blue Mountains, and that if we would go and stay there for a few days' rest she would make the necessary arrangements. She also enclosed a note for £5, for our railway fare. We praised God for this special mark of kindness, as we had been feeling so tired after the continual run of services that we had prayed that the Lord would find us a quiet spot where we could be alone with Him.

Consequently on the following day we went up the Blue Mountains by train to a place called Blackheath, where we enjoyed the beautiful fresh air (3,500 feet above sea level), and from this mountain chalet feasted our eyes upon the magnificent scenery—our Father's handiwork.

× "Heaven above is softer blue,
Earth around is sweeter green!
Something lives in every hue
Christless eyes have never seen:

FOUR DAYS' REST.

Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
Flowers with deeper beauties shine,
Since I know, as *now* I know,
I am His, and He is mine."

Hymns of Consecration and Faith, 260.

After four days' rest we returned to Sydney, and went on to Paramatta on Saturday, November 14th.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength ; they shall mount up with wings as eagles ; they shall run, and not be weary ; they shall walk, and not faint " (Isa. xl. 31).

CHAPTER XV.

ST. JOHN'S, PARAMATTA.

NOV. 14TH TO NOV. 28TH.

SIXTY-FOUR meetings were held during the next eight days at Paramatta, which rather upset those members of the congregation who, proud of their conservative regularity, had taken for their motto, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be."

Being the oldest town in the Colony, many of the inhabitants were quite satisfied with their reputation, and went comfortably to sleep, so that it was necessary for power more than human to be put forth against the indifference of years.

At the introductory prayer-meeting we felt a great deadness; but we learned afterwards that a prayer-meeting was such a rare thing that those present thought it the most interesting meeting of the sort they had ever had in the schoolroom.

The first Sunday was one of deep conviction. Twelve services were conducted at different places by members of the mission; asylums, schools, mission churches, etc., were visited, and the Lord gave us much encouragement. Mr. Grubb preached from the second lesson in the morning, taking

Luke viii. 18, "Take heed therefore how ye hear," pointing out that there are four classes of hearers in the parable,—

(a) Road side = Callous hearers.

(b) Stony ground = Slab rock = sentimental hearers.

(c) Thorny = Hearers who have two masters.

(d) Good ground = Obedient fruit-bearing hearers.

The people became more and more miserable-looking as the sermon went on, and when the benediction was pronounced there was an express exit.

At the children's service the little ones were most attentive, but there were some talkative big girls and youths at the back, who were very free in the remarks which they made, quite loud enough to be overheard. However, the Lord gained the victory, and ninety went to the schoolroom. About fifty of these gave their hearts to the Lord, while the others went away to think the matter over. Some of those who were won to their loving Saviour did not get much encouragement from their parents. One man asked his boy of thirteen years of age where he had been, and he replied, "I have been to Calvary." The father went off to a Baptist minister to tell him that his son had gone wrong in his head, and would he see him. So the lad was questioned by the minister, to whom he gave his testimony that "he had met the Lord Jesus, who had washed all his sins away."

At 6.30 p.m. there was to be an "open air" at

the Fountain, which stood in the middle of the cross-roads facing St. John's Church. Mrs. Millard and David went off to conduct this meeting, and after standing there singing for some time, and nobody making an attempt to form a crowd, they felt their position to be rather ludicrous, and could scarcely refrain from laughing as they sang a hymn or two with no one anywhere near. At last David opened his lungs and shouted his loudest, "Fourteen years ago God spoke to my soul, and said, 'David, you are wrong.'" Two or three then stood and listened, till an earnest crowd gathered. Before inviting the people into the church they asked if there were any who would decide for Christ at once. One young man came forward and knelt in the ring, at the same time asking to be prayed for. He trusted his Saviour, and followed the others into the church.

Among those who yielded to the Lord at the close of the church service was a poor sad-looking soul, who had been led away from the truth by her own sisters and brothers, who had been taken up with spiritualism; and the change that took place in her personal appearance was so marked, that in a few days she was hardly recognised as the same person. "The oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness" (Isa. lxi. 3).

We were struck with the numbers of young men hanging about the church doors and in the church grounds, most of them being under one-and-twenty. We had conversation with some of these. One

laughed rather rudely for a gentleman's son, but it seemed to us that he was really convicted and afraid to appear "serious" before the others. The next night, as we were going home late, a young fellow ran after me. In the dark I could not see who he was, and asked, "Friend or foe?" "Oh, Mr. Millard, I want to beg your pardon for laughing at what you said when you were talking to some of us." "That is nothing," said I; "but are you saved now?" "Yes, I am—to-night; and I'm so sorry for having made fun of it all."

We praised God together, and went to our different homes rejoicing.

This encouraged us to believe that an opening among the young men would be granted us. Several, of their own accord, expressed a desire that there might be a "young fellows'" meeting. They said they would come if it was expressly for them, without older men present.

We told Mr. Grubb, and he said he would give it out among the other church notices. This he did, adding, "This is specially a *young fellows'* meeting, to-morrow at 6.30 p.m. So no men with beards will be admitted!" This took the "young fellows" splendidly; and at the appointed time forty came to the schoolroom, when we had a short message from Col. iii.

(a) "Put off the old man."

(b) "Put on the new man."

Closing with silent prayer, we gave any who desired to do so the opportunity of yielding to God.

After a few moments one young fellow prayed out, thanking God for having completely transformed him. He said, as he went away, "I came in here a wicked fellow, and I go out changed." We urged him, and others who had decided for the Lord, to testify at home. This young fellow did so, but his father got very angry, and did all he could to prevent his coming to the mission. As they were walking in the garden one morning he said to his son, "You believe in Jesus Christ, do you?" "Yes, father." "Then kneel down and ask Him to turn that rose into a pansy."

Soon after that he tried another way of "knocking these ideas out of his head," and invited friends to dinner, commanding his son to be present. The Lord kept him, and gave him courage to refuse the wine so continually passed round, till at the end of the dinner the father said rather angrily, finding that he had not succeeded in his object, "Now —, you say you've turned religious; you had better preach us a sermon." "Very, well, father," said he; and standing up calmly, but with God-given courage, he boldly testified to those present what a wonderful change the Lord Jesus had wrought in his soul. Of course there were hard words against him after that, but the Lord gained the victory, and many who heard his testimony were ashamed to contradict the fact, seeing that a change had really taken place.

"Young fellows'" meetings were held each night at 6.30 p.m., and Mrs. Millard, with several ladies,

had "open airs" every evening, assisted by Black David, Bidlake, or Horan, as the Lord led. One evening there had been several lady speakers, but Bidlake noticed that they were all from Summer Hill; so he got up on the steps and said, "We see it is necessary for Summer Hill ladies to be imported to this town to testify for Jesus, as all the Paramatta ladies seem afraid." Up stood one young lady and said, "I am a Paramatta girl, and wish to testify that the Lord has blessed my soul." Several others followed, and gave ringing testimonies.

On Thursday night Mr. Grubb preached to a crowded congregation from Acts x., "Cornelius." The church was intensely hot, and those of us who were sitting closely packed in the gallery were reminded of services in India, Ceylon, and China. The Spirit of God moved among us, and many of the workers were greatly blessed, and there were definite cases of conversion. Mr. Grubb conducted an after-meeting in the church, but most of us were led to go outside with young fellows, while Mrs. Millard had the ladies in the schoolroom. We had several little "knots" of listeners, and the manifest earnestness of these youths struck us very much. When the time came to go home, and those in the church and schoolroom had closed their meetings, we walked along the road together, singing as we went,—

"Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came,
Born in a manger to sorrow and shame.
Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His name!
Seeking for me, for me!

Seeking for me, for me!..
Seeking for me, for me!..
Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His name!
Seeking for me, for me!"

Songs and Solos, 481.

Several people thought that this street singing was quite unnecessary; but we were encouraged by hearing the next day from an invalid lady, on whom we were calling, that it had been a blessing to her. She said that hearing us sing had "lifted her soul right up to heaven."

David had special meetings every day for those who had "many difficulties," and scores will praise God in eternity for these definite times of real blessing.

All the services on Friday were crowded out, even the children seemed to have brought in extra schoolmates. So many poured in that we had to ask all adults to leave, and even then dozens of children had to sit on the platform and in the windows, which were thrown open, while others stood listening outside. Some sixty gave their hearts to Jesus, while one little girl came up at the end and said quietly, as she gave me a letter containing a threepenny piece and a penny, "I had fourpence given to me to buy fruit, but Jesus told me to give it to the mission, and I'm so glad!" Another came up and said, "Please, here is a penny for the mission." I asked her who sent it, and she said, shyly, "It was my 'lolly penny.'"

The young fellows' meeting this day was glorious, several of the new converts getting "properly

blessed." Jackson spoke on "Obedience" (Job xxxvi. 11).

Mrs. Millard was speaking at the Fountain, when a gentleman, the worse for liquor, called out, "Röt! rot!" But she was led to continue, when the gentleman said he would complain to Mr. Grubb about "a lady speaking in the open air. Disgraceful conduct!" This he did. After sitting through the evening service the Lord gave him a message through Mr. Grubb, and though he did not yield himself to the Lord then, he did so ten days later. He also brought his wife, and afterwards his little boy, to the children's meeting.

The conviction at the 7.30 p.m. service was very deep, and many souls were saved and sanctified, not only in the church and schoolroom, but in the grounds under the trees and behind the buttresses. We were led aside to speak in these nooks with some who had difficulties which they felt to be too private to speak of or pray about when others were present. I noticed one young fellow smoking a cigarette, and as I knew he was one of those who professed to be wholly the Lord's, I asked him if he had made smoking a matter of prayer. He said no, but that he would do so that night. Two days afterwards he came to me and said, "I asked the Lord about smoking, and begged Him to give me some sign; and the next day every time I smoked I felt a pain in the back of my throat, and when I stopped the pain went away. But," said he, "I am afraid I wanted to stick to it, although I said

I was willing not to smoke ; so I asked God to be very plain with me, and decide it for me. Well, the next morning, while I was dressing, I smelt smoke, and wondered where it came from. Opening my door, I went to my young brothers' room, where I found both of them smoking cigarettes, and, as the elder is under eleven, I felt it must be wrong for them. So I said that if they would never do it again I would join with them ; and I do so thank you for speaking about it, as since I have given it up the Lord has given me a peace and ease of conscience that I never had before."

Seeing Mrs. Millard talking to some ladies who looked very happy, I went near, and was introduced to a whole family of Roman Catholics, who had been saved during the mission, the mother having just taken the gift of eternal life by faith (Rom. vi. 23). They said they had never seen a Bible in their lives! And yet there are some good Christians who say, " You should not interfere with other people's religion ! " *

The racing man who was saved at St. Peter's last week brought a friend, who also knew Bidlake, and he said, " I thought I would like to give up my wretched life, and get saved too ! " After some soul-to-soul talk the Lord broke him down, and then " bound him up." This is another case of a praying mother's answered prayer. Hallelujah! The

* We strongly recommend everybody to study the hundred texts used in the " Irish Church Mission." Post free, 1s. per 100. 11, Buckingham Street, London, W.C.

racing man's sisters were also greatly helped, and one of them was used to lead a young boy of fourteen to the Lord, some eighty miles up country, the parents having put in a special request at the morning prayer-meeting that, though not at the mission, the Lord would save their boy.

Just as the mission was drawing to a close, the father and mother of the lad were staying at the same house as Mrs. Millard and I, and at breakfast one morning the postman rode up to the window on his horse and handed in a letter from their son, which they read aloud amid many shouts of "Praise God!" and "Hallelujah!" from all present. It ran as follows,—

"MY DEAR PARENTS,—I did not write last week, but I will tell you all the news, which I think will astonish you. On Sunday I went to the parsonage to dinner, where a very pleasant surprise awaited me in the shape of A—— B——, who was up for a week's holiday. I wondered why she looked so bright and lively, and she soon told me that the reason is, that she and her sisters and brother had become converted by 'Mr. Caterpillar's' preaching. (It is Mr. "Grubb," is it not?) As to her brother, she said it made her so glad, because he has turned right round. He burned his pipes, and then took to reading his Bible. We had a good talk together in the afternoon, and I have decided to turn to the Lord and serve Him faithfully and truly. I know that it will be hard at first, but by prayer I think I shall be able to overcome all my temptations. I will be glad when the holidays come, so that I can go down and see everybody. Now, will you excuse this short letter, as I want to start one to W—— to tell him the news? It will cheer him a lot.

"I remain,

"Your loving son,

"X.Y.Z."

On Saturday afternoon at 5.30 about fifty young fellows met in the schoolroom. The first message was from 2 Tim. i. 7, 8, "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord." Jackson followed with encouraging "testimony," and after prayer Mr. Grubb came in and gave us a word from Psalm xxxvii.

Then we "formed fours," and marched up the town singing,—

"When my heart was so hard
That I ne'er would regard
The salvation held up to my sight,
To the Cross when I came,
In my darkness and shame,
It was there that I first saw the light.

"For my blindness I thought
That no power could have wrought
Such a marvel of wonder and might;
But 'twas done, for He dealt
With my soul as I knelt,
And my darkness was turned into light.

"Then the gloom had all passed,
And rejoicing at last,
I was sure that my soul was made right;
For my Lord I could see
In His love died for me
On the Cross, where I first saw the light."

CHORUS.

"At the Cross, at the Cross,
Where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart roll'd away;
It was there by faith
I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

Salvation Army Book.

Then we wheeled round, and came back to the Fountain, where we were joined by Mrs. Millard and the ladies, for a united "testimony" meeting. Very soon a big crowd collected, and we knelt down in the road for prayer, led by Jackson; then we stood, and one read John xii. 41-50, followed by the hymn "Full Salvation," after which two girls gave their testimony. Jackson then spoke on "I am the Light of the world" (John viii. 12). Some one started a chorus, when Bidlake stepped into the ring and gave a most touching account of how the Lord had brought him to Himself from a life of wickedness in Sydney. He reminded the men around of days when we knelt at our mothers' knees, and were taught to pray,—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child:
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee."

The attention was breathless, and there were many whose eyes were moist with tears. It was then asked if there were any young men who would like to testify. A lad of about seventeen came forward and said, "You all know what sort of a life I have been living in Paramatta, and I here testify that God has saved my soul. You ask, How do I know? Because God says that as I have believed His word, my sins are forgiven." Some twenty or thirty followed in quick succession, each with Bible in hand, and mostly quoting the passage of Scripture that had been specially used in leading

them to the Lord. Conspicuous among these was one who had been a notable rioter, and his words were received with great wonder by his audience. The power of God seemed still to hold the people, till up jumped a man of about thirty-four years of age and said, "You all know who I am; you know that I am the manager of the Joint Stock Bank in — branch, and you may write to the Board of Directors if you like, and say that you saw me standing in the open air to confess Christ as my Saviour, for I am not ashamed of my Lord and Master." Then the ladies followed, including an archdeacon's daughter. The time passed so quickly that it only seemed like ten minutes; but when we looked at our watches we found we had been there nearly two hours!

We then said, that if there were any among the crowd who would like to choose Jesus at once, they might step forward and give their hearts to God publicly. There was silence for a moment, when a lad pushed his way into the middle and gave himself to God, followed by a young fellow, who said, "I cannot say like those who have testified, that I am saved, but I choose Jesus to-night." We chorus'd an amen, and Jackson was enabled to encourage this soul to fully trust in Jesus. Others then came forward, and the one with whom Jackson had spoken stood up and said, "I can now say that I am saved by trusting in God's Word." Then a young girl of fifteen, standing high up on the steps of the Fountain, did not come forward, but said with

a clear, though trembling voice, "I choose Jesus to-night, and give myself to Him, and I never thought about it till I came here to-night." As a last chance to any who were too timid to kneel in the ring, we asked others who would trust the Lord to signify it, the men by raising their hats and the women their right hands. One by one both hats and hands were lifted, till seventeen were added to the Lord.

After a few words of praise and prayer we joined in the Doxology, and then went into the school-room, and had a most glorious praise meeting, at which more souls were saved. Hallelujah!

Mr. Grubb conducted this meeting, and gave every one an opportunity to thank God in one sentence; then silent prayer, and we could scarcely refrain from shouting, for our joy was "unspeakable and full of glory" (1 Peter i. 8). As we were leaving several sums of money were handed to us for the expenses of the mission, for which also we praised God.

The last Sunday was a repetition of the first as regards the number of services, with the addition of a "Chinese" meeting, conducted at 1.30 p.m. by Mrs. Millard. Some of these men were very attentive, and seemed impressed; but as they only spoke broken, or what is called pidgin (= "business") English, it was difficult.

Most of these men are gardeners, and supply the community with vegetables. One man was calling at a lady's house with cabbages and potatoes last

week, at a place not far from Paramatta, when he said to the lady, "Where missiesie been? Missiesie no belong same! No got wrinkles now. How fashion?" "I've been to the mission, John, and learned to trust instead of worry." "Mission? What thing mission? My no savey mission; my can savey missiesie wrinkles, all gone!" (savey = know).

The mission closed on Monday, when many who had been holding out during the week resisted the Lord no longer. There was a missionary meeting in the afternoon, when several spoke, especially David, who said that the Lord had told him to go back to Ceylon, and that he would be starting early in December. We had a most solemn time, and friends came forward and offered to pay for the expenses of a lady missionary, who was led to accompany David, with three others, to witness in Ceylon. One of these comes from St. Barnabas' parish, and they have set a very good example by supporting their own missionary from their church. May many follow!

Outside the schoolroom, when we were leaving, a lady came up to me, about whom I knew nothing, and said, mournfully, "Oh, Mr. Millard, why is it? I have been through the whole mission and have no blessing yet." The Lord gave me this answer, "You have put your bottle under the tap, but omitted to take out the cork. Remove the cork, and your bottle will be filled. The cork is *unbelief*." Then I was called away, but the lady went home, and the Lord showed her, that although she had

asked for blessings innumerable, she had *believed* for nothing! In the evening she was able to testify "My cup runneth over." Ask, believe, receive, thank, and go out praising without waiting for feeling.

The thanksgiving meeting was heart-stirring. Some, who at the beginning had been wholly opposed, were the first to praise God, and acknowledge that it is His power working in their hearts.

The joy of those who had received blessing only made those who had not, still more miserable. After the gas had been turned out in the church we were kept busy in the yard and streets. Mrs. Millard stood by the church door, and one soul after another came up to her and were led to the Saviour, or to fulness of blessing. She had not gone far on her way home when two young girls, who had been through the mission but were not converted, were dawdling near, and she felt constrained to speak to them; and, glory be to God! before the next half hour had passed, they were rejoicing in their new-found Saviour. Meanwhile we were kept busy with the men till Jackson was freed, and seeing Mrs. Millard alone, offered to escort her home. They had not gone far when they passed two young fellows. Jackson said "Good-night," and was answered in such a miserable tone of voice that they were compelled to stop and ask, "Are you on the Lord's side?" To cut a long story short, these two convicted souls were so moved by the striving of the Spirit that they knelt down in the road, and

cried out to God to have mercy on them. It was a wonderful sight, for just as they were thus engaged I was on my way home, and in the dark saw all four down on their knees before God. We had a great rejoicing time, as first one and then the other claimed forgiveness and cleansing through the blood of Jesus Christ. Reaching our gate, we were again stopped by some who sought us out and wanted help, and it was past midnight before we could leave them.

According to their own arrangement, the "young fellows" met one evening following the mission—mustering over one hundred—and sought the Lord's guidance for the continuation of the work. Encouraging accounts have reached us of the manifest blessing accompanying their labours, especially in "open-air" meetings conducted by themselves.

"O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him" (Psalm xxxiv. 8).

CHAPTER XVI.

ST. PHILIP'S, CHURCH HILL, AND Y.M.C.A., CITY OF SYDNEY.

NOV. 28TH TO DEC. 12TH.

PRAISING God for all His wonderful goodness to us, we went to Church Hill, in the city of Sydney, for the St. Philip's mission. Mr. Grubb and Jackson stayed at the parsonage, while the rest of us lodged "with one that worshipped God, whose house joined hard to the synagogue."

Simultaneously with the mission at St. Philip's a series of special evenings for young men was arranged to be conducted by Horan, Bidlake, and myself. The Lord greatly blessed the Word spoken, and each night souls were brought in. It was remarkable that the *young* men were in large majority, on one night there being only about twenty-five out of three hundred who were over thirty years of age.

Bidlake's testimony was the great feature of these meetings, as he was well known in Sydney, and many of his old chums who had come to hear him thanked him for the earnest way in which he pleaded that others should turn to the Lord, and find not only salvation, but satisfaction in Christ.

Several drunken men came to these services, two of whom were converted on the first night. The workers of the association had well advertised the mission, visiting the ships in port, and leaving notices in every possible direction. On the last night we were led to go early to the Y.M.C.A., to join the workers for an "open air." About twenty of us, all young men, marched through the busy streets, and took up our stand by the horse trough off George Street, close to the Town Hall. After a hymn a good crowd of men collected. Several short messages were given. Horan was speaking about the Word of God being the truth, when some one said, "It's a lie!" So Horan said, "Give me the lie then, for this blessed Word of God has brought life, joy, peace, liberty, and every possible blessing to my own soul." While I was saying a few words on John iii. 7 two men, who were talking rather loudly, were overheard. One pointed to me and said to the other, "I know that fair-haired chap with the moustache." "Do yer?" said the other. "Where does he come from?" "Oh, I've known him for years; he used to be in the asylum." (!) And from his other remarks he evidently thought I ought to be there now.

We closed with silent prayer, and asked any who wished to trust God to save their souls to raise their hats as a sign. Several hats went up, and we prayed aloud for them, also giving them an invitation to come to the hall.

The Lord blessed abundantly, and, as we after-

wards heard, some who were present, and with whom no conversation was held, had trusted the Lord during silent prayer.*

Mr. Grubb gave half-hour addresses to business men in St. Philip's Church daily at 1.30 p.m. Special cards of invitation were given out by Bidlake and Horan standing in the Post-Office Arcade, with their Bibles under their arms. Of course a great many refused to take them, probably thinking in their hurry, as Bidlake said, that advertisements were being distributed to increase the sale of "pills," or some other universal cure. The astonishment of some of the men at seeing Bidlake doing this was beyond description, and one of the leading solicitors said to the Rev. J. D. Langley, when invited by him to come and hear Mr. Grubb, "Well, there must be more in it than I thought, and a power of which I know nothing, for you have only to take the case of that young Bidlake as an instance of a complete change."

Owing partly to people coming from the suburbs, the church was so crowded each night that standing room was at a premium in the porches and vestry, while some even listened from the yard through the windows. Each evening, also, "open airs" were conducted in the slums, and as the inhabitants were chiefly Roman Catholics, there were repeated yells from some men and women of the lowest type, who even went so far as to pelt those who were conducting the meeting. The power of God,

* See last chapter, p. 348.

however, laid hold of the people, who came eagerly each evening, and many followed the workers up to the church service afterwards. But on the last night there was such manifest power of the Spirit, that instead of marching back to the church for the service some of them remained, and were actually dealing with souls convicted of sin up to 10.30 p.m., so that they had been on the scene for four hours.

One after another souls were pointed to the Saviour. People of all nationalities—English, Irish, Scotch, French, Portuguese, etc.; sea captains, able-bodied seamen, firemen,—all getting the same salvation from “THIS SAME JESUS.” “Glory be to God Most High!”

On one occasion a number of rough boys and girls came up to the church (attracted by the crowd), but were unable to gain admittance, and were being sent away, when a young girl of about fourteen, who had been lately converted, said, “We will have a meeting for you. Come in and sit on the grass in the corner of the churchyard.” In they came, and she told them in a simple way about the love of Jesus. Another girl joined her, and many of these dear children, who were nominally Roman Catholics, yielded their hearts to the loving Saviour. After the majority had gone away, two rough lads, who had refused to come to the children’s service, came up to Jackson and said, that through the words spoken by that little girl they had given their hearts to God. A lady also, and two working men who had not been able to get into the church, decided

to trust the Lord to save them after witnessing this most truly affecting impromptu gathering.

Jackson was led to ask a gentleman, who had been listening through one of the windows, whether he was saved; but was immediately snapped up by "You want more humility, young man. No one can say they *are* saved." He was promptly answered.

"Praise the Lord, I'm saved!" said Jackson; "and I will prove it to you if you will allow me," and quoting 1 John v. 13, he asked, "Would you kindly explain what that means? 'These things have I written *unto you that believe* on the name of the Son of God; *that ye may know that ye have* eternal life.'" The gentleman, unable to contradict that sure word, began to lecture Jackson about being grave, etc., but he replied, "Humility is not a thing with a long face, and salvation is joyful and happy." But . . . he turned away.

As I was hanging about the yard after the service was over, to see if I could pick up a "wounded bird," I saw a very tall man looking the picture of misery, so asked him "What is the matter?" "Well," said he, "Mr. Grubb hit me very hard to-night, and what he said is true, every word." When I urged him to accept Christ he demurred, saying that perhaps the Bible was not true, and he would come another night. The Lord then gave me this message for him, "Brother, that is wholly of the devil. You are convinced of the truth, and you don't decide, and yet you say that you have travelled three hundred miles to seek peace. Now, if this

Bible is true, then accept Christ at once. If this Bible is not true, then throw it in the sea, and don't make yourself miserable by coming to any more mission services."

The Lord blessed that word to him, and he said, "I do believe that it is the truth, and I do now commit my soul to Him who died for me." We had prayer together, and a young fellow came up, who said he was a relative, and that he had believed for his cousin's conversion. He is one of a family who, after having trusted the Lord for himself, made it his business to persuade every one of his relatives to come and do likewise. God honoured this faith, till several of the most careless of men were brought to the feet of Jesus.

This was David's last week in Sydney before going to Ceylon, so he had special holiness meetings in the church, when many Christians were blessed. It will be a long time before the people of Australia who have had the opportunity of hearing David will forget the "Black-faced Evangelist."

On Thursday, December 14th, when we met in the middle of the day for our usual private prayer-meeting, we asked the Lord for some money to pay for the passages of David and the four others who were to accompany him to Ceylon. On Friday morning, the 15th inst., the English mail arrived, and a cheque for £100 for the Lord's work was enclosed in one of the letters. We felt sure God meant this for the passage money; so Bidlake went to the Steamship Company's office, and found the tickets

were at the rate of £25 each; but the manager liberally deducted twenty per cent. for the missionaries, which made the five second-class tickets come to exactly £100. Hallelujah for Philippians iv. 19!

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Millard and I were led to go and see some sick folk, and then on to "The Church Home," where Mrs. Millard was to have another meeting for the women there. Just as we were opposite the Home a young fellow crossed the road, and, raising his hat, said, "I have been looking for you for two hours, as a little boy who was converted at your meeting on Wednesday has fallen from a tree and fractured his skull, and the doctors say there is but little hope of his recovery. He called out for you, but was insensible when I left."

Leaving Mrs. Millard at the Home, we were off in a moment, and went by train to ——. The boy, though only eleven years of age, had been completely broken down at the children's meeting when Jackson saw him crying. He found the Lord as his Saviour, and the next day wrote a letter to his playmate at school, which was picked up and given to me: "Dear —,—Will you come to Christ? Be His little soldier to fight the devil. Come with me at dinner-time, and I will tell you about Christ."

In the train we prayed for knowledge of the Lord's will, and we asked the Lord to give us this sign, that if the boy recognised me he would recover. We were not long getting to the house,

and were quietly shown upstairs. By that time two doctors had held a consultation, and said that it was very serious. The mother met us on the landing and said, "Praise the Lord! He is giving me strength."

As I entered the boy's room and knelt by his bedside I thought, "Now comes the critical moment for faith. Will he recover consciousness, and recognise me or no?" "Arthur, do you know who I am?" "Yes, Mr. Millard," and a little smile came over his face, while a thrill of joy and certain assurance filled my heart. The mother said afterwards, "The doctors talk of trepanning being necessary, and there is a possibility of his always being strange, even if he lives; and oh! I could not bear to see my poor boy cut about. It was bad enough to carry him into the house and see him streaming with blood." I said, "Don't be afraid. God has given me the assurance that he will recover, and not a knife shall touch your son."

The Lord led me to stay with the boy all night, and, according to the doctors' orders, we applied ice-bags to his head. The next morning the doctor came and pronounced him marvellously better. Three or four mornings passed, and the operation was each time put off; and once when the doctor said to the boy, "You are better now," he said, "Yes; I asked Jesus to make me well." On the fifth day after the accident some of the little sisters were in the boy's room. We overheard them talking about heaven, and all the "jolly things we shall have up there,"

when he suddenly said, "I wish I might have some sausages and potatoes for dinner." Then they referred to heaven again, and with a sigh he said, "It will be grand, for I sha'n't be hungry up there!" I thought, "There is not much the matter with you, my boy." Praise God for such a quick recovery!

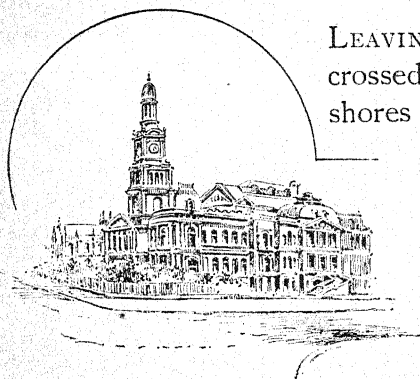
The doctor was most kind, and very interested in the case; so much so that he told a friend that he would like to send full particulars of the case to the *Medical Journal*, the recovery being so very remarkable.

To God be the glory "for stretching forth His hand to heal" (Acts iv. 30).

CHAPTER XVII.

ST. THOMAS, BALMAIN—ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL AND TOWN HALL, SYDNEY—SYDNEY CONVENTION—THE CATHEDRAL, GOULBURN.

DEC. 13TH TO JAN. 21ST, 1892.



TOWN HALL, SYDNEY.

LEAVING the city, we crossed over to the western shores of Darling harbour, which is here from one to two miles broad, to the populous suburb called Balmain, where we were welcomed to the parish of St. Thomas.

The large proportion of men who attended the morning service at the church struck us as very encouraging, as this district is one where a great many of the working classes "go in" for socialism and agnosticism. The weather was very hot for Sydney, and, in fact, the sun was so scorching that we felt it would almost be a cruelty to ask the children to come in the afternoons. The interest

aroused on the first Sunday, however, attracted the lambs, and many of them actually ran all the way from school, so as to be in time to get good seats. As we began the service the girls were fanning themselves with their handkerchiefs and hymn-books, and the boys, with open mouths, let the perspiration stream down their faces.

The older lads asked us to arrange for "short talks" after they got back from work; so we had half-hours with them for three or four evenings, when souls were saved and blessed.

Mid-day services were also held in the fitting-shed at the docks during the dinner-hour, which were fairly well attended, and we believe several were blessed; but the men being summoned back to work by the dock bell, we never heard of the results.

By special invitation two of us went to the training ship *Vernon* and had two days with the sailor lads, several of whom took the Lord as their Saviour. The usual morning prayer-meetings, afternoon Bible expositions, and evening services were held; and although there were perhaps not so many interesting details to report as in some other places, many souls were led into the kingdom, and Christians to a closer walk with God. A newspaper reporter, whose wife and family had suffered for many years from his intemperate habits, was completely broken down by the Spirit of God, and after a long time of misery and agony of soul, was led, whilst in prayer with Bidlake, to receive Christ as his Saviour and Sanctifier. The Lord indeed

saved him to the uttermost from the desire of his besetting sins, and his testimony at the farewell service was remarkable.

His little boy of five years old was told by his mother, on the evening of his father's conversion, "Johnnie, my boy, your father is going to love Jesus now." The little fellow replied, "Are he? Dhere mudder, I told 'ou so. Didn't I ask Desus to make him dood?"

One thing that the father wrote in his letter of thanksgiving was this, "The morning after my conversion when I awoke, according to habit, I took my pipe; but before lighting it I felt 'This is not of the Father, but of the world.' So I put it in the fire, and the desire for it went away instantly; although I have*been such an inveterate smoker that I almost lived upon it." He also told us, that he remembered one morning that there were two old companions in business to whom he owed money, and he wanted to speak to them about their souls, and thought to himself, "They won't believe in my conversion unless I pay what I owe." So he knelt down and asked the Lord for £3.

That same day a gentleman handed him a Bible, and asked him to accept it as a present in memory of the day of his conversion, and when he opened it he saw three pound notes.

Although a good number of people were blessed during the week, we were not able to say that our hearts were satisfied. We praised God for what was done, but we all felt that there had been

a hindrance somewhere, and that had this been found out and removed, the blessing would have been tenfold. We asked the Lord to search *us*, and see if *we* were the stumbling-block; but after prayer we were not conscious of anything, so committed it all to the Lord, and went on our way to Marrickville, where four of us had a two days' mission in St. Clement's Church. The Lord did a great work in a short time, many of the Christians stepping out in faith, and trusting the Lord for fullness of blessing; while several of the unconverted, including two notable young gamblers, found Christ. Mrs. Millard had two meetings for ladies only, when the Lord wrought great wonders in their hearts.

The next day being December 25th, we had many invitations to share the roast turkeys and plum puddings of numerous friends. Most of us went to Summer Hill, and had a truly happy Christmas.

In the morning Mr. Grubb preached on "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not" (John i. 11). As we were going out of the church I was told that a man was anxious to see me; so was introduced. He told me that he lived three hundred miles away up country, and that his brother had been converted through me at the St. Philip's mission,* and had gone home and sent him down to get saved too. So he came back into the church, and before the next half hour had passed he was rejoicing in Christ as his Saviour

* See p. 244.

and Keeper. When we walked out together I saw a little girl take his hand, and I said, "Who is this?" "My little daughter," he replied. So I asked her if she had given her heart to Jesus, and she said, "No," but that she wanted to. So we again entered the church, and after a very few words about the love of Jesus, this little soul knelt down in one of the pews and gave herself to Him, and thanked Him for coming to take her sins away. Wishing each other a real happy Christmas, we went in our different directions for dinner.

In the afternoon we were driven over to —, to see the boy whose skull had been fractured, and found him up and dressed, playing marbles. We got back to Summer Hill at 5.30 p.m., and were sitting down to tea when the bell rang, and a young lady and her brother (whom we had met before) came in, and said that they had come from a country district to fetch me. While they were joining in the general thanksgiving that Christmas morning in church their elder brother had suddenly fallen down in the pew, calling out to his father, "Oh, I am dying without Christ!"

He was deadly pale, and being carried out by two young men, he said, "Where is my dear friend Millard?" As he continued calling for me, the brother and sister drove nine miles to the nearest railway station and came to Summer Hill. We caught the 7.25 p.m. train back, and at last reached the house a little before ten o'clock, to find the brother much better. He and I shared the same

room that night, and had a blessed time together. He told me, that he felt that he was nearly dead, and does not know how it was that he thought he was *without Christ*, as he had been definitely converted some time before. He told me that directly he stopped praying he began to feel bad again, so he prayed all the time. To me it seemed clear that Satan was trying to upset the work of God. The Lord gave us the victory; but although he trusted the Lord to keep him by His mighty power, it was not until some days afterwards that he fully recovered. He now verily believes that this was nothing less than an "attack of the devil."

The next day I returned to Sydney, and joined the others for the first service of the cathedral mission (St. Andrew's).

Mr. Grubb preached on "The windows of heaven" (a) Gen. viii. 2; (b) 2 Kings vii. 2; (c) Mal. iii. 10: after which there was a prayer-meeting, both clergy and laity taking part. The dean (who is over eighty years of age) prayed with such fervour that all our hearts were stirred and filled with great expectation. On our way to the house at which we had been kindly invited to stay, we were informed that it was the first time that extempore prayer had been offered by laymen in that cathedral.

At 11 a.m. on Sunday morning, after the service, which was moderated out of deference to Mr. Grubb not liking high ritual, Mr. Grubb preached from John i. 39, "Come and see." Many were

touched, and one gentleman, a bank manager, asked me for Mr. Grubb's private address, as he wanted to have an interview. A lady (who was one of the leaders in society) was heard to say, as she passed out, "I did not know there was such peace to be had on earth, and I will come again till I get that peace." At seven o'clock the cathedral was crammed from end to end, when Mr. Grubb preached a most uncomfortable sermon on Dan. v. 23, "The *God* in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, *hast thou not glorified.*" There was no after-meeting, but so many young fellows came up to us in the cathedral grounds, that by the time we finally dispersed we found at least twenty had yielded to God.

The report that several of the suburban parishes were likely to be represented by a good number of attendants, and the cathedral only seating about a thousand, Mr. Grubb proposed to take the Town Hall, which stands next to the cathedral in George Street. £25 per night was charged for four nights, but this was paid for us before the services began, which again encouraged us to trust our God fully. A working man called on Mr. Grubb, and handed him £88 in notes and gold. Mr. Grubb expressed his natural reluctance to take so large a sum from one who had had to work long and hard for it; but the man insisted that "the Lord had told him to give the money." A smaller sum was also handed in "For the Town Hall" while we were praying in one of the small rooms before the opening meeting, so

that Mr. Grubb was able to announce (lest generous friends should be sending in money, thinking that it would be needed), that the Lord had provided for the expenses. Some days after the mission was over Mr. Grubb felt continually uneasy about the working man's £88, especially when he heard that this man and his wife were really in need themselves. Several friends having sent money for the mission, we had cash in hand, and after special prayer Mr. Grubb was led to send the man and his wife a cheque for £88. He told him he praised God for his having been so liberal, but that the Lord had made it clear to him, that now the mission was not in actual need of money he was to send him back that amount. The man was quite willing to receive it again, being satisfied that he had been used so that the Town Hall mission might open without money owing.

To describe these services would take "the pen of a ready writer." Some four thousand assembled on the first night, and increased in numbers each evening, till, it is said, about five thousand must have attended on the last evening.

On the last night, at the close of the sermon on Exod. xii., Mr. Grubb invited any who desired to do so to remain for further prayer. Fifteen hundred kept their seats, and when the doors were closed for silence we had a most solemn "quiet time," which proved the earnestness, and not the mere enthusiasm, of the people.

He gave any who desired to choose Christ an

opportunity of doing so during silent prayer, asking them to publicly acknowledge the fact by standing up. About one hundred—one by one—stood and resumed their seats again, and after a further time of prayer and praise we sang the Doxology, and went out to go home. But to get home was quite another question. Being January 1st, 1892, there had been a general holiday, and the streets were thronged with holiday-makers, returning from their day's "enjoyment." Mrs. Millard, who had, during the week, held a special meeting under the auspices of the Society for Rescuing the Fallen, was busy in the streets pleading with those whose "feet go down to death," and whose "steps take hold on hell" (Prov. v. 5). Others of us were busy with young men, including a drunken blue-jacket, who was taken in hand by a new convert, walked about the streets till sober, and then led to Christ.

About thirty attended Mrs. Millard's midnight meeting, many of them not more than fourteen or fifteen years of age, and one of these was helplessly drunk, and lay on the floor nearly the whole time. When Mrs. Millard closed the address she had a penitent form, and seven were willing to be spoken to personally. One of them said, "Oh that I had been told this before! I would never have been what I am to-night." Then another girl was shown 1 John i. 7, "The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son *cleanseth us from ALL sin,*" and taking the Bible, she passed it on to the next girl, saying, "Look at that! *Did you ever see such a beautiful verse?*" Another

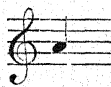
said, that very morning she had received a letter from her father, begging her to return and he would forgive all. Another said, that on that same morning *she* had heard from her husband, saying that he was converted, and praying for her to be saved too, and that she might return to him from her life of sin. *Glory be to God!*

One young fellow who had been greatly blessed at the mission told us that the Lord had given him a work to do, though he was only free in the evenings. He goes to different friends' houses just before bed time, and says he will not stay long; then he says he will stay to family prayers, when they mostly reply, "Oh, we don't conduct them!" Then he offers to read and pray, and taking out his Bible, he reads a portion of Scripture, and after saying a very few words, they all kneel down together for prayer. The Lord has greatly blessed him already in this way. We were sorry to notice that in the Colonies generally family worship seemed entirely neglected. The scriptural ignorance of the majority was shocking, several of the most regular church-goers never opening their Bibles from year's end to year's end. One young business man, for instance, of about five-and-twenty, when asking a question about some spiritual difficulty, was requested to turn to Romans in his new-bought Bible; and after searching hopelessly in the Old Testament, he was obliged to admit that he could not find it!

As to the "larrikin" class, hundreds have never

had a Bible in their hands, nor entered a place of worship in their lives! This is partly accounted for by the lack of Sunday Schools and Sunday School teachers; so that although a number of children may be gathered together, it very often ends in only one man being present, which means that there is much disorder and very little profit, unless that one man has the power of the Spirit for work among children.

Mrs. Millard and I had an unparalleled experience in this respect one morning at a place where we were staying during the Colonial mission. Walking along a road about ten o'clock one Sunday morning, we passed a schoolroom, and heard some one reading Scripture in a monotone, while there was a general chatter of children's voices. We were led to go in, and saw about fifty children, all fidgetting in their seats, and a young layman conducting the church service. The *Te Deum* was announced, and sung by him and the one who played the organ. Prayers were then intoned, regardless of the bad behaviour of the children, which really was not to be wondered at. A bell was rung at the end of the church

service, and the young man said on  "Sit." He gave out his text on the same note (Acts xxvi. 18), and read from his manuscript an essay on Faith; which, however, we were unable to hear, chiefly on account of the children's continuous talking. He closed by telling them that they ought to know a prayer, and if they did not know a prayer

they were to ask their fathers and mothers to teach them, or come to him.

When the benediction was pronounced, and the children were let out, I felt constrained to speak to this young fellow. I said, "Well, brother, may I ask you one or two questions? We are both young fellows. You must be in earnest to come here and conduct this service." "Certainly," said he; and I asked him if he thought that any of the children had been edified, when he naturally said that he "hoped so." I candidly told him I did not believe they were, and then asked if he had been converted himself. He said he had, and then nearly took my breath away by saying that he was a candidate for the mission field. The Lord gave us a very solemn and blessed half hour together, and kneeling down side by side, he humbled himself before God, and the Lord touched his heart. Thanking me for the straight talk, he went home, to let God deal with him further in private prayer.

If any one had told me what I have just written I should have been tempted to say, "Don't make up things against the Church of England!" But this was a painfully real experience, which I trust may never be my lot to go through again.

Praise be to God! we met many out-and-out Sunday School teachers in different places, and we have heard since that in nearly every parish applications have come in from young men and women who, having themselves learned the sweetness of the love of

Jesus, desired to share in the Sunday School work, and seek to lead the lambs of the flock to follow the Good Shepherd.

The interest in the foreign field created during the mission stimulated the members of the New South Wales Auxiliary of the Church Missionary Society to call a special meeting in the Chapter House, which was presided over by the dean, and at the meeting the following resolution was duly passed,—

“That an invitation be given to any young men or young women, who are desirous of offering themselves to God for missionary work, to send in their names to the Honorary Secretaries of the Auxiliary of the Church Missionary Society (Rev. F. B. Boyce, St. Paul's Parsonage, Cleveland Street, and C. R. Walsh, Esq., Chafra, 4, Booth Street, Balmain), and that Mr. Millard be authorised to announce this resolution at the approaching Convention, and to state that the committee of the Auxiliary is willing to receive any contributions for carrying out this object.”

THE SYDNEY CONVENTION immediately followed the services at the Town Hall. Mr. Grubb was again asked to preside for the three days, viz., January 5th, 6th, and 7th.

At these gatherings Christians of all denominations and from many districts were represented, while the addresses were given by clergy and ministers of

every section of the Church.* The Lord was present in Holy Ghost power, while the expectation of the people was so great that all the seats in the Centenary Hall, York Street, were occupied at least two hours before the advertised hour. The time was utilised for prayer on behalf of the speakers and for other objects, interspersed with hymns and songs of praise.

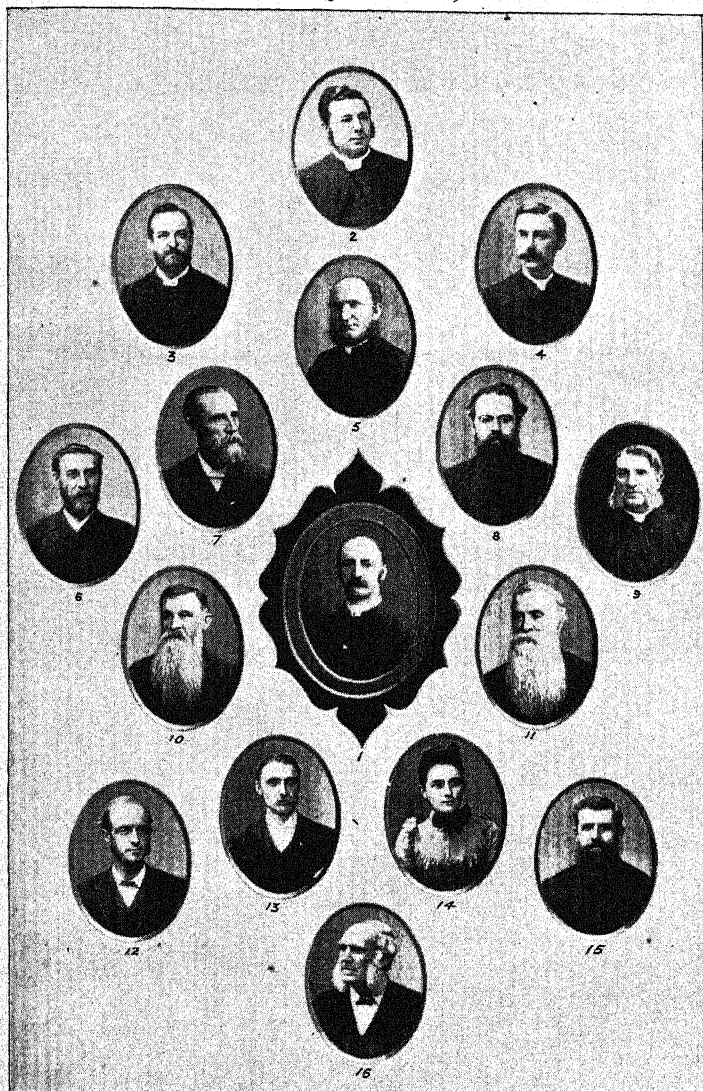
We left Sydney on January 9th for Goulburn, where Mr. Grubb had been invited, by the late Bishop Thomas, to conduct an eight days' mission in the cathedral. This aged servant of God had been one of the first to welcome us when we arrived in Sydney.

Knowing that for seventeen years there had been disputings among the clergy at Goulburn, we felt the importance of specially waiting upon God. The services for the first few days were blessed to some individuals, but as each day passed the fact seemed to grow upon us, that "until the Goulburn Church Scandal (as it was called) is put a stop to, and the quarrel made up, there can be no general blessing among the people."

This thought was confirmed in our minds by what we heard while conducting an "open air." Mrs. Millard and two young girls had started singing in the middle of the road, while some of us went

* "Report of Sydney Convention." Published by E. E. Campbell, 14, Sturt Street, Ballarat, Australia. 1s.

MEMBERS OF THE CHRISTIAN CONVENTION,
SYDNEY, JANUARY 1892.



Photo, at Jay's Studios, Sydney.

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|------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2. Rev. J. H. Mullens. | 1. Rev. G. C. Grubb, M.A. | 12. Rev. J. A. Soper. |
| 3. Rev. J. W. Holden. | 7. Rev. W. G. Taylor. | 13. Mr. E. C. Millard. |
| 4. Rev. J. Walker. | 8. Rev. J. East Harrison. | 14. Mrs. E. C. Millard. |
| 5. Rev. T. B. Tress. | 9. Rev. J. D. Langley. | 15. Rev. R. Bavin. |
| 6. Rev. C. Moon. | 10. Rev. Dr. Porter. | 16. Mr. David Walker. |
| | 11. Rev. J. Watsford. | |

about the streets. A Roman Catholic policeman told them to "move on"; so they chose a spot where a house had formerly stood at the corner of a road, to which the crowd followed. The attention was very good, but when we came to personal dealing with the men and women, the general complaint was, "Look at the clergy all fighting and going to law! How can we believe there is anything in religion?" One thing struck us as we walked through the place, that the Cathedral, the Parish Church, Presbyterian Church, Wesleyan Chapel, and the Roman Catholic Cathedral were all in the same road, and within a distance of one hundred yards, with the Salvation Army barracks not far off.

After spending some time in prayer together, we came to the conclusion that it was no use continuing this mission unless the quarrel was made up. So Mr. Grubb spoke to the bishop, telling him that unless this was settled we should "pack up and leave to-morrow." A meeting was arranged, at which those concerned might come together and see what could be done. The Lord reigned completely, and after prayer and a long talk together, we witnessed a most touching scene. The aged bishop and the clergyman, after withdrawing their lawsuits, shook hands and wept together. Then the news spread far and wide, and the people came flocking to the cathedral, and the blessing of God was poured out, so that many souls who had been kept back for years fell down at the feet of Jesus.

Two "larrikins" were among the saved, and

bravely stood by us at the "open air" each evening, and on Saturday night we had a glorious meeting in the street, when all sorts and conditions of men came to listen. Many of us gave short messages, the Lord leading me to say a few words about the divinity of the Lord Jesus. At the close of the meeting we invited any who wished to do so to follow us to the mission service. A good many accepted the invitation, and as we were walking up to the cathedral a gentleman (a Jew) stepped up to me, and raising his hat, gave me his visiting card, saying, "May I introduce myself?" He added, "I am not of the same faith as yourself, but I must confess that there was deep truth in what you said at the open-air meeting just now ; in fact, I trembled from head to foot while you were speaking."

When we reached the cathedral Mr. Grubb preached on Luke xix. 10, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." The sermon was not over till 9 o'clock, when this Jew, who had been listening breathlessly, took out his watch and exclaimed, "How the time did fly!" On leaving the building he was heard to exclaim, "From this day forth my life is changed." To God be the glory !

The last Sunday was indeed a contrast to the first, every seat being occupied, while in the evening about one hundred listened outside through the open windows and doors. The Communion Service in the morning was one that all present will remember. The dear old bishop was broken down with

joy, as he and the other clergy with whom there had been the long dispute stood side by side ; and as a public testimony to their unity, they all took some part in this solemn and blessed service. At least three hundred and fifty took the bread and the wine in the presence of Him who said, " This do in remembrance of Me " (1 Cor. xi. 25).

There were many remarkable cases of conversion, which space does not permit to be fully recorded here. Mrs. Millard had a packed " ladies' meeting " in the schoolroom in the afternoon, when those present were so ready for blessing that they yielded one after another in quick succession. Simultaneously we had a children's service in the cathedral, followed by a " teachers' meeting " at their special request, and the Spirit of God so came down upon us that we all broke down, many of us being quite unable to restrain ourselves from tears. An archdeacon, who was also present, told us afterwards that " it was the most solemn and wonderful twenty minutes that he had ever spent in his life."

The " thanksgiving service " in the evening was simply glorious, and when we counted the letters of thanksgiving they numbered one hundred and fifty. Many of these were accompanied by sums of money (which amounted to £80) for the work of the Lord.

In the afternoon Mr. Grubb was asked to go and pray over a young lady who was supposed to be dying. The Lord graciously answered prayer, and the life was spared. A few months later she was being trained as a missionary for the foreign field ;

and we have just heard that she has been accepted by the C.M.S., and went to India in the early part of 1893.

The railway station was crowded as we left Goulburn by the night mail, many of the friends, including Bishop and Mrs. Thomas, having come straight from the thanksgiving service to see us off. The train was very full, and we had to get in where we could and sit bolt upright (with eight others and two babies), while swearing was freely indulged in by a man who, with his wife, alternately complained of the want of room, and drank beer out of a bottle. Praising God, nevertheless, for all His goodness, we sat out the journey till 6 a.m. next morning, when we stopped to have a one day's mission at Albury, while Mr. Grubb and two others went to Wagga for a similar purpose. The Lord blessed us at each place, and we eventually met at Melbourne, where we stayed one night at a coffee palace, re-packed our things, and next day went aboard the steamship —, to go to Tasmania.

Some weeks after we had left New South Wales we were informed that there had been a very rapid sale of Bibles in Sydney, one shop alone having found purchasers for over £400 worth during a period of four months.

“Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of Me” (John v. 39).

PART III.

Tasmania and New Zealand. Launceston
Convention.

CHAPTER XVIII.

*TASMANIA, LAUNCESTON CONVENTION—ST.
JOHN'S, LAUNCESTON—ST. GEORGE'S, HOBART
—ST. JOHN'S, GLENORCHY.*

JAN. 21ST TO MARCH 3RD.

THE two days' voyage from Melbourne to Launceston was a season of rest for us all; but at the same time the Lord made Himself known among the people on board.

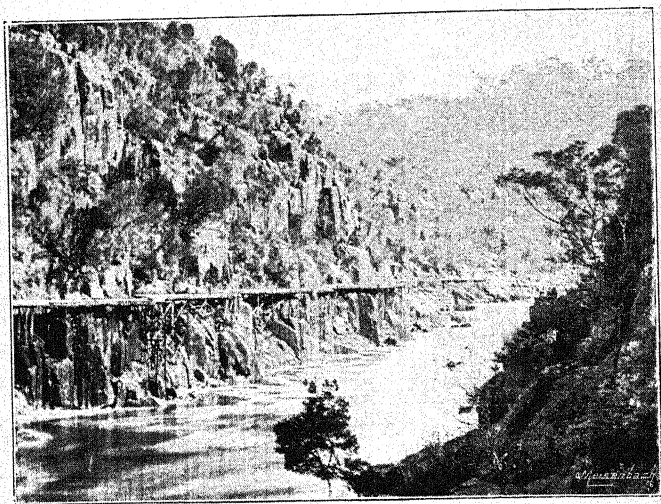
While some few of us were singing hymns on deck one day, by way of enjoying ourselves, it was noticed that one of the Roman Catholic nuns, who was travelling with a party of nuns and priests, was crying, and utterly unable to understand our singing hymns so happily. Horan had a good time with a couple of priests, to whom he gave his testimony as to how the Lord saved his soul.

We landed about 4.30 p.m. on Saturday afternoon, and rested till Monday, when THE LAUNCESTON CONVENTION was opened by a prayer meeting at 7.30 p.m., and Mr. Grubb again presided.*

The Lord made His presence and power manifest

* "Report of the Launceston Convention." Published by E. E. Campbell, 14, Sturt Street, Ballarat, Australia.

in many ways, not only at the convention meetings, but also by giving us a slight repetition of Acts xvi. 25, 26; for, "at midnight . . . there was a great earthquake," which lasted thirty seconds. The whole town was shaken, clocks stopped, chimneys fell, and people were rocked in their beds. Many were much alarmed, while several of the convention



CATARACT GORGE.

Christians rushed to their windows and looked out, thinking that the Lord was coming, and said, "Praise the Lord!" while several unconverted yielded to God. Strange to say, Pastor Soltau, who had been mainly instrumental in getting up the convention, had, on the previous Sunday, prayed, "O Lord, if nothing but an earthquake will awake these people, send us an earthquake!"

The blessing at this convention without doubt surpassed the previous ones held at Geelong and Sydney. The Lord simply took possession of the speakers. The clear teaching given of FULL SALVATION was used as the means of showing many the cause of failure in the past, and the folly of asking God to *fill* with the Holy Ghost till He had been allowed to *make empty* by cleansing from all sin. The testimonies on the last night were thrilling. The chairman said, that the ministers on the platform would be allowed two minutes each to tell of blessing received. Immediately up stood one after another (representing all denominations), and humbly acknowledged before God and the two thousand five hundred people present, how they had come to the convention to "see" and not to receive; but that although at its commencement they had been "dead against" the movement, they had not only been convicted, but the Lord had cleansed them from their sins of unbelief and other things, and filled them with the Holy Spirit.

One clergyman said that the Lord told him to give up his pipe as a test to *full surrender*. He rebelled for some time, but finally yielded to God, and the Lord so baptised him with the Holy Ghost that he was unable to refrain from praising God aloud.

The missionary meeting was again a season of great power. Rev. John Watsford, who had been present in Sydney, had come here also as one of the speakers. So many candidates were offering

for the mission fields at home and abroad, that some of us met for special prayer, to ask guidance as to what ought to be done; for although many were willing to follow the Lord anywhere, in some cases, there was manifest an unfitness which we felt could be overcome by a little training. The result of this was that Dr. and Mrs. Warren were led to definitely offer to start a training home in Melbourne.*

The parish of St. John's was literally thrown open to us, and we were greatly drawn to the rector and his family. The Lord gave us much blessing, but the church was small, and on several occasions the usual church members found that the place was filled before they arrived, so could not share in the mission.

This church is the oldest "Church of England" building in Tasmania, and was erected in the year 1825 by the convicts.

From Launceston we went by train to Hobart, and the Tasmanian trains being remarkably non-express, we took six hours to travel a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles.

One of our first experiences in Hobart was at the barber's shop, when the man (who looked right enough) was so troubled about himself that he opened his heart without our saying a word. He said, "I've been tempted to-day. A friend from the old country arrived, and stood me a small bottle of champagne, just for the sake of old times,

* See Appendix.

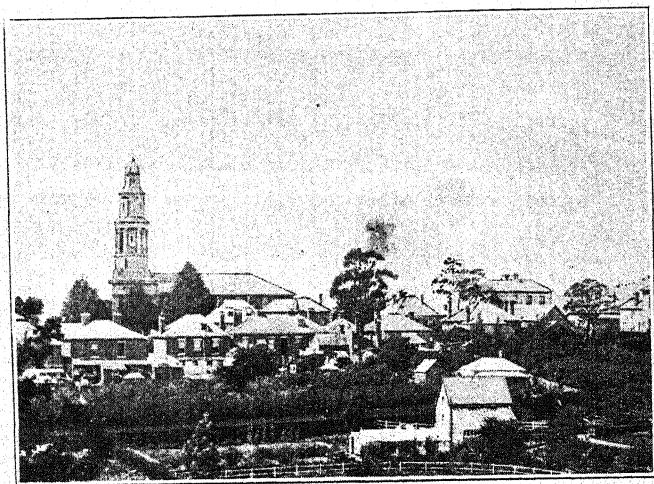
and as I have been a staunch abstainer for twelve years it upset me." He then began to shave Jackson and cut him, tendering many apologies, and excusing himself on account of having "had a drop."

The Lord next led us into conversation with a "bookmaker" and "gentleman of the turf," who could not understand young fellows like us *enjoying* reading the Bible.

Then we were led into a stationer's shop, and after making our purchases the way opened for saying a word to the young man behind the counter, for he remarked, "I wish some customers like you would come in every day." "Why?" said Jackson. "Because you see, sir, you know what you want, and you take it and go; but others come in and turn the shop upside down, and then go away without anything in the end." We told him that "the Lord did not want him to go away without eternal life, as the price was paid and the gift ready to be received." The Lord opened his eyes, and shaking hands across the counter, he said he would take "the gift of eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23).

About thirty people were present at the prayer-meeting in St. George's schoolroom. At the close a young man came up to me and said he knew he was "*all wrong*." We had a time of prayer together, and the Lord showed him the remedy given in Scripture, and he trusted the Lord to put him "*all right*."

On Sunday morning Mr. Grubb preached at Battery Point Church, while the rest of us were at distant mission churches. As I was coming out of the church to which the Lord had sent me, one of the Sunday School teachers remarked, "The people down here don't know much apart from the prayer-book;" and without knowing why, never having



BATTERY POINT CHURCH, HOBART.

seen the man before, and not being aware of his difficulty, I added, "And some of them don't even know or believe the prayer-book." "How do you mean?" said he. "For instance," I replied, "'Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy holy Name.' They repeat that, but they do not really believe God can

cleanse the thoughts, nor 'create in them a clean heart' (Psalm li. 10); and while they are uttering the words, 'Keep us this day without sin,' they don't believe God can do it." "Oh," he said, "we must all expect to go on sinning every day of our lives." "Then," I said, "if that be so, why mock God by asking Him to do what you don't believe He is able to perform? He *is* able to keep." "But," said he, "we are all, even the very best of Christians, *liable* to sin." "Yes," I replied, "there certainly is the *liability*; but what God wants is to keep us from 'keeping on sinning.' He will *cleanse* our hearts and then *keep* us, and St. John said, 'These things write I unto you, *that ye sin not* (at all). And if any man sin (it ought to be the exception, and not the rule then), we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous'" (1 John ii. 1).

As I walked back from the service I saw a young fellow sitting on a rail, and asked him if he had been to the mission. He said "No," and that he had never been inside a place of worship in his life, although twenty-two years of age. A lady also spoke to a little girl in the road, not far from the church, and said, "Do you go to Sunday School?" "No." "Do you know anything about God?" "Yes." "What do you know?" "Don't know." Then the lady talked to her about the love of Jesus, and when she had finished she asked her, "Have you never heard that before?" "No; I've heard about God, but I never heard about the other Man." Another little girl was heard to remark (about a

district visitor who had been to the house to ask the family to attend the mission), "How these people have got religious all of a sudden!" Alas for the ignorance—the "open-eyes blind," as David calls it—of some of our fellow-creatures!

We had a very hearty service for children in the afternoon, during which several found Jesus as their Saviour. Horan and I were afterwards led to the promenade on Sandy Bay, where some lads were sitting about, and as we passed they said, "Missionaries, carry yer Bibles!" So we stopped and had a little chat, and asked them to come to the evening service. They said they had no time then; but as they evidently had time *now*, we said, "We can have a meeting now, if you like." Standing back a little, we struck up a hymn, while others gathered round, and presently the Lord convicted several, and we were busy till nearly six o'clock talking to those who were anxious.

Two girls who were convicted followed us to the church, and brought in some of their young friends. They all remained in the pew after the service was over, and the Lord blessedly used me to lead every one of them to Christ. Glory be to God!

On Monday afternoon a gentleman called, asking me to come out for a walk, as he wanted to talk to me. He said, "I attended your children's service yesterday afternoon and through your address it was made clear to me that, although myself a Sunday School superintendent, I am not converted.

You spoke to the children about the 'sting of the serpent,' and how the sting might be taken away. Well, I have that sting in me still. Six years ago another young fellow and I wandered into a theatre in —, and found the Rev. J. D. Langley, of Sydney, preaching. I was convinced I was wrong, and went out, determined to be different. I then got confirmed and took up Sunday School work, and recently became a superintendent. But, for all that, I am *not different*; neither have I received forgiveness of my sins nor the Spirit of God." God gave me some verses of Scripture for him, which showed him that being convicted that we are wrong is one thing, and to be put right is another. He saw this difference, and claimed the promise through the precious blood of Christ, that he should be cleansed from all sin, and opening his heart, believed and received the Lord Jesus "while we talked with one another by the way." Some days afterwards he said to me, "I am greatly encouraged, because some of my friends have remarked, 'How *different* he is!'" Hallelujah!

The services all through the week were increasingly attended and owned of God. Whole families were blessed, and many who for years had neglected to go to any church were brought to Christ. Among those who testified was the bishop's wife, who during the mission had entered into practical experience of the "life more abundant" (John x. 10).

On Monday afternoon the bishop invited all the Sunday School children and their teachers to a

missionary meeting in the paddock adjoining Bishop Court. Some hundreds came, and Mrs. Millard (in Chinese costume) gave a missionary address. Jackson also spoke about the work in Ceylon and India.

With only one day's interval we went on to Glenorchy, to the parish of St. John's, where the mission was commenced by an early prayer-meeting, the keynote being Job xvi. 12-14, "I was at ease, but *He hath broken me asunder*," with Psalm li. 7-8, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which *Thou hast broken* may rejoice." Numbers of short petitions were sent up to the throne of God, while all hearts seemed bent on receiving a blessing.

The usual Bible expositions and children's services were held in the afternoon, and before the evening service Mrs. Millard and two or three other ladies went to the cross-roads for an open air.

A public-house stood near by, and four or five cottages, but only a very few people cared to come, including about a dozen small children. Two or three listened from their windows, but, to say the least of it, there was a decided "lack of enthusiasm." In addition to this, a man who wanted to create a little amusement brought out a parrot, and put it down in the road, where it strutted about and talked in its own free way. This nearly upset the equilibrium of the ladies, and leaving the spot, they went up to the church. A young girl asked her

father if she might go to hear Mr. Grubb. He said, "Certainly not; for I was passing the 'Maypole Inn' to-night, and saw some of his party having a most exciting meeting (!) in the street, and I could not allow my daughter to become so influenced. I don't believe in people having their feelings worked up to such a pitch." (!)

We were greatly encouraged at this place by the results of speaking to individuals as they came out of the church. Many of them made such remarks as these: "I have been seeking this blessing for years. Why did no one speak to me before?"

A message came to Mrs. Millard one morning that a Christian girl was anxious to see her. We went out, and learned that she had been ill for nearly four years, and had spent much money on unsuccessful attempts to get better. She said that it had been laid upon her that we should ask the Lord to restore her to health, for the doctor had told her he could do no more, and that nothing but Divine power could avail to cure her malady. Mrs. Millard spent some time in questioning her about God's dealings with her through her sickness, and pointing out how He often permits sickness to come that His children may learn some lesson. It was made clear to them both that in this case it was the will of God that she should be healed. So we all joined in believing prayer, and, according to James v. 14, we anointed her "with oil in the name of the Lord." She praised God for healing her, and attended the afternoon Bible reading in the church.

She has since been engaged in active mission work. Praise God!

On Sunday afternoon the schoolroom was so crowded with children that we did not exactly know what to do; especially when we saw a huge "up-country waggon" arriving at the door, bringing seventy more children. The archdeacon very kindly offered the use of the church, but the pews we knew were high; so, thanking him for his offer, we said we thought, as the weather was very hot, we might have the service outside the school under the blue-gum trees. The children were accordingly marched out, the cart was drawn up, the horse taken out of the shafts and allowed to wander in the field, and, mounting the cart for a pulpit, we began with a hymn.

The Lord worked in many hearts, so that at the close of the service, when I asked all those who wished to give their hearts to the Lord to go to the schoolroom, no less than fifty girls and boys and three teachers responded. After a few words of explanation of some verses of Scripture every one of these lifted up their hearts to God during silent prayer.

Those who had special difficulties remained behind of their own accord. Several told us that they knew their sins were forgiven, but they had such bad tempers, or pride, or selfishness, which they could not overcome. We showed them that the Lord who forgave their angry words and selfish deeds, could also *cleanse* their hearts from

all sin ; and then He would *keep* them instead of their trying to keep themselves.

Several claimed cleansing from all sin and the keeping power of God, and went home rejoicing (Isa. xxvii. 3).

One lady who had been converted during the mission came up to me and said, "I have such a difficulty to face, and it is just this. Before I was converted I accepted an invitation to the ball to be given on board H.M.S. —. Do you think it would be very wicked to go?" I asked her, "Would you enjoy yourself if you went, now that you are converted?" "No," she said; "for I have asked the Lord to take away my love of dancing; but—how am I to decide?" I said, "If you were to go, would you be willing to speak to your partner for the first dance, about your newly found Saviour?" "Oh," said she, "I don't know if I should." "If you did, shall I tell you what would be the result? You would be a 'wall-flower' for the rest of the evening, and people would naturally say, 'If that girl is really what she says and believes, the ball-room is no place for her'—for you know that worldly people are sometimes well able to give one an idea of what a Christian *ought to be*!"

Looking as if this was a new light on the subject, she exclaimed, "I've been to my last dance!" We were just parting, when she said, "Oh, there is one little thing may I ask you? I play dance music, and girls say it helps them to learn dancing when I play for them. Ought I to give that up, too?"

This is but one of the frequent instances in which the Lord used personal conversation to remove many a doubt.

Mrs. Millard and Jackson spent two whole afternoons under the trees outside the schoolroom, while the children's service was going on, dealing with those who had difficulties. In fact, every moment, from the early prayer-meeting till the next meeting, Jackson seemed busy with one or another, and it was very often late at night before we were able to retire to rest. Owing to this fact no record was kept of these impromptu meetings and wayside conversations.

Some two thousand people attended the last service in Tasmania, which was conducted in the Exhibition Buildings.

At twelve noon on Thursday, March 3rd, we went aboard the steamship — for New Zealand. Many friends came to bid us farewell, and as the screw turned they began singing :—

“Like a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace ;
Over all victorious
In its bright increase.
Perfect—yet it floweth
Fuller every day ;
Perfect—yet it groweth
Deeper all the way.

CHORUS.

“Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.

"Hidden in the hollow
Of His blessed hand,
Never foe can follow,
Never traitor stand.
Not a surge of worry,
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry,
Touch the Spirit there.

Hymns of Consecration and Faith.

"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding" (Phil. iv. 7).

CHAPTER XIX.

*ST. PAUL'S PRO-CATHEDRAL AND GARRISON
HALL, DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.*

MARCH 3RD TO MARCH 16TH.

THE three days' run from Hobart to the Bluff was not so rough as usual at this season, and on our arrival, after a good passage, letters of invitation from all parts of New Zealand were handed to us. So numerous, indeed, were they that special prayer and consultation was imperative, in order to decide which to accept, and what route to follow. No invitation had come from Dunedin, except from individual Christians. Nevertheless, we felt strongly drawn toward this place, and after putting in at Port Chalmers, and waiting for two hours, we steamed up the river to Dunedin.

News that Mr. Grubb was on board having preceded our arrival, several friends were on the jetty to meet us, including the archdeacon, the curate of St. Paul's pro-Cathedral, the Wesleyan, Congregational, Baptist, and Methodist ministers, and an "open brother." The bishop being away from home, the archdeacon at once gave us an invitation to commence in the pro-cathedral, at the same time saying that he knew it would prove too small, but

that it would be possible to take the Garrison Hall, which holds some two thousand five hundred to three thousand people. On getting ashore we took our luggage to the coffee palace, at which several were led to stay. Mr. Grubb was kindly welcomed by the curate, and Mrs. Millard and I went to the house of an old friend whom we had met in England some years before. As we walked through the town we were struck by everything being decidedly Scotch—not a person without an accent, and not a road without a hill; while from the summit of each little mountain magnificent scenery was visible.

Our "first shot" in this place was made among the young men of a Bible class, which was conducted by a leading solicitor in the town—one of those who had met us with so hearty a welcome. We held a small meeting at his house on the evening of our arrival, and had some encouraging chats with these young fellows. The next morning we all met in the town to arrange the order of services, and when on our way to take the Garrison Hall the curate told us that he had some good news for us.

A few weeks before our arrival, when visiting in the hospital, he was told by the doctor that a certain man (who had come in to be treated for cancer) was dying, and that he thought the curate ought to break the news to him. As he drew near the bed of the patient—a rather rough-looking man—he felt that he had by no means a pleasant task to perform. But he gently approached the subject, and after a little conversation

he said, "Well, my friend, and supposing your case should prove fatal, are you ready to leave this world? . . . Would you be afraid? . . . The doctors do not give any hope of your recovery. . . . Would you like me to take any message for you to your wife and children?" . . .

His eyes filled with tears, and he seemed much moved, and cried like a child. After a while he said it was thoughts of his wife and children, and not of himself, that made him break down. "Because," said he, cheering up, "I was converted at Westport last May year, through the mission conducted by Mr. Grubb;"* then he testified to the wonderful peace the Lord had given him, and to the fact that he had proved the truth of the words, "*He is able to keep from falling*" (Jude 24). Not long after that interview this saved miner passed away in peace. Praise be to God!

We had a number of hand-bills quickly printed and distributed in all directions, some of us parading the streets and giving them to passers-by.

There was a fair attendance at the opening prayer-meeting on Thursday morning at 7.30. Mr. Grubb gave us a running comment on Psalm cxlii., saying, that if we were to receive blessing we must get into the position referred to in verse 6, "I am brought *very low*"; then verse 7, "He brings us out of prison, that we may praise His name."

Two half-hour meetings for business men were conducted daily by members of the mission party:

* See "What God hath Wrought," pp. 219-22.

the first from 12.30 to 1 o'clock, and then from 1 o'clock to 1.30, so as to suit all. These meetings were not largely attended, but the Lord was mightily present to bless, and the souls of some of the young men were truly set on fire of God.

About five hundred people came to the Bible exposition on the first afternoon, and many were broken down and sought Him, and found peace, for "He is our peace" (Eph. ii. 14). At 4.15 we began the children's service, but only about fifteen came, so that it looked very absurd having them in the large hall; but God was only testing our faith, and we had a very happy time with this little company, together with a few of the adults who had remained after the Bible reading. The work among children I feel to be more important than ever, for two reasons: one, that the children themselves may see and experience the reality of Jesus as their Saviour, Keeper and Friend, and learn to love the Scriptures, while they also become unconscious witnesses, and reach hearts where no one else is used of God.

For instance, when we arrived here we found scores of boys playing about after the usual school had begun in the morning. Jackson had asked them, "How is it you are not in school?" The reply from one of the bigger boys was, "It is Scripture instruction morning, so we don't need to go in till ten o'clock," * showing that they would not join in the Scripture reading unless compelled to do so.

* It is not compulsory.

Then again, a lady said to Mrs. Millard one day at the close of a mission, "I have been to all the services, but nothing has helped me so much as the simple messages my little boy has brought me from the children's services."

The numbers increased steadily every day, and scores came up to us to talk over points in Scripture, many of them testifying that they had been Christians for years, but that till this mission they had never seen that "sanctification" and the "filling of the Holy Ghost" are to be received "by faith."

We experienced some opposition, chiefly from the Exclusive Brethren, who conscientiously and faithfully told us what they thought about the mission. The sad part of this seems to us to be the fact, that in their desire to have "unity," Satan somehow or other succeeds in "sowing discord among brethren" (Prov. vi. 19). In Ceylon sad divisions have been made among some of the Christian planters. Up to a certain time (when a visit was paid to the island by two brethren) they had loved one another out of "a pure heart fervently" (1 Pet. i. 22), and fought shoulder to shoulder for the Lord, but now in some cases it is sadly different.

St. Paul's pro-Cathedral on Sunday morning was crammed to suffocation, when the message given was more "to the point" than many of the congregation cared about; but conviction was deep, and when in the afternoon Mrs. Millard had a ladies' meeting in the schoolroom there was a general breaking down. Some four hundred were present,

the Lord taking complete charge of the place ; and when the opportunity for any to go who wished to do so was given, many seemed unable to leave their seats, while some who went out and were seen to go sobbing down the road, eventually turned back and came in again. A few words were spoken in explanation of the definite reception of either forgiveness, or cleansing, or power for service, and many yielded their wills to God, and receiving in child-like faith the blessing offered, went home praising God that although "He had broken, He had also healed."

A Chinese woman was among the number of those who entered into fulness of blessing. She told Mrs. Millard that she had been converted eighteen years ago while in Hong Kong, through one of the C.M.S. missionaries, but that till this week she had "a very heavy weight on her heart," and her "conscience always fighting against her." She was supremely happy over the promise of cleansing from all sin and unrighteousness through the Blood of Jesus. Her children were converted during this mission, and her gratitude to God knew no bounds, while her testimony was very characteristic when she said, "The oil has been poured over us all." While Mrs. Millard was holding the ladies' meeting the Sunday School children again assembled in the Garrison Hall. It is difficult to estimate how many were present on this occasion, but it is said that (with adults) there must have been nearly three thousand present.

The singing of their fresh young voices was most delightful, and the Lord gave them great attention, as for forty minutes they listened to the address. We had an after-meeting, when a good many gave their hearts to the Lord.

Following this we were all led in different directions. Mrs. Millard went to a brethren's meeting, at which some were not a little staggered at hearing a woman's voice; others of us had different churches and chapels opened to us, so that salvation and testimony on that day flowed freely through the town.

At 8 p.m. the places of worship began to empty, and the streets were thronged with people of all persuasions, who eagerly flocked to the Garrison Hall, where Mr. Grubb preached on "*The Blood of the Lamb.*" The place was packed, even standing room being unobtainable.

At 8.15 p.m. the doors had to be closed, and those who were unable to get in gathered round two or three of us outside, and there joined in an "open air," which was blessed to several. The last day was indeed a "great day of the feast." The early morning prayer-meeting was turned into one of praise, while men and women, old and young, told aloud of the goodness of their God through the Saviour Jesus Christ. They testified to "sins forgiven through the Blood" (Matt. xxvi. 28); "hearts cleansed through the Blood" (1 John i. 7); "peace through the Blood" (Col. i. 20); "victory through the Blood" (Rev. xii. 11). One lady, in great distress of soul, asked for Mrs. Millard,

saying that although a Christian she could not praise like the rest ; and said that on one occasion, when we had been to her house to tea, we had directly spoken to every one but to her. Mrs. Millard was used to show her that the secret of happiness was entire surrender and simple trust in the Prince of Peace.

Another lady came up to Jackson, but at first was too overcome to speak. Jackson was led to strike exactly on the point of difficulty. He said, "You have not perfect peace?" "*No*," she said ; "that is just what troubles me. I have been converted for years, but have always been worried and afraid of what is going to happen, and I got so desperate last Christmas that I went to the Rev. —, and asked him how I could get peace. He told me that 'peace was the last and special gift of our Saviour to His disciples before He left this earth, and that I must wait till He gives it to me.'" "Well," said Jackson, "*He* offers you peace *now*. All you have to do is to *take* Him as your peace, and He will deliver you instantly from worrying. 'He is our peace'" (Eph. ii. 14). "Why should I wait then?" she responded. "I see you and many others rejoicing in perfect peace." "You need *not* wait ; so get down on your knees now and yield all to God, and receive Christ as your peace." The Spirit of God moved in her heart, and her eyes were opened ; she yielded her all to God, and received in her soul the peace for which she had yearned.

"O the peace my Saviour gives,
Peace I never knew before;
For my life has brighter grown
Since I learned to trust Him more."

In the evening she brought her husband, who likewise received "good at the hand of the Lord" (Job ii. 10). Hallelujah!

At 3 p.m. we had a missionary meeting, when over one thousand people were present. Mr. Grubb and Mrs. Millard spoke, and Mr. C. Ewbank,* late of the China Inland Mission, also gave an address.

Several were led to see God's claim upon them individually to witness among the heathen, or wherever He may lead.

At 6.45 p.m. some of the young men who desired to carry on the work after the mission was over met to seek the Lord's guidance as to what plan to follow. They decided, as a beginning, to have a business men's half-hour prayer-meeting daily during the dinner-hour.

At 7.30 p.m. the thanksgiving service was overflowing with praise to God. It was a glorious sight to see some three thousand people at one service, all eager to hear the same old gospel story, and to join in praising for outpoured blessing; and also to know that there were not a few who had been banded together to carry on the work of "witnessing unto Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvellous light" (1 Pet. ii. 9).

* Mr. Grubb asked Mr. Ewbank to travel with us, which he did from this date.

Many letters of thanksgiving to God were sent to Mr. Grubb, from which he read out extracts at the close of his address.

Next morning we found that Horan was ill. We asked the Lord to make His will known to us, and we were led to agree that he should see a doctor. The verdict was, that he must rest, for he had previously been affected by the climate in Ceylon during his life there as a tea-planter. After renewed prayer it was decided that Horan and Bidlake should remain in Dunedin, while the rest of us went on to the town at which we were next expected. We were at first reluctant to do this, as it seemed a break in our ranks. However the Lord mightily used Bidlake among those with whom he was brought into contact during his stay there, and scores of souls were thereby led nearer to God.

The testimony of the assistants at the coffee-palace encouraged us very much, and it appears that every one of them received good through the lives and conversation of those who stayed there. All glory to God!

We did not have all smooth sailing by any means, there being many who denounced us publicly ; but for all this we praised God, and left it in His hands. As we were on our way to the railway station I had occasion to go into the telegraph office, when a man called after me, " Here ! " I stopped, and he joined me but did not shake hands. There was something strange in his manner, and his questions were snapped out in rather an abrupt manner. He said,

"Are you converted?" "Yes, I am, praise God! and am one of Mr. Grubb's band of workers."

"That doesn't follow that you are converted." "Perhaps not; but I don't think Mr. Grubb would have a man working with him who was not converted." "I am not so sure about that. How long have you been converted?" "About fifteen years," I said; "but it was not for some time after my conversion that I got real blessing in my every-day life. The love of applause and other things hindered me, but the Lord cleansed my heart by His precious Blood, and He keeps me rejoicing in Him."

"Do you think you will ever be lost?" "No!" I said. "Why not?" said he. "Because I believe God's promise to keep me to the end. He says His 'sheep shall never perish'" (John x. 27-9).

After a moment of silence he again went on, "Do you believe in holiness?" "Yes," I answered; "'holiness without which no man shall see the Lord'" (Heb. xii. 14). "What!" said he. "Do you mean to say that you can live without sin?" "No," I said, "*I cannot*; but *God can keep* me from sin." Turning away his head with disgust, he said with uncontrollable indignation, "*Damnable doctrine!*" I took him gently by the arm and said, "Now, brother, look here. If we are Christian brothers don't let us have any unpleasantness. If you don't believe in holiness don't get angry with me; you had better go and tell the Lord, for He distinctly teaches in the Scripture that He came to redeem us *from all iniquity*,

and that He does not want us to go on sinning after we are born again. If I sin it is not God's fault; He has provided a way so that we may be kept from sin. 'These things write I unto you, that ye sin not (at all) [Greek]. And *if* any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous'" (1 John ii. 1).

"'Tell the Lord,' indeed! Nonsense!" and he shook me off like a viper, and made away as fast as he could go without another word.

I learned afterwards that he had also spoken to Mr. Grubb; and although during a mission elsewhere two of his sisters had been converted through Mr. Grubb, he refused to shake hands with him.

"Able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory" (Jude 24).

CHAPTER XX.

ST. LUKE'S, OAMARU—ST. JOHN'S, CHRISTCHURCH.

MARCH 17TH TO MARCH 31ST.

FOR some miles the train ran along by the sea, giving us an opportunity of viewing a little of the rugged coast, which is very beautiful.

Now and again we were startled by a shriek from the engine, as the train plunged into the darkness of a tunnel. On entering the longest of these a lady in the corner, who evidently knew the line well, wishing to continue her reading, struck a match and lit a small piece of candle. We were reminded of the children's hymn, and began to sing,—

"Jesus bids us shine with a clear pure light,
Like a little candle, burning in the night;
In this world of darkness we must shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

"Jesus bids us shine, first of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it, if our light is dim.
He looks down from heaven, to see us shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

"Jesus bids us shine, then, for all around,
Many kinds of darkness in the world abound:
Sin and want and sorrow, so we must shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

Songs and Solos.

This immediately "broke the ice" with our other travellers, especially two Salvation Army lasses, who were evidently pleased that such a thing should be started by the "Church of England."

At Oamaru station several friends met us in pouring rain, which continued almost incessantly throughout the mission.

For the first few days there seemed a deadlock, and more than once did the devil tempt us to be discouraged; but at last a change came. What struck us most forcibly was the absolute ignorance—even of Sunday School teachers—about *present salvation*. One of them said to Jackson, "What do you mean by conversion? I have always supposed that if I am as good as I can be, and *do* all I can, I should be all right in the end." Another young man to whom we spoke said, that "really he had never given the subject a thought, but liked to be regular in attendance at church and school." Notwithstanding the torrents of rain, the people turned out well for the services, and for the last two nights we had the public hall. On Sunday afternoon Mrs. Millard had a ladies' service in the church at three o'clock, when those present were shown the way of salvation and of deliverance from bondage. So many indeed were willing to converse over their difficulties that it was 5.30 p.m. before she left. We had a united Sunday School gathering in the public hall at the same time, and many children were led to "look to Jesus" (Isa. xlv. 22). Immediately after this service Ewbank and I had

a "Young Men's Meeting." At the close, during silent prayer, several rose as a sign that they trusted the Lord for forgiveness of sins, while no less than twenty-five claimed cleansing from the love of sin and deliverance from fear of what people will say—"They say——" "What do they say?" "Let them say."

One man who gave no outward sign of yielding, we afterwards learned, was nevertheless convicted; for he told a friend that while I was speaking he felt as if a harrow was being dragged across his back.

There was a marked change at the Monday morning prayer-meeting, for Mr. Grubb had been led to speak very plainly on Sunday evening, and numbers were led into the light. Several ladies, who hitherto had sealed lips, at last allowed the Lord to have His own way with them and "open their lips that their mouth might show forth His praise"; but in one case it took nearly ten minutes for the timid soul to trust the Lord to open her mouth. Her case had been specially laid upon our hearts at the previous meeting, so that we *had to believe*; but we found it to be a real work: "This is *the work* of God, that ye believe" (John vi. 28, 29); "We *wrestle* not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers" (Eph. vi. 12).

There was certainly a great contrast in the cheery faces of a good many present at the Thanksgiving service, compared with those at the opening prayer-meeting; but we left with a strong feeling that we

had been permitted to see only the very beginning of God's revival work among these people. The following week we received a letter from a member of the congregation, to tell us that on the Sunday after the mission one of the churchwardens, as he handed the collection-plate to the clergyman, turned round to the whole church and said that he wished to testify that during the mission he had been delivered from a life of sin, and that he had received the blessing of cleansing through the blood of Jesus Christ. By this bold testimony he himself was strengthened, and "many who heard the Word believed" (Acts iv. 4). "They overcame the dragon by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony" (Rev. xii. 11).

Leaving by the afternoon train from Oamaru, we passed on to Christchurch. About five o'clock we stopped at a station for tea, and were told by the waitress that "she did not believe we were Christians because we were so happy!" When we re-entered the train other passengers got in, and among them a hearty old farmer's wife, with a saved-looking face, who plumped down next to me. I said, "You look like 'one of the Lord's.' Are you?" "Yes," she said, smiling all over, and showing a few alternate front teeth. "I've belonged to Him ever since the Army came to my place eight years ago." Glory be to God! Reached Christchurch at 8.45 p.m., tired, but praising God.

Mr. Grubb having been asked to preach the

Harvest Thanksgiving sermon at Rangiora, we took the train on there. Several passengers shared the carriage with us (it was like an American car), including an Irish Roman Catholic, who had taken drink enough to make him very talkative, but was sufficiently sober to fully understand what was said to him. Jackson had a long talk with him, and this attracted the attention of others, who seemed both amused and interested. Three schoolboys were listening, so I said to them, "Are any of you fellows converted?" They did not hear; so to the one next to me I said, "Have you given your heart to the Lord?" "I have," said he, and shook hands most warmly; also the second, who was very bright. But the third looked sad, and leaning in front of one of the others he said, "I'm afraid I can't say that, sir." We had a chat together, and the Spirit of God made the way plain to him. At last he said he would trust the Lord, so I asked, "Why not do so now?" He put his hand over his face, and lifting up his heart to God, he prayed that the Lord would take him and save him.

God blessed the Word at the Harvest Thanksgiving service, and some present "trusted the Lord."

Returning to Christchurch the next day, we met for special prayer for the mission. While thus engaged it was laid upon all our hearts that Horan and Bidlake should return to England *via* Ceylon, and (if he was so led of God) get David to go on with them, to be present at the Keswick Convention, 1892. This desire we asked the Lord Himself

to bring to the minds of Horan and Bidlake, away in Dunedin, if it really was from Him. We then telegraphed to them to join us at once if Horan was better, so that we might pray and agree together. They came, and the result was soon clearly decided, for they said that the moment the telegram came they both felt that the Lord was going to send them home.

Horan, though better, was not well ; but without delay they left us, and travelled, *viâ* Tasmania and Melbourne, to Ceylon. There they saw David, and he was led to accompany them to England. Meanwhile the rest of us continued together, our number reinforced now by Mr. Robison, who acted as secretary in place of Horan.

We were invited to afternoon tea at the parsonage, to meet some of the church workers. Jackson was led into conversation with a lady present, who remarked that the theatres in Christchurch "were more easily filled than the churches." He asked her "to which side she belonged?" which resulted in his further inquiry about her own conversion. This surprised lady forthwith spread the news among her friends that the mission had already commenced, for one of the missionaries had tried to convert her during afternoon tea at the parsonage.

The "evil one" has done a great work in Christchurch. The place seemed to be honeycombed with every possible theory, while religious quacks made their honey at the expense of too-easily persuaded individuals, who, having lost their sweet

ness, were "carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive" (Eph. iv. 14). "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and to-day, yea and for ever." THEREFORE "Be not carried away by divers and strange teachings" (Heb. xiii. 8, 9, R.V.).

Many folk seem blind in very deed, and in some cases because *they do not read* their Bibles; for were they only to see 2 John 7 they would easily discern the traces of antichrist, "For many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh. This is a deceiver and an antichrist."

The Lord proved Himself Conqueror in many hearts here, especially in the cases of individuals who had been* exercised for some time about the truth of the Scriptures. The young children simply ran to their special services, and on one occasion were unwilling to go away, *even after a second after-meeting*. Adults also came, and parents testified to blessing received, not only by their children but by themselves also.

We were greatly encouraged by the report of a revival among the Presbyterians in a district not many miles away, through the testimony of a young man who was set on fire during Mr. Grubb's visit to Napier in June 1890. This young man was the means of the stirring-up of the general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, and he was used in his turn to pass on the blessing to two others,

one the son of a Presbyterian minister. While spending a Sunday with his father these two were asked to speak at an after-meeting. As a consequence two girls in the choir yielded to God. Four more came to the manse the next day and were converted; then two other young men inquired and found the Lord. The minister proposed to have daily services; the Spirit of God worked so mightily that souls were saved at almost every meeting. Though there was a good deal of opposition the fire began to spread, until the mission had continued for six weeks in the country round, and without counting the many children who were truly led to Christ, no less than five hundred persons testified to having been brought to the Lord. The minister got a strong rebuff from one lady, to whom he had spoken about her soul. She said, "Go away; I am ashamed of you! You are not Presbyterians at all; you are Salvationists!" Praise God! May all of us become Salvationists in the real deep sense of the word, for time is short and the devil is busy.

Before leaving Christchurch we were again asked to have afternoon tea at the parsonage. We went; seeking souls were met with there, and before the friends left, four had received assurance of salvation. Glory be to God! That was a real good "afternoon tea," at which the Lord was Himself present, and of which He approved.

Religious theatricals seemed to be a great stumbling block in the way of a good many, who prefer the applause of men rather than the praise of God.

Lord, have mercy on all church workers who try to get money for *His* work 'by worldly means! This sort of thing creates infidels by the score. Mr. Grubb once told us of a church where there was an advertisement on the *notice* board,—“*New Spire Fund!* An entertainment will be given (D.V.) on such a night. A screaming farce! Roars of laughter. *Tickets* half-a-crown and one shilling.”

An agnostic seeing this said to his friend, “Their Christ is played out!”

“Be instant in season, out of season” (2 Tim. iv. 2).

CHAPTER XXI.

THE OPERA HOUSE, WELLINGTON.

APRIL 1ST TO APRIL 12TH.

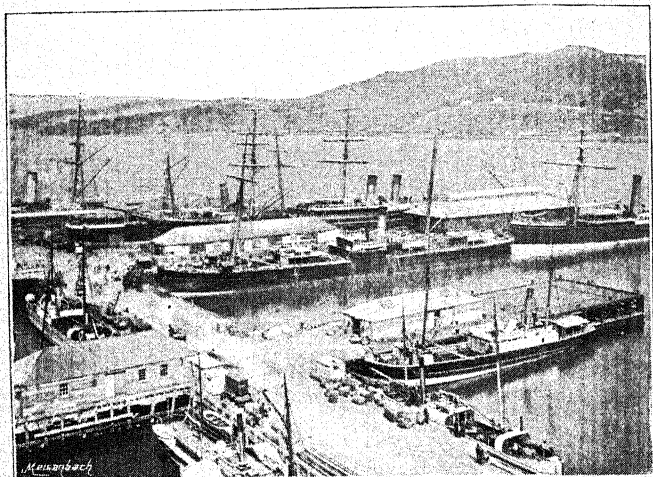
THERE being no invitation from the clergy of the Church of England in Wellington, Mr. Grubb did not conduct the mission in the churches, and we were led to take the Opera House. Mr. Grubb and I made an opportunity of calling upon the clergy, to ask them to give their sympathy and prayers; but one of the only two whom we were fortunate enough to find at home told us, honestly, that he could give us neither. So after a heart-to-heart talk, which one can always have with an honest outspoken man, we returned, to begin the ten days' mission. Several Christian friends said they would be glad to take any part in advertising, while others gave us a welcome to their houses. Two ladies came to meet us even before we had left the steamer, saying that they were so glad to hear that we believed in faith-healing; but we were led to ask them a few questions, as we have frequently noticed that people drift off into preaching faith-healing instead of Christ, and one of these ladies was rather vexed with Mrs. Millard for saying that we believe there is *nothing higher than the will of God*, and that it might

possibly be the Lord's will, on an occasion, for this lady to take medicine. But she said *that* could not possibly be. At the same time, we fully believe that as we are living in an age of *doubt*, the Lord does mean that we should trust Him; for *He* has not changed, and *is* able to heal diseases, give sight to the blind, cleanse a leper, or raise the dead, just as easily as when He was in bodily presence upon the earth. *He is the same Lord.*

On Saturday night, April 2nd, about seven hundred people attended the opening service, and we were encouraged under the circumstances to hear that a very great many present were members of the Church of England. On Sunday Mr. Grubb addressed men only at 4.15 p.m., after the children's gathering, which had been crowded. At 8.30 p.m. the "pack" was so great that it seemed as if half of every congregation must have come to the hall from their several churches. For the first few services we were not led into personal conversation; but the conviction was so deep, that each day the people seemed to succeed in clearing out of the house faster than before, lest they should be spoken to.

The children, who were of rather an independent turn of mind, behaved well, considering that the building was a theatre, where whistling is customary in the sixpenny gallery. Many gave their young hearts to the Lord. After one of these services we met a lady whom we knew, whose conversion was brought about through the instrumentality of a little

girl during the Blenheim mission in June 1890.* She asked me to look out particularly for a lady she was going to send to the meeting to-morrow, who she knew was anxious to be saved. The next day, accordingly, I was prepared to speak to her, but did not notice any one waiting, until just before we were leaving she appeared. In the conversation which



THE HARBOUR, WELLINGTON.

followed "the Lord met with her," and after about half an hour's earnest talk she listened to the loving voice of Jesus and came to Him, yielding all at His feet. She afterwards told me, that up to the time of her making herself known she had been in a perfect terror, and her heart failing her, she had hidden behind a fire escape, lest I should see her and speak to her about her soul; but the Lord

* See "What God hath Wrought," pp. 233-4.

renewed her courage, so that she came out from her hiding-place, and now praises God that He took her thus by the hand.

Many of the Christians were completely broken down on Friday afternoon at the Bible exposition. Mr. Grubb had compared Scripture with Scripture, showing the condition of the disciples before Pentecost as contrasted with their condition after they were filled with the Holy Ghost. It was a very solemn time when, during silent prayer, broken hearts sought and trusted for the cleansing necessary before the infilling of the Spirit.

The building was crowded for the evening service, when Mr. Grubb preached on "Cornelius" (Acts x.); after which it must have been almost impossible for any one to still imagine that they could be saved by works. "By grace are ye saved. . . . Not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. ii. 8, 9).

The service reported to be the most powerful was the one on Sunday evening, when the crowd was so great that we held an overflow in a neighbouring hall. Scores of men and women of all classes and conditions were led to Christ, including some ladies, who as they came away, overflowing with joy through the assurance of salvation received from the Lord, said they were going to their different clergymen to testify to what great things the Lord had done for them. Praise the Lord! "With *the heart* man *believeth* unto righteousness; and with *the mouth confession* is made unto salvation" (Rom. x. 10).

The Wellington *Evening Press* gives the following account of the Thanksgiving service,—

"The series of evangelistic services commenced by Rev. G. C. Grubb on Saturday, 2nd instant, were brought to a close last evening by a Thanksgiving service in the Opera House, commencing at 7.30. As has been the case nearly every night of the mission, the large building was thronged to its utmost capacity. Fully half an hour before the appointed time every seat was occupied, except on the platform and in the pit, and these too were all utilised within a few minutes afterwards. Consequently many had to stand throughout the service, and hundreds were unable even to gain admission to the building. The interest evinced in these meetings has been truly remarkable, extending to all sections of church members as well as non-professing Christians. And yet there is nothing whatever even approaching sensationalism in the rev. gentleman's style. On the contrary, his manner is that of a quiet, unassuming man, so thoroughly in earnest, however, and so filled with his subject, that every word carries weight with it, and the deepest attention is shown throughout the service.

"After the meeting had been opened in the usual way, Mr. Grubb gave out the subject he purposed speaking on as 'The Secret of a Happy Christian Life,' taking as his text 'Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord: He shall pluck my feet out of the net' (Psalm xxv. 15). He said the life of every true Christian ought to be a happy one to themselves, as well as one that glorified God. He compared Satan and his wiles to trip up the Christian to a clever bird-catcher. But the Bible told us it was vain to set the net in the sight of any bird; therefore Satan always tried to effect his purpose by means that were not visible. If Satan could only get Christians to look away from Christ to their sanctification, their feelings, or anything of self, he would thereby effect his purpose in causing the Christian to stumble. He found as he went about many Christians had enough religion to make them miserable; but he would enforce upon them that St. Paul really meant what he said in Phil. iii. 1, 'Rejoice in the Lord'; Phil. iv. 4, 'Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice'; 1 Thess. v. 18, 'In everything give thanks: for this is

the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.' It was a sign that a Christian was not living close to God if he were always grumpy. The whole Christian life was summed up in three looks:—

"First, salvation ;

"Second, sanctification ;

"Third, expectation.

"The *first look* was that which *gave life*, eternal life. 'Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth' (Isa. xlv. 22).

"But there was far more than that in store for us ; it was only the first step on the ladder. With regard to the children of Israel, when the Lord sent fiery serpents amongst them as a punishment for their sin (Numb. xxi.), and afterwards provided a remedy in the serpent of brass we read, 'when they beheld,' etc., the word translated 'beheld' meant looked expectantly. We must look to Christ, expecting to receive the gift of eternal life, which He has promised. You never ask or pray in faith unless you expect to receive what you ask, though you may feel nothing, but simply trust in Jesus and His finished work.

"We read about the *second look* in 'Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, . . . looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith' (Heb. xii. 1-2).

"This is the *look* that would give *power over besetting sins*. But we must remember the conditions, 'Lay aside,' etc., and 'Looking unto.' If you will only fully surrender yourself to Jesus and rest upon the promises, Jesus will give you the victory. He had been asked, Was this thing a sin and that thing a sin, by many people in Wellington. Now, he wished to remind them there are many things not sins in themselves that yet might prove weights, and hinder the Christian in running the heavenly race, and there was a danger of the border line being crossed and the weight merging into sin. A Christian is always to be in training, and should therefore avoid doing anything that would prevent or hinder him in his race. Before you try to work for God, get your own heart right with God, and then it will be an easy and joyous thing to work for Him. He would strongly advise the 'laying aside' of strong drink. It might be no sin for you to take a glass of wine, but the indulgence in it might prove a great weight both to yourself and others. (The speaker proceeded to give some

thrilling instances of the snare strong drink had proved to those who commenced by taking it in moderation.) He would urge every Christian to lay aside the weight of strong drink, and to throw the pipe and cigarette after it. He had never been able to persuade himself that the smell of tobacco savoured of sanctification. He would urge every Christian to lay it aside. He did not judge others, but let them ask God to show them their duty. They would never regret not doing anything whereby a weaker brother or sister might be made to stumble.

"Then the *third look* was 'Our conversation (or citizenship) is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour' (Phil. iii. 20).

"This was the *look of expectation* of the coming glory—looking for Jesus. He thought it would astonish many Christians present to learn that the coming of the Lord was referred to no less than three hundred and eighteen times in the New Testament alone. And yet no subject was less referred to in the pulpits of our churches to-day than that of the Second Advent; and God's own Book says, 'He that hath *this* hope in him purifieth himself, even as He (Christ) is pure.'

"'I'll never forget' (he said) 'the joy that filled my own soul some twenty years ago when God showed me it was His will that I should live looking for the Second Advent to come any day, and meant me to be at work for Him meantime. Sooner than you think, the dark skies will cleave asunder, and the dear Saviour come for His own. Don't think the world is growing better and the Church improving. God says, "As it was in the days of Noah (and wickedness was rife on the earth then), so shall it be in the day when the Son of man comes again." The darkest days will be just before Christ comes. Jesus wants to get you ready now, so that when He does come you will be ready and glad to meet Him. Get your eyes fixed on the Second Advent, and then look from that standpoint at the business and politics and science of to-day, and see how they will sink into insignificance. You will be so glad when Jesus comes if you have been privileged to work and suffer for Him, and of being rejected by the world, as your Saviour was.'

"Mr. Grubb then proceeded to read brief extracts from a vast pile of letters he had received from those in Wellington who had received blessing during the mission services.

"The meeting, which was deeply impressive throughout, was brought to a close by singing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

"A great number remained behind to shake hands and bid farewell to Mr. Grubb, who, with his party of co-workers, leaves for Nelson this evening.

"During the meeting Mr. Grubb stated he was very sorry to hear some persons had been going round getting subscriptions for him. He knew nothing of such an intention, or he would have prevented it. He relied entirely on the Lord to provide the ways and means for him to do His work, and had never been disappointed. The expenses of the Opera House, etc., in Wellington were already all paid for. He wished it distinctly understood he was not maintained or supported by any society or sect or other human agency in carrying on these mission services."—(*Extract from the Wellington "Evening Press."*)

"We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake" (2 Cor. iv. 5).

CHAPTER XXII.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH AND THE CATHEDRAL, NELSON.

APRIL 13TH TO APRIL 20TH.

THE steamship — left Wellington for Nelson at 6 p.m. on Tuesday, April 12th. We had not been on board half an hour before one of the officers introduced himself as having attended the young men's meetings in Dunedin. As he wanted to ask some questions he begged that we would introduce him to Mr. Grubb. We did so gladly, and they spent a good half-hour together, and the Lord blessed his soul.

After we had gone to our bunks that night a Christian man, in the one under mine, and who was in difficulty about his soul, could not sleep. The Lord awoke me in the middle of the night, and led me to say a few words to him as he was so restless. Very little was said, and the incident might have been passed over as nothing in particular, but that some weeks afterwards he told me that God's message had come to him in the middle of the night on board that boat.

Hallelujah! "Meditate . . . in the night watches" (Psalm lxiii. 6).

Torrents of rain obscured the lovely scenery as

we steamed through the French pass to Nelson. We were encouraged to hear in Nelson of continued blessing since the mission in 1890, and of bands of workers interested in foreign missions meeting monthly and quarterly in three different districts for prayer and guidance.

While we were at Nelson it was Easter week, and we had a very blessed five days of special services, at which many who had been set on fire before, were led on to, "a closer walk with God." The children of the place had by no means forgotten the services in which they took part during the previous mission. Mrs. Millard and I went to tea one evening at the house of the boy who had said he wanted to be a "*real* Christian."* After tea his little sisters came up to me and put some money in my hands, for the "Home for Thrown-away Babies," in the Fuh-kien province of China, about which we had told them when last here. Their mother then explained that it was "getting-up-early money," given to them by their parents when they got up extra early to do things for them. The boys came forward and gave me theirs also, and when we added it up we counted £1 11s. 1½d., which amount would pay for the support of one baby for six months.

They were specially interested when they found that Mrs. Millard was with Miss Newcombe (who opened this babies' home) at the time the first "thrown-away baby" was brought in. After tea

* See "What God hath Wrought," p. 214.

we walked down to the service at the cathedral, and Mr. Grubb preached on Col. iii. 11, "Christ is all." The Lord drew us into a deeper realisation of what He is to those who believe (1 Pet. ii. 7). As we were going out the lady with whom we were staying, and who had been greatly blessed two years before, asked me if I would speak to a friend of hers as we walked home. I did so, and found she was under deep conviction, having previously asked, in a vague sort of way, that the Lord would forgive her past sins. But she still loved the old path, and had frequently chosen her own way. While we walked and talked together the Lord showed her (through various texts of Scripture) that He would not only forgive her sins, but cleanse her from all unrighteousness (1 John i. 9); that He would remove old desires, and give her perfect and complete satisfaction in Christ, "Who is all and in all." Before we reached the house she had yielded her heart to the Lord, had accepted the promise of forgiveness and cleansing, and had asked Him, once and for all, to take up His abode in her heart.

She told me that she was greatly humbled, especially as she had made up her mind *not to be converted*.*

On Good Friday morning she went to the early morning service, because she "wanted to"; on previous occasions she had gone "out of duty."

* We afterwards heard that two other members of her family were also converted about the same time, though on the other side of the world. How full and free is our Father's love!

After the morning service on Good Friday we met for special private prayer at the house where Mr. Grubb was staying. We had learned that one of the two Exclusive Brethren who had been in Ceylon was holding a mission here also, and that many young Christians were being led into all sorts of difficulties by the teaching given. We rolled this serious burden upon the Lord, and asked that by the inworking of His Holy Spirit He would defeat every device of the devil to cause division among the young Christians whose hearts had been drawn to Him.

We attended one of the meetings also, and waited to have personal conversation with the speaker. We had a loving heart-to-heart talk for over an hour, and then suggested prayer; but here we had a real example of "acting up to the conscience," for he said he was *very* sorry (and we could see that he truly was), but that while we held the views that we did he could not pray with us, on the authority of 2 John 10, "If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed."

So *we* knelt down and prayed, that if we were wrong it might be made clear to us, that we might obey; but that if he was wrong God would reveal the truth to him. He remained seated while we prayed, and said he would pray for us in private. With open hearts we sought it, but the Lord did not show us that we were wrong.

On Easter Sunday we had a glorious Resurrec-

tion day ; many found Christ as their risen personal Friend as well as their Lord and King. In the afternoon we had one of the most blessed children's services at which I, for one, have ever had the privilege of being present. The bishop and clergy being in full sympathy with the mission, we were upheld on all sides, while every facility for the furtherance of Christ's kingdom was given. The pulpit being the best place in the cathedral from which to be heard, I was allowed to speak from thence, although only a layman. The Spirit of the Lord worked mightily, not only among the boys (who occupied the left side) and the girls (on the right), but adults also, who were sitting at the back, were moved by Him. During silent prayer at the close one could have heard a pin drop, and we had the consciousness that souls were ready to yield. An after-meeting was held, and many of the children were won over by Jesus' love. Several of the adults also were so utterly broken down that they could not refrain from sobbing, and Mrs. Millard had to lead one lady to the vestry, where she too found Christ.

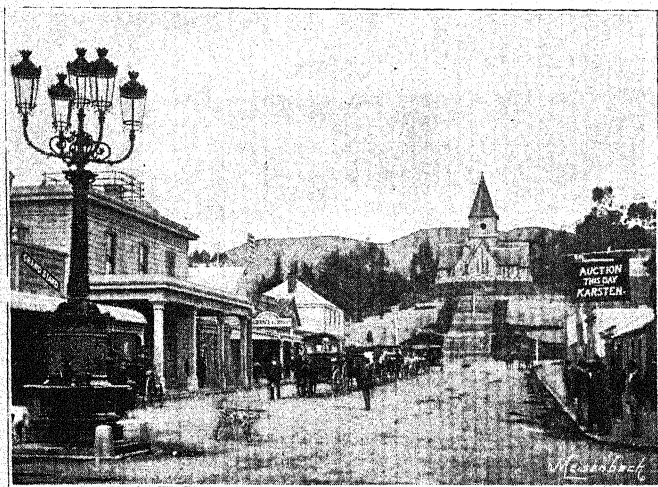
On Monday morning we had a powerful prayer-meeting at All Saints' Church, when again convicted souls yielded to their risen Saviour's call, and came trembling to His feet.

We met here our old friend the "cabby,"* shining away as usual. His testimony to others about the Lord's goodness was, "It was the Lord who shifted

* See "What God hath Wrought," p. 209.

my burden "; and he hoped He would do the same for many others.

At 6.30 p.m. we had a young men's meeting in the schoolroom, about forty-five present. The subject taken was "Deliverance." Before we left about twenty had definitely trusted the Lord to



THE CATHEDRAL, NELSON, NEW ZEALAND.

deliver them from besetting sins, and *keep* them by His risen power. Some people seem to think that Christ is now a dead Saviour, hanging on a cross. His risen power is the same as ever, but they have almost forgotten Him. "Remember Jesus Christ, risen from the dead" (2 Tim. ii. 8, R.V.).

From this meeting we walked up to the cathedral again, where Mr. Grubb preached on "The Cities of

Refuge" (Josh. xx. 7, 8), urging all unsaved souls to fly for refuge in Christ. The power of God defeated much opposition in many hearts, and they "fled for refuge" (Heb. vi. 18), and found it.

The next morning we were in a cobbler's shop, and asked the old man how he had enjoyed the service. "Oh," said he, looking up from his lapstone, "I was never lifted into heaven like that before."

All the spare time between the services some of us were busy in conversation with souls, and Jackson was specially used of God to help those young Christians who had been caused to doubt, in consequence of preaching elsewhere against the Church and prayer-book, etc., and many were helped to trust the simple promises of God. Jackson declined to be drawn into discussions, saying that he more and more believed that it is our duty to hold up "Christ, and Him crucified," risen, and coming again, rather than to spend time fighting against false doctrines or criticisms that arise on every hand.

I am told that many years ago one of the original "Brethren" prophesied to this effect, that "if the company of believers known as 'Brethren' ever change their attitude from *holding up the light* to *attacking the darkness*, they will become a sect of the most troublesome nature." Must we think that this forecast has in these days been verified?

"Let us love one another, for love is of God" (1 John iv. 7).

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHURCH OF NATIVITY, BLENHEIM.

APRIL 20TH TO APRIL 26TH.

EARLY in the morning the bugle sounded, and at 7 a.m. we were all in the four-horse coach and ready to start for Blenheim. At the moment of departure a gentleman and lady came up to bid us "good-bye," and handed us an envelope, saying, "We have both been so helped by the mission that we are sending our thank-offering to the Lord through you." The horses trotted off at a smart pace, while we made the town ring again with shouts of "Praise to God!" and waved our farewell to the little company of rejoicing friends who came to see us off. When we opened the letter we found it contained £20 in bank notes, and read as follows: "A thank-offering to the Lord, for use in China. Of His own do we give Him, 'for we know whom we have believed, and are persuaded that He is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him against that day.' Nelson. April 19th, 1892."

The lovely scenery through which we passed made us praise God again and again as we came upon some fresh view. Mounting hills and descend-

ing into valleys, all day we rattled along, now and then jumping out and footing it up the hills to give the poor beasts a lighter load. We stopped at a wayside inn for dinner at 1 o'clock, after which we again dashed into the bush, and rolled merrily along, till we came to a small village, where we were to change horses. Such a pretty spot! Trees all around, and a little rivulet coursing its way through their midst, hurrying and bubbling along, having been swelled to twice its usual size by the incessant rains of the past fortnight. As the coach drew up, and the ostlers came forward, leading four fresh horses, we jumped out, and feeling merrier than ever by the exhilaration of the air and scenery, we shouted and danced, as with heart and voice we praised our God. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" (Ps. cvii. 8).

A man, with a baby in his arms, was watching us with great interest; so I went near him, and remarked, casually, that it was a "fine day," and gave the small child a piece of my cake. "Where do you play next?" said the man, taking us for a travelling theatrical troupe. "Blenheim," said I. "We begin there to-night, and continue for the next five days." Then I explained what we were going to play, trusting that it would be a repetition of the Acts of the Apostles. A few words with him about his soul rather surprised him, and he admitted that he was not "a saved man," though he attended the Sunday services conducted in the village. He could

not understand our being so religious and so happy at the same time, having put us down as a travelling troupe, with a "drop o' drink in us."

But we were not "drunken, as he supposed" (Acts ii. 15), but "full of joy" (ver. 28) by the Holy Ghost.

Mounting the coach again, we drove through magnificent woods, till we came to a river, which we crossed without danger, although there had been such a flood the previous day that it had then been impassable.

Once across the river it was not long before we completed the eighty miles' run, and reached the outskirts of Blenheim. All along the road, for a mile out, children had come to meet the coach, and they ran alongside, shouting out their welcome. It was quite dark by the time we reached the stables.

Between five and six hundred gathered in the church at 7.30 p.m. We sang a hymn of praise, and after a shortened service Mr. Grubb gave us a few words of exhortation, and closed with prayer, all of us expecting great things of God.

The early prayer-meeting on Thursday morning opened up the way for conversation with two who had difficulties. A lady went up to Jackson and said, "I want to thank God for what He did last night. I did not get to sleep till four o'clock this morning. I wholly surrendered to the Lord in the night, and He cleansed me through the words of 2 Cor. vii. 1: 'Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all

filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.' And His love and peace fill my soul this morning." Praise the Lord!

The rest of the day was one of much power, but no particular incidents came before us until the after-meeting at the close of the evening service. Many of those who, in the afternoon, had been led to trust the Lord to cleanse their hearts, now claimed the filling of the Spirit also.

On Friday, after the prayer-meeting, a gentleman (whom we had met two years ago) came up to me, and said he would like a talk upon a certain subject. He said he had "claimed and received deliverance from one besetting sin at the last mission, and by God's grace he had been kept; but," said he, "I have never seen what I see now—that while getting rid of one besetting sin of which a man may be conscious, many others remain to develop, but that the Lord promises a 'clean heart' (Psalm li. 10); 'all filthiness' cleansed (Ezek. xxxvi. 25); 'all unrighteousness' cleansed" (1 John i. 9).

He said he "wished to claim from God according to His promise, as although completely delivered from the one sin, he was conscious of pride and a 'whole host' of other things." We knelt together in the schoolroom alone with God, and the Lord heard and answered prayer, filling his heart with joy.

At the close of the Bible exposition there was a children's missionary meeting, when Mrs. Millard and Mr. Ewbank appeared in costume as Chinese lady and gentleman. They also exhibited many

Chinese articles which were very interesting to see, and the children listened most attentively to the two addresses, though they evidently found it difficult not to be taken up with what they saw rather than what was said. As we were leaving I saw a girl of about fifteen years of age standing at the door crying; so I asked her what was the matter, and she said she wanted to be converted. Re-entering the schoolroom, we referred to and talked over some of God's promises to those *who trust in His Son*; and it was but a short time before the light broke in upon her soul, and kneeling down, she definitely trusted the Lord Jesus to save her. On inquiring her name we found she was the sister of a friend whom we had met in Wellington.

In the evening the power of God so flooded the place that even after the second service had been closed, and the benediction pronounced, the people remained kneeling, and seemed unwilling to go. We therefore continued for another half-hour, and many hearts were filled with the Spirit, and thanked God aloud for the outpoured "promise of the Father." When at length the congregation rose to go the organ pealed out, and we joined in shouting,—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

On Saturday a missionary meeting was held in the church, which lasted an hour and a half, addresses being given by Mr. Grubb, followed by Mrs. Millard and Mr. Ewbank. So many seemed

brought up to the point that something definite ought to be done from Blenheim, that we asked all those who were willing to wait upon God (in order to learn what He wanted the Christians of Blenheim to do TO-DAY) to meet with us in the schoolroom. About fifty came, and we had one of the most sacred small meetings that it is possible to imagine.

The Lord was truly present, and spoke plainly to us. One lady offered to go as a missionary as soon as she had been trained, and started almost immediately for the Training Home in Melbourne (see Appendix). Then a gentleman said he would devote his increase of salary (£50 per annum) toward this lady's expenses. A mother who had previously withheld her consent, gladly gave permission for her two daughters to go where God should lead them; a clergyman and his wife also said they had offered themselves to the Lord for missionary work. For fully two hours we were there in the immediate presence of our Lord and Master, who said "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark xvi. 15).

Staying at the house where we had tea there was a University man, who had been sent out here because of his weakness as regards strong drink; shipped off, probably, by well-meaning friends, so as to give him another start. Jackson had spoken to him each day, yet he only grew harder; but he said he would come to the evening service, so we walked down together. When we came to the corner of the road that led to the church he said, "I

have to meet a friend." Guessing that temptation was ahead, I said I would go with him round that way. After a few minutes' walk he suddenly stopped opposite a public-house. He said out plainly, "I *must* have a glass of beer, because I have always been accustomed to it, and they don't keep it in the house where I am staying; so I must go in here." "But," said I, "you have had a drink already since tea." He was going to deny it, but I said, "Did I not see you drinking something up in your bedroom? I was standing in the garden when the horse was being put into the carriage to drive the ladies to the service, and I saw you put a bottle to your mouth, as the blind was not drawn down." He was obliged to admit that he had; but just then he dashed across the road and entered the "hotel" (as they politely call common "pubs." in the Colonies). I waited for him, and in a few moments he came out, took my arm, and we went towards the church. "So you saw your friend?" "Yes." "And your *friend* was a glass of beer?" "Then you mean to say," said he, "that I told a lie?" "Yes," I said; "and if you will not allow the Lord to save you and deliver you, soon your sin will damn your soul."

On our way I was led to tell him of some of the cases in our experience, in which the Lord had saved men from the *very desire* of drink. "But," said he, softening a good deal, "I come from a drunken family, and I can't be any different." Just then we reached the church, and he promised to see

me again afterwards. Mr. Grubb preached about "Cornelius" (Acts x.). After the sermon was over we were led to help different cases which were brought in our way, and as we were leaving the building met this poor fellow at the door. We walked back to his house together, and went into the drawing-room. He consented to kneel down, and we did so, but he positively refused to pray himself. Then he got up, and said he was going out. Jackson at that moment coming in, we both felt that God would let us plead with him again. We all three knelt down together, but it seemed to us as if he were really possessed with the devil, for over and over again he got up and went toward the door, saying he must go; but each time he moved toward the door we just believed for him not to go as we knelt at our two chairs, and over and over again he came back and knelt by our sides. Then we wept over him, and said how he was laid upon our hearts, and that if he were only willing the Lord would save him through and through. At last he said he really did wish to be saved; so we put this question to him, "Are you *willing* to forsake the drink if God saves you and takes away the desire?" "No," he said emphatically, "I'm *not*; I must have drink." So we said, "You cannot be saved *in* your sins; the Lord will save you '*from* your sins' (Matt. i. 21), but you must be willing, for He will force no one." Then it seemed as if the devil just possessed him afresh, and he writhed while kneeling. We put our arms round him as we kept on our knees.

With a sudden determination he at last said, "I must go now. Thank you for your earnestness, but I must go." We then said, "Well, then, will you throw away the liquor you have in the bottle in your bedroom before you go to bed, or let us do so?" "No," said he, "I cannot agree with you in this matter," and with a desperate rush he seemed carried almost against his will across the room and went upstairs, absolutely rejecting Christ as he went. But we were led to pray "O Lord, bring him down here *once more.*"

Our faith was fearfully tried as we waited, especially when we heard him open his door, drop his boots outside and shut it again. (By this time it was past midnight.) Tired and sore at heart for the way the poor soul was being tortured by satanic power, we asked the Lord to strengthen us in this wrestling "against principalities and powers" (Eph. vi. 12). Suddenly the door opened, and in he came without his boots and knelt down once more; we praised God for this, and then he cried out, "Lord, save me!" "Amen," we said. "And now, dear old fellow, will you let the Lord do what you have asked Him?" "Yes," he said, "except *ONE THING*: I'm not willing for the desire of drink to be taken away, because I *love* it." Our hearts nearly broke as we pleaded with the Lord to take him at his word and save him, and help him to see what an awful choice he was making.

It was nearly two o'clock on Sunday morning when he again went to bed, and we also turned in,

utterly prostrate with believing ; " for this is the *work* of God that ye *believe* " (John vi. 29). It is the experience of several to whom we have spoken that it takes more out of one physically going through a believing time like that than walking for several miles. (The news since has been encouraging.)

All day on Sunday, although the Lord was present to bless, we were conscious that the powers of darkness were hard at work. The Lord convicted many of the unsaved at all the services, and at the close of the children's gathering, when about one thousand were present, the Holy Ghost melted young hearts, so that numbers went to the school-room to give themselves to the Good Shepherd. In an adjoining schoolroom Mrs. Millard was holding a meeting with ladies, when some "larrikins," having got wind of the mission, and seeing that something was going on, kept up a constant clatter of stones thrown on the roofs. However the Lord kept us believing, and as we took no notice whatever, they at last left, and the seeking souls found Him. Praise God ! Simultaneously Mr. Grubb was conducting a special service for men. About three hundred came, men of "all sorts and conditions," and we are told that hard hearts were broken before God.

At the close of the usual evening service a few of us followed some of the church-workers to "The Square," in the centre of the town, for an "open air." A crowd soon gathered as, by the light of

two carriage lamps, we started singing. Prayer was offered; then Mrs. Millard spoke about deliverance from the power of sin, followed by another hymn. Then a few words upon "Shall thirst again" (the water of the world) (John iv. 13, 14), with the contrast, "*Shall never thirst*" (the *living* water). Some gave testimony that they had drunk deeply of the water of the world's pleasures, and *had* thirsted again; but since they had received the living water they were satisfied. A lady followed by singing "She touched the hem of His garment" (Matt. ix. 20), with the chorus,—

"Oh touch the hem of His garment,
And thou, too, shalt be free;
His saving power, this very hour,
Shall give new life to thee."

After this I was led to ask "Any who wished a blessing from God to kneel with me in the ring; any who would trust the Lord to save them, any Christians who felt their need of something." Here again our faith was greatly tried, because, after kneeling for some long time, and there being no response, Satan came with his scoffing doubts, and tempted me to think what a fool I was to kneel there with a silent crowd looking on and nothing being done. But the Lord kept us believing, and the silence was that which could be felt; until at last it was broken by a voice just behind me, "As a clergyman of the Church of England, I wish to step forward and kneel in the ring, because I see that, although I love my Saviour, I have been

working with little or no power of the Spirit of God, and I have now claimed that power, and kneel to acknowledge my past failure." The next was a working man, who came through the crowd, saying that, "although a Christian he hadn't been standing up for Christ, and he intended, by God's grace, to acknowledge Him in future." One by one others came forward, some "to be saved," others "to be delivered from sin." Ladies, young men, churchwardens, Sunday School teachers, and others not known, came forward and knelt side by side. An English gentleman also came to the front, saying that he had "the day before received the power of the Holy Ghost, and wished to kneel with the others as a token of his *entire* surrender." It was indeed a holy time, as hearts were opened to the Lord, and prayer and praise ascended to the open ear of our waiting God, whose power so manifestly rested upon us.

When all in the ring had prayed and praised we thought of closing, but the crowd seemed rivetted to the ground. No one spoke, not a foot stirred, till a hymn was started; then Mr. Ewbank said a few words, and I was led into the crowd toward three or four young men. One was very anxious "to get right," but his courage had failed him when invited to kneel in the ring. After a few words the Lord completely defeated Satan, and, taking off his hat, this young fellow said he "would trust the Lord." When there was another time of silence he asked, "Shall I step forward and say that I have

trusted?" "Yes," I said; "for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Rom. x. 10).

He stepped forward and told the people exactly what had happened. The devil got very angry then, and some drunken men came along and made a noise, and wanted to argue; but we were led to bring the meeting to a close, and were going away when some of us were again stopped by anxious souls, who walked along the road with us. Several of them found peace.

When we looked at the time we found it was 11.15 p.m., just three hours from the time we went to the Square. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Monday was a full day, from early morning till late at night. Mr. Grubb preached at the Thanksgiving service in the evening for one hour and twenty-five minutes. The people listened with open mouths, as if every word were worth swallowing, and when the letters of testimony were read out we frequently indulged in audible praise to God.

"That ye should show forth the praises of Him who hath called you *out* of darkness *into* His marvellous light" (1 Peter ii. 9).

CHAPTER XXIV.

WANGANUI—NAPIER—GISBORNE—AUCKLAND.

APRIL 26TH TO MAY 18TH.

A CROWD of happy friends came to the coach-house in pouring rain to see us off, while the children brought the most glorious bouquets of chrysanthemums. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon we mounted a drag and drove to Picton. Here we took the steamer for Wellington, and from thence travelled by rail to Wanganui.

On our way to Picton the rain cleared off, and we were able to light a fire in the wood by the roadside, put on the "billy," and make some tea.

The steamer was not in when we arrived, and it was three next morning when at last we went on board. Having booked our berths by letter in advance, we went to our appointed numbers; but when I came to bunk No. 50 a man was already asleep there. The steward informed me that he was very sorry, but he had made a mistake, that gentleman's name being something like my own. So I praised God, and "trusted" to be led to the right cabin, and followed the steward.

As I turned in, one of three other men, who occupied berths in the same cabin, seemed very

agitated, and unable to keep quiet ; so I prayed and praised aloud. Just before daylight I awoke with a start, hearing a tremendous smash of crockery, and the little cockle-shell of a boat was pitching and tossing to an unusual extent. The man who had been so agitated called for the steward, and nervously asked if we were in danger ; so I said to him, " Trust the Lord, brother ; He will take care of us." He made no reply, and I went to sleep till morning. As I was dressing he gave me an apple ; so I said, " Brother, have you put your trust in the Lord ?" " Yes," he said ; " I am a Christian, but my nerves are all unstrung through the sudden death of my younger brother, who died up in the Bush before I could reach him ; and I am afraid that I will not be faithful to God, so am struggling hard to keep right." I asked him, " Where does God tell us to *struggle* to keep ourselves right ?" He did not quite know, but thought it was the right thing to do. The Lord then gave us a splendid time together over the word " TRUST" *instead* of " STRUGGLE."

The Spirit of the Lord revealed the secret to him, and committing himself to Him " who is able to keep us from falling" (Jude 24), he left himself there, and took joy and rejoicing from the assurance given in 2 Tim. i. 12, " I *know* whom I have believed (margin, TRUSTED), and am persuaded that *He is able to keep* that which I have committed unto Him against that day." *

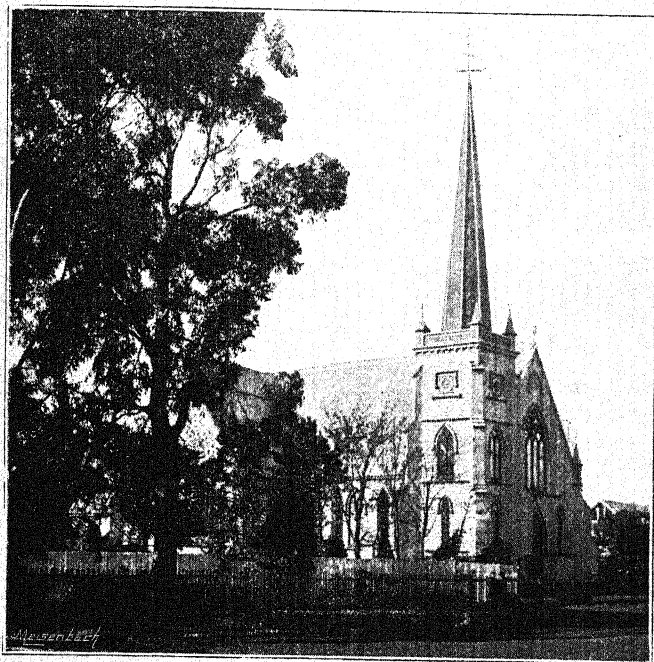
* (a) Bank (Psalm xxxvii. 5); (b) Deposit (2 Tim. i. 12); (c) Receipt (Isa. xxvii. 3).

Owing to such rough weather we did not reach Wellington until several hours after time, and consequently missed the train for Wanganui for that day. Mr. Jackson here left us to go to Sydney to be married, and to rejoin us in a month's time. Starting on the following morning by the 6.30 train, we reached Wanganui about 2.30 p.m., and were met by the Rev. A. O. Williams, a C.M.S. Missionary to the Maoris. Our arrival was hailed with great delight and much praise to God ; for the friends told us that they had believed we should be led there, notwithstanding that three times over such obstacles were in our way that with man it *was* impossible. But our friends were kept believing, and one lady, Mrs. Taylor (widow of the late Church of England clergyman), had her room enlarged, so as to be able to receive more friends at the weekly prayer-meeting held at her house. She said she knew there was going to be a revival, and more space would be required.

Authority not having been given, the Church of England clergyman at Wanganui did not open St. Paul's for a mission ; consequently the Presbyterian minister offered the use of his church and school-house. The place was crowded to such an extent that the elders' seats were filled up, and, as it so happened, by members of the Salvation Army.

The next day, April 29th, being the only spare time left (as by arrangement we had to go on to Napier), services and meetings were conducted continuously : 7.30 a.m. prayer-meeting ; 11 a.m.

missionary meeting; 3 p.m. Bible exposition; 4.15 p.m. children's service; 6.30 p.m. men only; 7.30 p.m. evangelistic address. The Lord put forth His hand in a very marked way. After the early prayer-meeting a lady remained to be spoken to. She had been terribly troubled for some months past, having



THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, WANGANUI, NEW ZEALAND.

dabbled with Buddhism and dark doctrines, such as spiritualism. About a month previously she dreamed, that on April 29th she would meet Mr. Grubb in Wanganui, and that he would speak words whereby she would find "the truth." Mrs. Millard was with

her for some time, and before the day was over she was rejoicing in Jesus as "the Way, the Truth, and the Life" (John xiv. 6).

Many souls were saved and sanctified, while others were restored from backsliding. One thing encouraged us greatly. Mr. Williams told us that he had bought a copy of "What God hath Wrought," and read therein the account of how the Lord had worked mightily through human instrumentality. He said to himself, "If these men can be used of God for the conversion of souls, why cannot God use me?" He therefore waited before the Lord, who so cleansed and filled his heart that he became a changed man. He laid aside his old manuscripts, and trusted the Lord to give him a message that would come straight from his heart. The result was, that at the close of one sermon, a week or two afterwards, a man came up to him and said, "Why, Mr. Williams, what has come over you, you spout like a Wesleyan?"

Mr. Williams accompanied us to Napier, to spend a few days with us while we were there, and to continue the mission after we left. The following letter from him to Mr. Grubb, written eight months afterwards, will interest many :—

"JESUS ONLY.

"WANGANUI, NEW ZEALAND,

"Dec. 13th, 1892.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have often felt moved to write to you, but have always refrained from doing so because your time is too precious to waste in mere letter-reading, and I myself grudge the time taken in writing; but the Holy Spirit has told me so plainly this time to write at once that I must obey. Oh

what glorious times our dear Lord has given me since we parted at Napier the night you left for Gisborne! 'Joy unspeakable and full of glory' just expresses it. Over and over again I have prayed to the Lord not to give me any more joy, because flesh and blood could not endure it; but He taught me to pray for a bigger heart, and now there is room for all. I used to sing 'I've reached the land of corn and wine,' etc., but I did not know anything about it then; and now the Lord has stationed me on the highest mount of Beulah Land, and it is all glory. 'Praise the Lord, O my soul.' 'My soul *doth* magnify the Lord.'

"You know, of course, that I conducted the mission at Patea, as you were unable to call there on the way from Auckland. I just cast myself upon the Lord and asked Him to take all the meetings Himself, and just to use me as He pleased. Well, He began by showing me that He could do without me altogether. I was seized with a terrible attack of neuralgia, and was so ill that I could only go to the meetings by asking — and another brother to pray that strength might be given me. Oh how glorious it was! And souls were saved and believers blessed at every meeting. All denominations united, and the Lord got to Himself a great victory. Next came Palmerston, and now I knew that the man was nothing; that if we only believed the Lord would do great things for us. Again souls were saved at every meeting. One evening thirty precious souls sought and claimed a present forgiveness. Our dear friend — was very suspicious for the first three days, and was dreadfully cast down by some of his people getting angry, and threatening to keep away from the mission. One day he mentioned the names of the four hardest cases in the parish, and said he would be thankful indeed if they could be 'stirred up.' So we then and there told the Lord about them, mentioning their names, and asked Him to save them, and, glory to God! every one of them gave themselves to the Lord during the mission. Two of them were the —. As for dear — himself, we left him shouting Hallelujah! in the open street when we came away.

"After this came a mission at Hawera, and, oh, what glorious times we had! We had to take the Town Hall, because the churches were too small. The night the mission began showers of stones were thrown on the iron roof, and rather alarmed the

people ; so I asked them to join in prayer, and thanked God for the stones, because the devil being angry showed we were going to have good times. We then thanked the Lord for the souls He was going to save, and then the work began. The rain fell in torrents the whole week, but nothing could keep the people away ; so we had rain outside and showers of blessing inside. It was good to be there, and heaven was very near.

"Some little time after that came a mission in —'s district about eight miles from Wanganui. People told me that it was no use going there, as it was a very hard place and the people would not come to the meetings. Glory to God ! I knew that as He had led me to the place He would bring the people and save them too, and we could not get a place big enough for the crowds who came, many of them riding eight and ten miles. The last night (Sunday) was a most blessed time. All denominations united, and the Holy Ghost came upon us with invincible power. It was a wonderful thing to see old and young, men and women, with tears streaming down their cheeks. The Lord carried me right up to the top of the highest peak in Beulah Land. We had the Holy Communion at the close, and it was soul communion.

"*I can never thank God enough* for 'What God hath Wrought.' It was reading that book that first showed me my need, and now, praise the Lord ! He has filled *me* with the Holy Spirit, and my life is all sunshine. Reading the report of the Keswick Convention (I think it was), I saw that one speaker said, 'You will have plenty of cold water thrown over you.' Praise the Lord, dear brother, I have had plenty, but it only helps to keep the boiler full. People have spread about the report that I am quite off my head. Glory to God, so I am ! No more spinning dry, old cobwebby sermons, that only send people to sleep. Again, it is said, that I am a spiritualist, and again that I have joined the Wesleyans or the Salvation Army. The best of it is, that some who thought I was mad are now just as mad themselves. It is grand !

"Will it last ? That is the question that was asked here after your mission (I was going to say 'ended,' but it is still 'going on'). The direct outcome of that mission has been,—

"(1) The formation of a young men's mission band, which is

doing a grand work. Souls are being saved and believers built up.

"(2) A monthly united prayer-meeting, held in the different schoolrooms in succession.

"(3) Scores of consecrated lives and rejoicing believers.

"(4) One young man, full of the Holy Ghost, offering himself to the C. I. M., and most likely going out at his own charges.

"Ah, but the Lord alone knows the result. Wanganui is utterly changed. Jesus reigns in hundreds of consecrated hearts. Dear — has gone back, I am sorry to say, and does not think the mission did any good. But at Mrs. Taylor's our prayer-meeting has been indescribable; so solemn, yet so joyous. Sometimes it has been impossible to speak, for we have all been so overcome with the sense of God's presence. At other times souls have laughed for joy, and we have had to pour out our souls in praise. Doors are open and opening in all directions, so I do not think the Lord will let me leave Wanganui at present. Already all my spare time has been requested for missions next year, and some have had to be declined. Time is so short. Perhaps the Lord will come before this year ends. And yet I have a feeling that He will send you to New Zealand again before He comes. There is so much to say, and yet I must spare you. God make you as great a blessing in South America as He did here. We shall not forget you at the Throne. My dear wife and the children unite with me in Christian love; also dear Mrs. Taylor. Love to all the brethren.

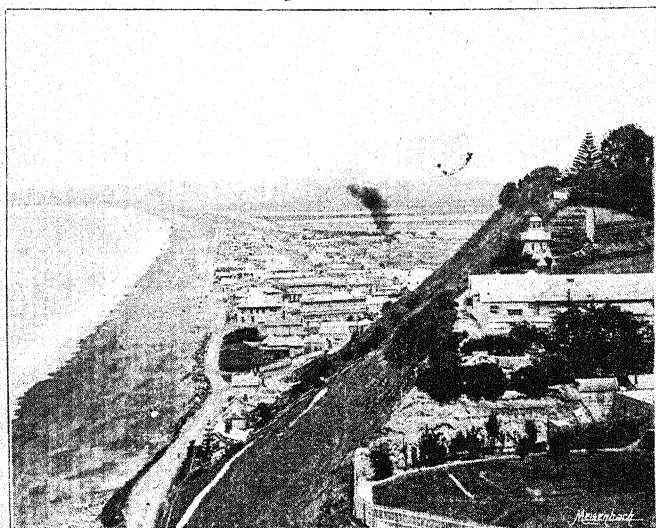
"Yours in the joy of the Master's service,

"ALFRED O. WILLIAMS.

"Kept for Jesus" (JUDE i., R.V.)

Leaving Wanganui the next day, we were brought on to Napier, where we remained for five days. Services were held in the cathedral, the schoolroom, and the Y.M.C.A. At the Maori girls' school some of the scholars were greatly stirred by God's Spirit, and several who previously had been living with little or no ambition for the gospel to be spread,

have written since to say, that the Lord has given them such a love for Him, and for the souls for whom He died, that they are hoping soon to visit among their own tribes, and are believing to be used for the salvation of the souls of their relatives and friends.



NAPIER, NEW ZEALAND.

Leaving the *Spit* by steamer, we anchored off Gisborne about twelve hours afterwards, and were met by several friends, who came out on the launch to greet us.

At Gisborne (which owing to several reasons was not visited on the previous tour) the Lord permitted us on this occasion to have a nine days' mission.

The Wesleyan and Presbyterian ministers not

only united in furthering the mission by public announcements from their pulpits, but in private also showed us much personal kindness, inviting different members of our party to stay at their houses during the week. Holy Trinity Church was well filled every evening, and the Bible expositions in the afternoon were conducted in the Presbyterian Church. The schoolmaster dismissed the children before the usual time each day, so that they might be able to attend the special services arranged for them. These services were held early, which enabled the young people to reach their homes before dark. The morning prayer-meetings were sacred times to many. Mrs. Millard conducted ladies' meetings in the evening, just before the evangelistic service, and some of those who attended received great help, and spread the report far and wide; so much so that the young men requested that we would not forget to meet them also.

During the week a "comedy" company arrived, and played for two or three nights; but owing to the mission services had such a small "house" they were compelled to shut up several days before their advertised time, the sale of tickets not even covering expenses, and some of the members of the company also attended the mission.

People came from great distances to be present during these special services, one man having travelled two hundred miles.

The whole town seemed stirred, and when we had occasion to go to the Post Office or to a shop we

generally found some one or another praising God. One morning, as we were passing a place of business, we were led to go in; and, after making our purchases, I asked the man if he were a Christian, to which he replied in the affirmative, but with rather a worried look in his face; so I asked him, "How long have you been converted?" "Only last night, at the young men's meeting," said he; and we were not able to talk further then. The same evening he called to see me, saying that although he had trusted the Lord to be his Saviour, he was miserable about his very passionate temper.

We opened our Bibles together and looked at the subject of deliverance from the power of sin. He claimed God's promise to "purge out" the old leaven (1 Cor. v. 7), and "purge away" the dross (Isa. i. 25), and trusted his risen Saviour to keep him moment by moment (Isa. xxvii. 3). Rejoicing that he had not to go about with a demon of a temper inside him for the rest of his days, he went home to praise God.

By special request we met the young men again on Saturday evening at 6.15 p.m. The Spirit of the Lord changed hearts, opened the fast-closed lips, loosed the tongues of the dumb; and, although three attempts were made to close, we were unable to do so on account of the number who stood up to testify before all present what the Lord had done for them. Among these were some older men, including the clergyman of the parish, and the Presbyterian minister also.

But oh, how the love of God was manifest at the last open air, when people of all denominations stood together, and the Church of England curate and the Presbyterian minister knelt side by side in the road as they offered prayer! Hallelujah! Yes, indeed, they were united by the bond of love. And we have since heard that when the captain of the Salvation Army was laid aside by sickness, some weeks afterwards, the Presbyterian minister led the Army "open air" for him, marching down the street at the head of the band. Praise God for brotherly love!

On the last Sunday afternoon we held a children's missionary meeting. At the close many little hearts seemed moved and drawn out in sympathy; especially when we told them about the cruel way in which little girls in China are often thrown away as soon as they are born, and that homes had been opened for these little creatures, and that £3 per annum would cover all the expenses of one baby.

Just as I was coming down from the pulpit a young lady came up to me in tears, and said, "Oh, I never thought of things as I do now! Please take this for the poor children" (she handed me a sovereign); "but, oh, the pounds and pounds I have spent in novels!" She could hardly be pacified as she thought over this wasted money.

Some of the parents also came up to us to inquire how they could further the work among the heathen by contributing yearly. We were glad to be able to tell them of many outlets, and that those in-

terested in the Church Missionary Society would be glad to hear that Mr. Eugene Stock and the Rev. R. W. Stewart had already sailed from England for the Colonies, to form branches of the Gleaners' Union, and seek to encourage those interested in missionary work.

On May 17th we steamed out of Poverty Bay to Auckland, where we were to have "two days" in the City Hall, prior to leaving for home. The bishop sent an invitation for Mr. Grubb to stay at Bishop Court; but having previously promised some friends he was obliged to refuse. The City Hall having been taken, we met for private prayer, and were led to ask for *abiding fruit* as the result. We heard that Auckland had been stirred so many times, that we were not led to ask for *manifest* success. The Lord did not fail in honouring His own Word, but there was nothing very striking to record at the time.

One interesting circumstance encouraged us with regard to prayer.

While passing down the principal street one morning I saw the lady whom we had met in the omnibus two years before.* She remembered me, and asked if I had not received a letter containing good news. I said, "No." "Well, then, let me tell you," said she. "You remember that, although strangers, I asked you and your friend to come into my house as you were passing, and we prayed together for a long lost brother of whom we had

* See "What God hath Wrought," pp. 201-2.

heard nothing for five years? Well," she continued, "a few months after we prayed, without a word to tell us of his arrival in New Zealand, he quietly walked in; and oh! imagine our joy at not only seeing him face to face, but to learn and see that he was a changed man." Praise God!

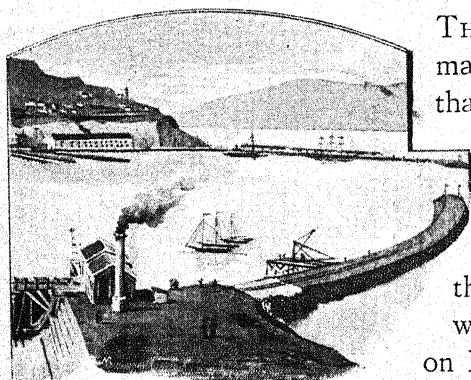
The few services were well attended, and we were able to praise God for great victory; though to the outward eye the two days' mission was a mere display of spiritual fireworks, flashed against the dark sky of indifference, agnosticism, and free thought.

But, glory be to God! we may rejoice in the fact that His Word is not only a fire, but "the word which shall not return unto Him void, but accomplish that which He doth please" (Isa. lv. 11).

CHAPTER XXV.

R.M.S. —. *THE VOYAGE HOME.*

MAY 26TH TO JULY 9TH.



THE HARBOUR, LYTTELTON, NEW ZEALAND.

THE Lord having made it plain to us that we were to return to England *via* Cape Horn, we took our passages in the R.M.S. —, which was to leave on May 26th.

The weather was very stormy and the sea rough as we sailed down the coast from Auckland to Lyttelton, at which port we were to join the homeward bound steamer. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson again joined us, and we all had a rejoicing time together, praising God for His goodness.

Several people came on board to bid us *bon voyage*, and among these was a lady who had travelled some distance. She introduced me to her husband, and he at once began a conversation regarding "this matter of change of heart." As

we leaned against the side of the ship, while the last of the baggage was being brought on board, we had a straight talk about the Lord Jesus and His power to save. In about a quarter of an hour the Spirit opened his eyes to see that Christ is the Truth, and he there and then yielded himself to God. This was indeed a victory, as for some long time he had been driven almost into infidelity.

The whistle sounded the warning note that the friends must go ashore at once or be carried home to England, so we had to bid farewell to those who had come down to represent the many rejoicing Christians in places where the Lord had so manifestly poured out His Spirit; and as the vessel steamed away we waved back adieux to the little company of friends, which grew smaller and less distinct as the distance between us increased.

We had scarcely fitted up our cabins with our belongings when we were made uncomfortably aware that the steamer knew how to roll; and for the next three weeks we had a glorious opportunity of proving our blessed Saviour's ability to keep us praising all the time.

At one stage of the journey, for three days and nights, neither sun, moon, nor stars appeared; and during that time, for five hours, we were not certain of our position. The force of the waves was so great that the captain had to give orders for the "dead lights" to be closed, lest the port-holes should be broken in. The sudden disappearance of the electric light also, in addition to this, did not add to our

comfort ; but we praised God, and the oil lamps were lighted. When the storm was at its worst several of us went on deck to see the sight, which was beyond description. The waves were literally "mountains high," and the force of the wind so great that one wave was lifted right into the main sail. After that happened, orders were given for the sails to be furled, and as we watched the sailors going aloft we pitied them indeed, for we on deck were so cold that our hands were almost too frozen to hold on, which, owing to the rolling of the ship, we were obliged for safety's sake to do. The sailors had no sooner completed their task than a big wave leaped right over the funnel. That night one of the passengers was so alarmed that he would not undress to go to his bunk, and could not make out why we were praising God all the time. After we came down into the saloon we filled some bottles with boiling water from the steward's pantry, to put at the ladies' feet, and while doing so I remarked to the pantryman, "This ship does roll. I believe she would roll on Hackney Downs." "Roll?" said he. "Why, I was never aboard a ship that rolled like this one does ; I believe she would roll in a dry dock !" This man became very friendly ; so also did several of the stewards, from whom we received much kindness, and to whom God blessed His Word through us. After the weather had become a little finer, when I was one day sitting on deck, a quartermaster (who was washing the skylight) said to me, "Good-morning,

sir. There's a chap in the 'focsle' (forecastle) says he knows you, sir. He's turned religious since he met you eight months ago, and I think he'd like to have a yarn with you some day." In the afternoon of the same day I saw this man at work, and found him to be a sailor whom we had seen come in to the meetings one night at the Y.M.C.A. in Sydney (see p. 241).

When he was at liberty he told us his story. He said, "Just as I was goin' ashore one day, while we were lying in Sydney harbour, a gentleman gave me a notice of a mission to young men at the Y.M.C.A. I walked up George Street with my mate, who had ten 'bob' in his pocket. When we got to the post office he says to me, 'Let's go and blow this ten bob in drink.' 'No,' said I; 'drink has been no friend to me, and I haven't tasted any this voyage. I'm going to the Y.M.C.A. mission.' So he went to the liquor shop, and I went on to the Y.M.C.A. When I went in, sir, you was speakin' about Jesus Christ, and how He could save us and make us different all of a sudden. I'm sorry to say, sir, that up to that time I hadn't lived a good life; but while at that meetin' I gave myself up to Jesus Christ to make a proper job of me, and He did, sir, for He not only saved my soul, but gave me a clean tongue; and when I got back to the ship, sir, I just knelt down and prayed to Jesus Christ to keep me faithful. The other chaps couldn't make me out, seein' me read my Bible, and it was pretty rough sometimes when they wouldn't let a chap alone.

When we put in at Plymouth the lot of us went ashore, and one proposed we should go to the theatre. For the moment, sir, I didn't think, and went in with 'em ; but I was no sooner inside than I remembered what your other friend said who spoke after you. He said, 'A Christian may say, "I'll go to a theatre if I like." But if you go you won't find Jesus Christ there.' So I come out, sir, and went to the Y.M.C.A. Mr. Lane was preachin', and I got a lift up in my soul. There's another Christian who stands by me now, sir, and we always kneels down and says our prayers and read a chapter together of a night. Shall I call him, sir?" "Yes, by all means." Up came the other man, and we had a most blessed time together.

Some days later I was led to say a word to the bos'n (boatswain). He said, "I was a smart boy at Sunday School, but I don't believe there is anything in being a Christian ; although I must confess that if there is such a thing as a real Christian—well, then, it's a chap down our end. I've known him many a year, and of all the foul-mouthed blackguards I think he used to be the worst. But all of a sudden he got religious, and reads his Bible and says prayers. One day, as I wanted to see if it wasn't all a sham, I blamed him for something that wasn't his fault. He said never a word, and 'afore that he'd a' swore at me as soon as look me in the face."

The Lord led us into conversation with many, with the result that several were convicted and converted. One Sunday, after Mr. Grubb had been

conducting service in the first saloon, he was called up to see the captain, who told him he must not preach like that, as it interfered with the authority of the ship. Mr. Grubb asked him to what he referred, and he explained that when speaking about profane language he had classed officers, engineers, sailors, and firemen all together. "You might mention the sailors and firemen, but you must not speak like that about officers and engineers on board; you may do that on shore, if you like." Mr. Grubb said, "What would be the use of telling a congregation of landmen that officers and engineers use bad language as well as sailors and firemen, if the officers and engineers are not present to hear?" He saw the point, but implied that it did "no good"; so Mr. Grubb told him that several of the engineers had been led to Christ during the voyage. The captain then went into the engine-room, and looked about to see if the work was being done properly; and then said, "I hear that some of you say you've been converted through Mr. Grubb." One man then stepped forward, and as he touched his cap said, "Yes, sir; I've been converted during this voyage through what Mr. Grubb said to me." "So have I," said another. Hallelujah!

Some of the children were also very much changed before the voyage was over, but were a good deal neglected by their own parents.

A gentleman on board, one of the passengers, went out of his mind during the voyage and refused to eat anything; and as he was getting dangerously

near starvation, the doctor ordered him to be fed. One of the stewards tried his best to make him eat, but with no result, until a little boy in petticoats, about four years old, looked at him and said, "Naughty man, not eat nice dinner! Jesus and my grandfather up in heaven can see you, naughty man!" and he immediately took his food. Even in such things do the words come true, "A little child shall lead them" (Isa. xi. 6).

We anchored in Rio harbour on Sunday, June 20th. Every one seemed bent on going ashore, but we were led to remain. Boat loads of the most delicious-looking fruit came round the ship, and some of the passengers patronised them freely, using the argument that, "although it was Sunday, it was no matter. The chief steward was provisioning the ship on Sunday, so what was the harm?"

Coaling went on all day, which generally at such times covers the whole of the ship with coal dust; but it was kept unusually clean owing to the absence of wind.

In the evening one of the newly-converted men said to us, "I had a bit of a temptation to-day over those oranges. I went to my bunk to get out my money to buy some, when I remembered a text my mother taught me, 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.' So I threw my money back, and am very glad I did, because I've got an easy conscience now."

Mr. Ewbank was led a good deal among the steerage passengers, where his concertina was a

great attraction, as one of the stewards, being a very good player, led the hymns well.

One instance of the prompting of the Spirit was remarkable. While we were walking the deck one dark night we noticed a lady, who for some time had shown signs of light-headedness, looking utterly miserable every time she passed us, as she also paced the deck. For a moment we lost sight of her, and Mrs. Millard suddenly left me, saying she would come back soon. When she had left I said to Mr. Grubb, "A fear lest that lady should jump overboard has come over me." Mr. Grubb said, "What a strange thing! The very same thought that moment passed through my mind." We prayed together, reminding the Lord of His promise to bless that poor soul, as we had remembered her daily in the cabin when able to meet for prayer. Soon after we went below to the saloon, and found that Mrs. Millard was in that lady's cabin. When she came out she told me, that while walking the deck the thought had come to her that this lady was about to commit suicide. So she left us immediately, and went straight to her, and she told her, right out, that she had intended to watch her opportunity and jump overboard.

Praise God for the prompting by His Spirit, and the obedience which prevented the desperate deed being done.

When in calmer waters Mrs. Millard illuminated texts of Scripture for those who had received help of one sort or another during the voyage.

These were a source of great delight to all, and especially to the sailor who had been converted in Sydney. He said that they were a great encouragement to him to trust in Jesus Christ, and he had come to the conclusion that the reason the Lord allowed him to get so much chaff from his mates was to keep him humble.

Touching at Teneriffe, we soon left the Canary Islands far behind, and on Saturday, July 9th, we landed at Plymouth, whence we took the train to London.

Praising God for all His wonderful "goodness and mercy," we were once more welcomed home by our friends. "And when we had saluted them, we declared particularly *what things God had wrought*; and when they heard it, they glorified the Lord" (Acts xxi. 19, 20); and we together praised the name of the everlasting God, that

"JESUS CHRIST

IS THE SAME YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY,

YEA AND FOR EVER"

(Heb. xiii. 8, R.V.).

APPENDIX.

I.

MISSIONARY TRAINING HOME.

"LEIGHTON," HIGH STREET, KEW, MELBOURNE.

For some time past the need for some such Institution as the above has been increasingly upon our minds, and is also recognised by those who take an interest in both Home and Foreign Missions.

A meeting was called by Mr. Millard on January 28th, 1892, at Launceston, during the Convention week, to consider and pray over the matter, those present being : Rev. J. Watsford, Mr. Walsh (Hon. Sec. C. M. S., Sydney), Mr. and Mrs. Millard (Rev. G. C. Grubb's companions and helpers), my husband (Dr. Warren), and myself.

A further meeting was convened on February 1st, when those present were : The Ven. Archdeacon Langley, Rev. G. C. Grubb, Mr. and Mrs. Millard, Pastor Soltau, Mrs. Henry Reed, my husband, and myself.

After looking for definite guidance for the past few months, believing this to be the Master's will, I was one morning distinctly directed to a cottage close by, which had just been vacated, and which, after inspection, seemed most suitable. My husband was of the same mind about the matter, and after prayer we decided to take it, he guaranteeing the rent, £75 per annum.

The subject was mentioned only to a few praying friends. I decided not to go into debt for the furnishing, or to ask any one for money, but to wait on God for supplies.

The first token of the Lord's approval of the work was an anonymous £50 note. Other sums followed, so that in a few days I was able to partly furnish the house, and welcome the two first candidates (for the China Inland Mission) into the Home—Miss A. Fuller, from Sydney, and Miss M. Davies, from Adelaide, on Friday, May 6th.

Our intention is to aid in preparing "Sisters" for the Mission Field (Foreign and Home), conducting the Institution on unsectarian lines. The preparation to consist of Bible Study, Theology (Moule's "Outline"), Early Church History, the History of Missions (Dr. Pierson's), and other necessary subjects. Instruction will also be given in Ambulance Work, First Aid to the Injured and the Care of the Sick, and use of simple remedies; also practical teaching in house duties and cooking. Gospel Work will of course be an essential part of the training; and Hospital and House to House Visitation, and Open Air and Mission Services will also be undertaken.

It is hoped that the Home will be almost self-supporting. A charge of 15s. per week is made for each Candidate, when possessed of means, or when sent by a Society; but those who have not, if eligible, and evidently guided of the Lord, will be received as He enables.

We are looking to the Lord to give us sufficient to complete the furnishing soon, and to be able to take in those who are waiting to come, some of whom will shortly be leaving for China.

"The harvest *is great*, the labourers *are few*." Will Christian friends kindly remember this work in prayer, and daily seek the blessing of the Lord for those who shall enter the Home, that they may go forth fully equipped to witness and work for Christ in heathen darkness.

"Set on fire our heart's devotion
 With the love of Thy dear Name,
 Till o'er every land and ocean
 Lips and lives Thy Cross proclaim.
 Fix our eyes on Thy returning,
 Keeping watch till Thou shalt come;
 Loins well girt, lamps brightly burning,
 Then, Lord, take Thy servants Home."

All communications to be addressed to Mrs. W. Warren,
 Studley Park Road, Kew, Melbourne.

May 12th, 1892.

NOTE.—Since writing the above the hand of our God has
 been upon us for good. The Cottage is furnished through-
 out, and seven can be comfortably housed.

"Brethren, pray for us!"

II.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE CHURCH IN THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

(Extract from "*The Record*," Friday, January 6th, 1893.)

BY EUGENE STOCK.

* * * * *

"This brings me to an element in the religious life of the Australian Church which no careful observer can miss and no accurate reporter can omit, but of which it is not easy to write in strictly impartial terms, or in such a way as to command general belief. There has been nothing in England, so far as my observation has gone, that can be at all compared with the *Rev. G. C. Grubb's Mission in the Colonies*. We have had at home, now for more than twenty years, innumerable Parochial Missions. They have been greatly blessed, and I do not doubt that the quickened spiritual life which is now so conspicuous—at least to those who have

eyes to see it—and which, in particular, has been giving the Church Missionary Society so many devoted young missionaries, is largely due to those Parochial Missions, directly or indirectly. But consider the scores and scores of able and earnest men who have conducted them. Do we go from town to town, from parish to parish, and, when we inquire as to the influence which God used to bring out this or that whole-hearted worker, find the answer is always the same? Is it always 'Oh, Mr. Aitken!' or 'Yes, Mr. Webb Peploe!' My own experience as regards London, and as regards scores of young clergymen who were at Cambridge eight or nine years ago, is, that the answer is much more often, 'Mr. Moody.' But then consider Mr. Moody's *entourage*, the noble band of experienced lay preachers and evangelists—and of faithful ministers too—that surrounded him, and did the personal work that followed on his stirring addresses. Of course one has to remember the great difference in population between England and Australia. There are as many souls in London alone as in the whole of the Australasian colonies, and, naturally, the results of a particular work are more conspicuous in a small than in a large population. But take a great English town by itself. I have always heard that the General Mission in Leeds in (I think) 1874 was one of the most successful ever known. Certainly I remember Mr. Aitken telling me so. Now, could one have gone about Leeds, at any time within three years after that Mission, and have found that in the majority of cases the whole-hearted, praying, Bible-reading young men and women one met with were the fruit of God's work through one man? Yet this is what one finds continually in Australia and New Zealand. Is this a reflection upon the regular ministry that was there before? Certainly it was not so considered by those of the clergy who are most devoted and whose labours seem to be most blessed. It is from them, for the most part, that I have heard the facts. So far from being jealous of the frequent mention of Mr. Grubb's name, they are the first

to tell one with gratitude of the influence of his Mission. He often only reaped from the seed they had sown, but he did not carry away the harvest with him; that was left for the sustenance of their own parish work, and with them the benefit remains. Perhaps the most delightful results one sees are the cases of those who were true Christians before, the fruit of the ordinary ministry or of previous Missions (among which Mr. George Clarke's stands out conspicuous), but who at Mr. Grubb's services surrendered themselves more entirely to the Lord, and entered into a virtually new life of happy service in His vineyard. Now of cases like these we personally met scores. We heard their story either from themselves or from their clergy, or from both, and we saw with our own eyes the power of Divine grace in their lives. We saw them in parishes where they find every sympathy and help in their Christian course, and we saw them also in other parishes where, alas! they find neither. But these latter cases were the strongest evidence of all of the blessing God had granted to Mr. Grubb's labours, and one did long with a great longing for an outpouring of the Spirit upon the clergy, so that it might no longer be true that

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

"Perhaps a good many readers of the *Record* may peruse all this with some scepticism. I believe Mr. Grubb's addresses have not met with general acceptance among the Evangelical clergy in England, and I fancy there is not a little mistrust of him and his teaching among our very best men.

* * * * *

"I am bound to be a faithful reporter, and I can only say, after considerable opportunities of forming an opinion, that the cause of spiritual religion in the Colonies owes him, and the Lord through him, a deep debt of gratitude. But have not the Plymouth Brethren and the Salvation Army secured

some of his converts who were Church people before? Yes, I am sorry to say they have; but the question is, *Where?* Not in the parishes where loving and sympathetic guidance and wise Scriptural teaching have been given them by spiritually-minded pastors. Where this has been absent, the enemy has sown division and dissension; but is that Mr. Grubb's fault? Again, I may be asked, are not some of the converts peculiarly liable to religious crazes? If you strike out the word 'peculiarly' I will answer yes; that is to say, they are liable to religious crazes just as other people are; but there is one to which they are not liable, and that is that Christ is satisfied with a half-hearted service—a 'religious craze' for which there is a vast amount of unmerited toleration. One thing is certain, that *Mr. Grubb has sent people to their Bibles; and Evangelical Churchmen will not think lightly of that result.* I met a lady who up to the time of her confirmation had never possessed a Bible and never read it; who attended the Confirmation-class, and received a certain amount of instruction about the due observance of Holy Communion, but who was not asked a single personal question, and who gathered no hint that she ought to have a Bible and read it; who was actually confirmed without possessing one; who, indeed, never began to read God's Word at all till Mr. Grubb came, but who now rejoices over it as one that findeth great spoil. I wish I could think this were an extreme and exceptional case. In exact circumstances it may be; in substance it certainly is not.

"What made Mr. Grubb's work unwelcome to many in Australasia was, first, that he preached a present and a full salvation; and, secondly, that he led Christians to separate themselves from worldly amusements. These were really the head and front of his offending. Those clergy and laity who object to a man humbly rejoicing that he has 'passed from death unto life,' and who think that Christian ladies should go to theatres and races 'in order to purify them,' naturally resent the results of Mr. Grubb's teaching. Most

readers of the *Record* will agree with me that plain teaching on these two points is exactly what the Church in England most needs at the present time, and I am quite sure it is what the Church in Australasia needs more than anything else. Vague hopes of being saved some day are common enough, but they do not inspire men to devote themselves to Christ's work. Worldliness within the Church is, in my judgment, by far the greatest of its present perils, and is in too many places a fatal hindrance to real spiritual life."

III.

EXTRACTS FROM CHURCH MISSIONARY
INTELLIGENCER.

(In Articles by MR. EUGENE STOCK.)

"It has been a great encouragement to us to find in several parishes, not only the ordinary parochial agencies admirably worked, but also evangelistic effort and a spirit of prayer to an extent not common in the majority of even those parishes in England which are noted for evangelical orthodoxy. I must here again bear testimony to the blessing which it pleased God to vouchsafe to the labours of the Rev. G. C. Grubb. We hear continually of him and his party as having been the instruments in the Lord's hand both of the conversion of the ungodly and of the deepening of spiritual life in true Christians. Again, too, it is an encouragement to find spiritual work of the highest kind going on which dated long before Mr. Grubb's visit, though that visit undoubtedly fostered it. We rejoice to see how God blesses the quiet, regular preaching and teaching of the parochial clergy; and we rejoice none the less for what He does by the agency of Special Missions. Mr. Grubb's influence here was certainly extraordinary. Neither the Cathedral, nor any church, nor any ordinary hall, would accommodate the

eager crowds that followed him. At last he took the magnificent Town Hall, by far the grandest I ever saw. It is said to be the largest hall in the world *except* the Free Trade Hall at Manchester; but I have spoken in the Free Trade Hall, and I cannot imagine myself speaking in this one. Well, this grand building was crowded out when Mr. Grubb was there. His Mission elicited many inquiries about missionary service; and the Church Missionary Society having then afforded no opportunities for candidates out here to join it, several excellent men and women of the Church of England have gone to China in connection with the China Inland Mission, and one at least has been accepted by the London Missionary Society. I do not mention this invidiously—God forbid! Who could grudge anything or anybody to Mr. Hudson Taylor? He too, I should add, was here before Mr. Grubb, and did much to awaken a missionary spirit. We are really now entering into the labours of these two brethren. Mr. Grubb has been in New Zealand while we have been here, and from there he wrote a letter to the Australian newspapers, commending Mr. Stewart and myself to those who had come under his influence. I have just seen a gentleman, a law student in Sydney, who accompanied him and his party to New Zealand as secretary, and he assures me that a warm welcome awaits us at several places there.

"The first missionary is actually on the point of sailing, and will in fact sail, God willing, on the day that I post this letter, June 13th. Miss Helen P. Phillips, the daughter of a late landed proprietor in Devonshire, and well educated both in England and on the Continent, after being for a short time Senior Assistant Mistress at the Sheffield High School for Girls, and working in her leisure hours in Dean Fremantle's Navy Mission, came out to Sydney eight years ago to be Principal of the Clergy Daughters' School here, which post she held six years. Last year she was appointed 'Tutor of Women Students within the University of Sydney.' She had for some time had foreign missionary service on her

heart, and her desire was much deepened under the influence of Mr. Grubb's Mission. Being unaware of any means of joining the Church Missionary Society, she at length determined to go on her own account, unconnected with any society, to Ceylon, and she actually took her passage for Colombo for the steamer of June 13th. But on our arrival she came to consult with us, and although we in no way persuaded her to join the Church Missionary Society, but, on the contrary, wished her God-speed in whatever way she might go out, and promised her letters to the Ceylon brethren, the result was, after two days of earnest prayer and careful thought, that she offered herself formally to the Society as an honorary missionary to Ceylon."—August 1892.

"The best of the inquirers about foreign service have come from among those who have gained their inspiration in these parishes (or else from Mr. Grubb or Mr. Hudson Taylor); and it is the two or three clergy who have fostered the larger spirit among their people who are ready, if need be, to make the sacrifice involved in sending out some of their best workers.

"It is a treat, too, to come, again and again, across men and women, vigorous business men and ladies who were once the ornaments of the tennis-court and the ball-room, now wholly given to the service of the Master they have learned to love—the Master whose claims to the unreserved consecration of their hearts and lives were set before them either by these same parochial clergy or, as in many cases, by Mr. Grubb and his party."—October 1892.

IV.

EXTRACTS FROM VARIOUS LETTERS.

"DEAR —, Praise the Lord! Yes, I felt just full of praising last night; as would you have done had you been at St. —'s Church, and heard Canon M—'s grand con-

fession from the pulpit, that he took shame to himself for the half-hearted way he had hitherto served his Master, and of the blessing he had got during the mission, and how he blessed God that He had brought the mission party to B——. And after the service, while the communion was going on, he asked the people to pray silently 'for full consecration, for Mr. Grubb's mission in B——, and for Mr. T——, in his new sphere of labour.

"It was an evening of blessing to us, and I doubt not to many others; so again I say 'Praise the Lord!'

"Yours ——

"E—— L——."

"MY DEAR MRS. M——,—I am writing to say that I am at rest. Perfect peace is my happy portion; Jesus is mine and I am His. My mouth is speaking forth His praise after nearly fifty years of dumbness. Heaven has begun in my soul.

"All the twist has gone out of my life. Jesus is King. I am sitting under His shadow with great delight. Fear and anxiety are gone. Oh that all ministers would preach as you blessed ones have done! 'Don't wait for feeling, but *praise* Him.' I have gone mourning all my days, but, praise the Lord! He has put a new song into my mouth. My trials are the same, but the burden is on His shoulder. The waters are sweetened, and *all* is glory. Tell dear Mr. G—— to preach a *clean cut* with the world. . . .

"I shall meet you all in Heaven, praise God! You *are* a blessed band of pilgrims.

Signed, ——.

"AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

"May 18th, 1892.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I enclose herein a one-pound note; it was sent to me from the south as conscience money. I do not recognise the writer's name, but presume it to be

that of a former *employée* now married. She asks my forgiveness; this I freely accord, and if you communicate with her you may add that I admire, firstly, the honesty which induced her to make restitution, and, secondly, the courage which enabled her to carry out a most painful duty—unflinching.

“Wishing you much success.

“I am, dear sir,

“Yours truly,

“L——.

“THE REV. G. C. GRUBB, AUCKLAND.”

“DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND,

“Oct. 11th, 1892.

“DEAR MR. M.,—The Y. M. Mission are carrying on work this week at Kew, near Dunedin, at the Primitive Methodist preaching-house. There is great interest, and last night five were brought in. Thank God! The people want the mission continued next week. So far I am not in the list of speakers, as many young fellows are eager to speak, and some of our leaders want to bring them out a bit.

“On 31st inst. we commence a mission at the Presbyterian Church at Green Island, five miles out of town, by request of the Session. I hope to be one of the speakers there.

“We have a request from W—— for a mission there. There is much awakening all round, for which we praise the Lord. It is grand to see such an eager band of young Christians all working heartily. Most of them were converted at the time of your visit or since. It is truly wonderful to see the change in some of the fellows. All my Bible-class are rejoicing now—nineteen in all, and six others have left to teach in three Sunday Schools.

“We had a flying visit from one, E—— D——, an ex-Jew, now a ‘red-hot’ Christian. He went through Mr. Grubb’s Melbourne Mission, and has been full of joy ever since. He toured through New Zealand on business, and he told us the

fruits of Mr. Grubb's visit to New Zealand were nowhere so apparent as in Dunedin.

"Yours in the Master's service,

"H—— W——."

"SOUTH BRIDGEWATER.

"Feb. 24th, 1893.

"MY DEAR MRS. WARREN,—I have been wanting to write to you for a long time and tell you of the blessed time we are having at R——. The dear Lord has answered our prayers far more abundantly than our little faith expected. We prayed much for an outpouring of His Spirit, and the answer came so quickly. Then we prayed also for one soul a week, and we had two in one week, then nine and five the next, then two, and so on the blessing has been flowing ever since. But the most remarkable of all was a whole family, father and mother, five sons, a daughter, and a cousin who lived in the same house, all decided for Christ in about three weeks. They had been most opposed to our work, and also were noted for the awful language they used both at home and abroad. They were all dealt with separately; now they are so happy and changed they are a wonder to many of what God's saving grace can do. Our home has become the 'House of Inquiry,' and I am often in the coffee-room till a late hour pointing some poor soul to the Saviour. Oh, it is glorious work, and does make one thankful! Now I know why the Lord healed me, for He has used me during this and last year more than ever before, and the work just grows and grows, and He gives all the needed grace and wisdom to do the work. Praise Him over and over, for R—— is now no longer Satan's stronghold, as it was once called, but our King Jesus is exalted, and reigns in many hearts. The coffee-room has been a blessing to many, and most of our members have been won for Christ. Our motto is 'All R—— for the Lord Jesus.' I have such a large Bible class, it would

quite overwhelm me if I did not trust our all-sufficient Lord all the time. Ethel helps me greatly, for she is so deeply interested in the work. R—— is no longer the dull little place it was spiritually, for even the workers from Hobart who come to help us say they are always refreshed or get a blessing when they come up. We are getting quite a praying band of men, who help at our meetings. I feel sure Dr. Warren will be very glad to hear how the Lord has answered his prayer for R——, for the Lord has poured water on the dry and thirsty land, and made it to bring forth rich fruit and blessing abundantly. Some of our young men are so earnest, and I have a letter to-day from a friend who has lately been staying with us, and she says the bright faces of those young men just haunt her. Good-bye, dear Mrs. Warren. With love.

“ I remain

“ Yours affectionately,

“ I—— S——.”

V.

FROM “THE MISSIONARY AT HOME AND ABROAD,”

MELBOURNE, *June* 1892.

NELSON.—A friend writes on April 28th: “The party arrived here on Wednesday, April 13th. The Mission commenced next day with fair weather, but after the service on Good Friday morning we had the wildest, stormiest five days that we have experienced for a very long time. Perhaps, however, this was the means of bringing people to church who would otherwise have been camping out during the Easter holidays. The services were well attended, and I quite believe that the work has been deeper and more far-reaching than that of two years ago. Doubtless many were being prepared for it during that

time. We went to the last prayer-meeting at 7.30 a.m. on Tuesday, April 19th; there were hundreds present, and almost the entire time was taken up by thanksgivings and prayers, in quick succession, from men and women, from old and young. A great many young fellows have come out on the Lord's side, and a great many girls. The latter have established a prayer-meeting of their own, and the boys are going to have a Bible-class amongst themselves. A friend who could not go was much struck by the wonderful happiness of almost every one she had seen since the Mission, and who had been able to attend. I am feeling very hopeful about Peru, since hearing that Mr. Grubb has been begged to go to South America for his next mission tour."

Mr. Grubb wrote from Bishops court, Napier, on May 2nd: "I have heard with great joy of Mr. Stock and Mr. Stewart's arrival in Melbourne. They are both very dear personal friends of mine, and as a missionary's holiday consists in making or finding out other missionaries, and as there are scores of earnest Christians now seeking guidance and information with respect to missionary work, I trust that all such will take every opportunity of seeking counsel from these beloved brethren. Although they both belong to the C.M.S., their interests are cosmopolitan. There are very few men living (if any) who have such an intimate knowledge of present-day missions as Mr. Eugene Stock. I would earnestly ask those who were so kind as to confer with me or members of my party about missionary work, to put themselves in communication with him or Mr. Stewart with as little delay as possible."

Mr. Jackson writes, on his voyage to Lyttelton: "Miss Shepherd and I were married at St. Barnabas' Church, Sydney, on Tuesday, May 10th. The ceremony was largely attended by dear Christians, who sang most heartily before and after the service. We returned to Burwood for

the wedding breakfast, and had a very good time. You will be glad to hear that God used the wedding as a means of blessing to many, and some were quite broken down. We were to have sailed the same afternoon for New Zealand, but, fortunately, the boat was delayed till the following day."

Mr. F. S. Horan writes from Haldumulla, Ceylon, on May 10th: "I must send you a line to tell you how good the Lord has been to us. We arrived at Colombo on May 2nd, after a very happy voyage in the *Ormuz*. The Lord was graciously pleased to bless our testimony to many souls on board; several second saloon passengers were converted to God. Praise His Holy Name! The Lord was manifestly working on all sides, and there was a great spirit of inquiry, and a desire to know the truth in many hearts. The Lord kept us busy all the voyage, either dealing with souls (which took up most of our time) or reading the Word. We had a very helpful Bible-reading every morning in the saloon from ten to eleven o'clock, to which many of the God-fearing passengers came, and we always had a *real* time of refreshing. Dear Martin and W. Liesching came to meet us in Colombo Harbour. Martin, Bidlake, and I are staying for a few days up here with Mr. M——, a splendidly-saved planter; he is such a dear fellow, and we are having a delightful time together. We shall, please God, leave for England in the *Ophir* about June 2nd; very likely David will come with us. Please give my love to all our dear friends; we pray for them continually, and know that they do the same for us. Thank God, the prayer of faith availeth much!"

Mrs. W. K. Campbell writes from London on April 8th: "What glorious news comes to us week by week of the triumphs of our Lord in Tasmania! May this mighty wave of Australasian blessing reach to the uttermost ends of the earth, and flood the desert lands of heathendom!"

My husband has had a strong desire to look into the work done by the Rev. J. Wilkinson among the Jews, but after paying some of his first visits to the East End, he caught a severe cold, which kept him a prisoner for about three weeks. The glorious sunny weather, however, which we have had lately, has done much to restore him. It is very much laid on our hearts to seek an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon this vast district of North London, the home and centre of so much missionary activity. If this place were mightily shaken by God the result would be manifest in all parts of the world. It is remarkable that since this has been the burden of our desires and prayers, we hear from the Antipodes of *special* intercession for Mildmay, and from Mildmay itself that there is such an intense hungering for the fulness of blessing that groups of believers are already praying for it, and the organisers of the Annual Conference have decided to give up the afternoon meetings about various mission enterprises, and to spend the time in prayer and waiting on the Lord."

This closes our story of a year of grace. May it be to us only a sample of what God is able to do by the hands of those who take all from Him, and give all to Him—who wholly trust and who fully follow.

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